

PT. 6117.d

T H E
L O I T E R E R,
A
P E R I O D I C A L W O R K,
I N
T W O V O L U M E S.

FIRST PUBLISHED AT OXFORD IN THE YEARS
1789 AND 1790.

V O L. II.

"Speak of us as we are."

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

ERRATA in Vol. II.

No.	Page.	Line.	
34	8	22	For <i>retorations</i> read <i>restorations</i> .
41	6	28	For <i>niterefts</i> read <i>interests</i> .
	10	1	For <i>ttuth</i> read <i>truth</i> .
42	4	4	For <i>M.</i> read <i>Mr.</i>
49	11	25	For <i>J. M.</i> read <i>C. R.</i>
52	3		For <i>Lytetlton</i> read <i>Lyttleton</i> .
	12	9	For <i>oppertunity</i> read <i>opportunity</i> .
53	10	10	After <i>in</i> insert <i>a</i> .
60	4	22	For 42d read 41st.



No. 31.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON; BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 31.

COLLEGER.



THE AUTHOR,
JAMES C. STOKES, OF THE
TOWN OF BIRMINGHAM, MESSRS. STOKES
AND CO., 10, ABINGDON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON: J. B. LEECH, 11, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
PRINTED BY J. B. LEECH, 11, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

No. XXXI.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *August 29, 1789.*

—The wants of a Man who wants nothing.

JOHNSON'S *Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia.*

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

SIR,

IF misery unmerited in its cause, and intolerable in its effects, can entitle an unhappy sufferer to the attention of the Loiterer, you will not deny your compassion to the writer of this letter, who (notwithstanding some very flattering appearances) is, this day the most wretched of mankind.—It is indeed most true, that I have a good income, and an excellent constitution, have neither Duns nor Law-suits, have never been plagued with Children, and have lately buried my Wife. Yet it is equally true, that in spite of all this, I am (odd as it may appear) unhappy. So unhappy that, even whilst I write this, I know it is out of your power to make

Vol. II.

A 2

me

me otherwise, and moreover that if you could I should hate you for doing so.—In short, Sir, I am one of those unfortunate people whom an unfeeling and illnatured world dignify with the *Title of Murmurers* ; and will freely own to you, that I think the greatest enjoyment which human nature can receive consists in the *comfort of repining*, and the *luxury of complaint*. So consoling indeed is this comfort, and so intoxicating this luxury, that being of a speculative turn, I have formerly been at much pains to enquire from the gratification of what passion of the human mind the above-mentioned recreation draws such powerful charms. But I am sorry to say my researches, like those of many modern Philosophers, however entertaining to myself, are likely to be but of small advantage to the world ; and I can no more account for the enjoyment which springs in my mind from complaining of my misfortunes, than the pleasure which arises to others from beholding a couple of Blackguards pummel themselves to pieces properly, and knock out their eyes *secundum artem* ; or any other favourite amusement of this enlightened age. But however doubtful of the cause, I am perfectly convinced of the effect of my System : A system, begun at a very early age, and since rendered dear to me by the constant practice of five and forty years : And if you, Mr. Loiterer, will favour me with your attention while I give a short sketch of

Contents of the Second Volume.

- No. 31 **P**LEASURES of a *Complainer*, in a letter from *Richard Rueful*.
- 32 Peculiar danger of *Rusticus* from the attacks of a female Cousin.
- 33 *Affectation* the fault of modern manners—Some particular sorts of it marked out.
- 34 LOITERER in Town. Visit to *Dick Distich*.
- 35 Explanation of the fashionable *transparent Tête*.
- 36 Paper by the Publisher, explaining his distress in having received no Communication from the Author.—Letter from *Mary Simple*.
- 37 Journey from *London* in company with *Sensitive*.
- 38 Good effects of an attachment to *family*, exemplified in the history of *Agrestis*.
- 39 The history of *Agrestis* concluded.
- 40 Danger of an early retirement from the world, in a letter from *C. M.*
- 41 Early prejudices not useless.—Memoirs of an Highland Chieftain.
- 42 *Bob Whirligig's* pursuit of the LOITERER, and its consequences.
- 43 LOITERER in danger—Letters from *Benjamin Bluster* and *Margaret Mitten*.
- 44 Schemes of Matrimonial happiness, and their effects.
- 45 An account of the Patent Air-machine—a new use for it discovered.

- 46 Danger of entertaining an ill opinion of mankind, in a letter from *Leontine*.
- 47 The indulgence of romantic ideas blamed.—
History of *Aurelius*.
- 48 History of *Aurelius* concluded.
- 49 Different descriptions which travellers give of the same places, endeavoured to be accounted for.
- 50 Difficulty of raising Money for charitable purposes.
- 51 The Science of Physiognomy not to be depended on.
- 52 Ill effects of mercenary marriages exemplified in the history of *Cecilia*.
- 53 History of *Cecilia* concluded.
- 54 Mischief arising to a Country Gentleman's family from a Winter spent in *Town*, in a letter.
- 55 The same subject pursued in a Dream.
- 56 Propriety, and advantages of *Gaming*.
- 57 The danger of a girl who marries a man for whom she has no affection, in a letter from *Clarissa M.* 28 MR 59
- 58 Strictures on the manners of modern Oxford Men, in a conversation with *Dr. Villars* and *Sensitive*—Some idea of a *College Tutor*.
- 59 Rules for *Prose Composition*.
- 60 Some account of this work and it's Authors—
Conclusion.

a life distinguished only for peculiarity of wretchedness, and varied alone by diversity of misfortunes, I doubt not but I shall bring you over to my opinion.

My Father was a discontented Nonjuror, who lost his fortune, but narrowly saved his life in the year forty-five. My Mother a worn-out Coquette, who of all her attractive qualities retained only her vanity, and married, merely that she might not die an old maid.—Sweet and harmonious was the union, between two Souls thus closely linked by common and endearing ties of disappointment and disgust; and to compleat its happiness at the end of a twelvemonth, I came squalling into the world. I cannot indeed, like many Heroes both in old and modern History, boast of any extraordinary appearances which preceded, and of course would have predicted my Nativity, any more, than that I recollect hearing my Mother say, she well remembered, about that time feeling herself more cross, and scolding her Husband oftener than usual, a circumstance which my Father most heartily confirmed. But however this may be, it is certain I gave very early symptoms of my future disposition, and by kicking, crying, struggling, and every other mode in my power, discovered the strongest disapprobation of the Scene to which I was just introduced. And if I am to believe the accounts since told me by my Mother and Nurse-maid,

(upon

(upon whose veracity and observation, the credit of early Biography must, after all, greatly depend) the same towardly temper increased with my years; and during that period of human life in which custom, perhaps by way of warning, obliges us to continue under petticoat government, I was a bitter plague to all the Females of the Family, and was pronounced by the most experienced Gossips in the Parish to be the most *fractious* humeresome Brat they had ever set eyes on. At School (to which place I was removed at a very early age, because I was too cross to be kept at home any longer) the sweetness of my disposition became still more conspicuous, in proportion as there was a finer field for the exercise of it. Various were the subjects, and important the sufferings which here gave continual employment to my querulous faculties; sometimes my lessons were too hard, and at other times too long: I was teased by the little Boys, and thrashed by the great ones; and before I had been there many months I was fortunate enough to obtain from my Companions the appellation of *Doleful Dick*, a name which I retained even after I was made a Member of the University of Oxford; at which place I had the luck to obtain a Scholarship in the eighteenth year of my age. Here, far from wanting subjects of complaint, I was almost distracted with the variety of them. The unpleasantness of getting up in a morning to
early

THE LOITERER. 7

early Prayers, the *Bore* of attending Lectures, or the dreadful Alternative of Jobations and Impositions, afforded me fine subjects for the exercise of my Genius, whilst I was a Junior; and though the acquisition of a Master's degree and a Fellowship seemed at first to threaten me with too much happiness; yet I soon found that, when a man minds what he is about, it is possible to be very tolerably miserable even when Senior Fellow of a College. At last, after I had complained of the sameness of a College life, and abused our Incumbents for not dying, every morning over my tea, and every afternoon over my wine, for the space of ten years, an old man, who, notwithstanding he had possessed his Living above forty years, had been hitherto so ill-bred as to continue in an excellent state of health, was seized with an Apoplexy, and his death put me in possession of the most lucrative piece of Preferment in the gift of our Society. This event had nearly proved fatal to me, and to a less ingenious Complainer than myself would have been absolute destruction, for the living was little less than 600*l.* a year, situated in a delightful Country, and surrounded by a most social Neighbourhood, and to complete the whole, it fell full half a dozen years before I could have expected it, in the common course of things.—I did (in this emergence what I could) and even made an effort to *complain* of the misery of quitting Friends with whom I had

so long lived in terms of intimacy, talked of the extortion of the Bishop's Officers, and expence of Institution Fees—Read Burn with great care—and expressed a wish that I might not be cheated in the Dilapidations. All this, however, could not persuade my friends that I was not a perfectly happy and fortunate man; in consequence of which I was so compleatly tired with being wished Joy, that I soon found it necessary to make a precipitate retreat, and took possession of my Benefice, a few weeks after my Induction. And here I confess for some time I remained in a very disagreeable state of Apathy, nor could I, in spite of all my care, find immediately any decent pretext for complaining. Often in this distressful situation did I wish I had been bred a Sportsman; often did I (like many other young men) too late repent the time I had mis-spent at Oxford, where I had so fair an opportunity of making myself a very tolerable proficient in those amusements of the Field, which, among many other advantages, have this peculiar one, of affording inexhaustible matter of complaint. Indeed I was transported with the conversation of a large party of these Gentlemen, whom I spent several pleasant evenings with, at the house of my Squire, during *a very hard Frost*; that I once made a determination (late in life as it was) to enlist myself under their banners; and should probably have made no despicable figure in the Fields of rural glory,

glory, had I not been diverted from my resolution by a more practicable expedient, which promised nearly as great advantages, and was attended with infinitely less risk—this was no other than to turn Farmer, a situation, which next to that of a Sportsman, is most favourable to the views of a Complainer. I therefore took my Glebe Lands into my own hands, and collected the Tithes of the whole Parish. The scheme for some time succeeded; I had an opportunity almost daily of complaining of the negligence of my Servants, and the diseases of my Cattle, the inclemency of the Season and the barrenness of the Soil. But at the end of five or six years this resource began to fail me, for notwithstanding all my complaints, it was notorious to the whole Parish that my Crops were full as good, if not better than my Neighbours, and I had the mortification to find, that in spite of all my predictions of Poverty, my income was every Year increasing. Something more, therefore, was to be done, some new plan must be struck out; and in a lucky moment I hit upon the wisest scheme imaginable.—I determined to marry, and in consequence of this resolution, soon after led to the Altar my first Cousin, Miss Fanny Fretful.—People may say this or that about Matrimony, for my part I shall always speak of the honourable state of Wedlock with due reverence, and can safely say, it was by far the happiest part of my life. So

exemplary

exemplary indeed was the conduct of my better half, that far from suffering me to feel a moment's Ennui, she kept my Genius in a continual exercise; and had she inadvertently let one Sun rise and set without thoroughly rattling the whole Family, and myself into the bargain, would have thought, like a Roman Emperor, *she had lost a day.*

Such, Mr. Loiterer, were my Halcyon days of Matrimony, much too happy to be lasting; for with grief I must write, what you, I hope, will read with emotion, that my Dear Fanny (the delicacy of whose frame was very unequal to her continual mental and vocal exertions) soon fretted herself into a decline, and scolded her last in the arms of her disconsolate Husband, about three Years after our Union commenced. I scarce need add, that from this moment I have never known happiness, for alas! what have I to complain of? Or whom can I vent my complaints to?—It is true, indeed, that I have since made one expiring effort in favour of my old custom, and endeavoured to excite the pity of my Neighbours (when they come to condole with me) by assuring them that my sufferings have at length had a dreadful effect on my health, and that I am really in a very poor way—But all in vain—they will fancy the ravenous appetite with which I devour my breakfast, dinner and supper, is rather the proof of health and strength than the mark of a disordered Stomach; mistake

No. 32.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANKIN, OXFORD; and by
JONES, WINDHAM, LONDON; and by
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; and by
BATH; and by COWSLADE and WENT, READING.

INDICATED.

No. XXXII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, September 5, 1789.

What mighty ills have not been done by Woman ?

OTWAY.

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

SIR,

YOU have from the beginning of your work, most generously offered protection to the oppressed, and consolation to the unfortunate ; may I hope that to the latter you will also distribute your advice ; for indeed the writer of this is most thoroughly in want of all you can bestow : an assertion which you will hardly have the boldness to doubt, when I inform you that a Woman and Matrimony (at least the thoughts of it) are the causes of my present complaint.

Vol. II,

B 2

Little

4 THE LOITERER.

Little did I think, Mr. Loiterer, two months ago, that it was in the power of Man, I should rather say of Woman, to reduce me from the happy state of thoughtless content to the tormenting solicitude of deliberating without thought, or thinking without resolution.—But I will endeavour to compose my thoughts and arrange my narrative in due disposition, that you may the more easily comprehend the nature of my case, and prescribe to your Patient accordingly.

I am a middle aged Man, perhaps about 35, or perhaps a little more: An inch they say is a good deal in a man's nose, but a year or two is nothing in the age of one, blessed with sound Lungs, and active Limbs.

I inherited from my Father an Estate of about 1000l. a year; to which having been considered as heir ever since the moment of my birth, I was never suffered to waste my time, injure my health, and load my memory, by learning the vocabulary of Dead, or indeed Living Languages. To confess the truth, the chief of my erudition was collected from my Aunt's Bible, and the most constant objects of my succeeding studies, have been Bartlett's Farriery, or the Racing Calendar. I shot, I fished, I hunted like other young Squires. I was rather good-natured than agreeable, moderately temperate,

THE LOITERER. 5

rate, and only extravagant in Pointers and Horse-flesh.

To pleasures so cheap, and amusements so easily obtained as mine, my Fortune, to which I succeeded at 25, has ever been sufficient, and I had as little to complain of as any Country Gentleman in the Kingdom. Indeed how could it be otherwise; my estate was unincumbered, my constitution unhurt, my person uncontrouled; I was rich, healthy, and unmarried.—I sigh when I look back on such days, and when I reflect that in all probability such days will never return. 'Tis true my Estate and my Health are still unhurt, it is likewise true that as yet I am unmarried, but how long I may continue so is uncertain; and it is this idea, this continual apprehension of losing my freedom, which disturbs my quiet, and destroys my tranquillity.

About six weeks ago I received a letter from a distant Relation, which contained a pressing invitation to spend a week or two at his house in — Shire. As it was at a time of the year when little is to be done in the Sporting way, and as his house was very near C——, which celebrated its Races during the approaching week, I accepted the invitation, and stopping only to see a fine litter of puppies properly weaned, and to inspect the *firing* of
my

my brown mare, I arrived at my cousin's house the day before the Races began.

Having slept one night on the road, I finished my Journey so early the next morning, that the Ladies of the Family were not quite assembled at the Breakfast-table. My cousin, however, being a man of the world, and a Member of Parliament, gave me a most polite reception, praised my Cattle, (for I drove my own Phaeton) ordered them to be well fed, and taking their Master under his own immediate care, insisted that I should taste some refreshment, without waiting for the Ladies, "who" (added he with a smile) "are I fancy delayed longer than usual by having called a council to determine on Dresses most suitable for To-morrow night."

As I had never seen my Cousin's Daughters, my heart began immediately to beat at the bare mention of a Dance : for as I am naturally shy in Women's company, I go into it as little as possible, and as to dancing, I know no more of it than the Dead.—The idea, therefore, of attending Women to a Ball-room, and of being obliged to dance with them whether I would or no, struck such a panic into me, that I could scarcely swallow a cup of Chocolate.

I had not much time, however, to reflect on the intricacy

THE LOITERER. 7

intricacy of my present embarrassment, before the Ladies arrived in good earnest.

If Fancy had drawn a scene, not altogether agreeable, the present reality did not mend it one jot. My Cousin has been a Widower near thirty years, indeed his Wife died in Childbirth; of course the youngest of his two Daughters cannot be a chicken. Whatever ravages, however, Time and London Winters may have made in their Faces and Persons, are abundantly *made up* by London Drefs and London Manners.

They came into the room flounce all at once, and as they rushed through the Door, one of them contrived to hitch her petticoats over a chair so neatly, that in her hurry to disengage herself (poor Creature) she was obliged to shew her Legs (I should have said Ancles) as high as the Garter. I was going to blush, only I found she made nothing of it. My Cousin now introduced me, and I made one of my very best bows, which lasted twice as long as their *bob courtesy*, and I thought drew something like a smile from Miss Betsey, the youngest.

The consciousness of my own awkward behaviour was such, that I instantly turned down my eyes, and began sipping my tea with such assiduity that I burnt my mouth most woefully, and I believe
have

8 THE LOITERER.

have persuaded the company that I had not made a good meal for 24 hours before.

In about five minutes more, I ventured again to lift up my head, and this time I turned my eyes towards Miss B—, for the keenness of Miss Eliza's observation was too present to my recollection to hazard meeting it a second time.

Miss B— did not seem to have partaken of any share of her Sister's shrewish looks, on the contrary, when her eyes (by accident) met mine, she smiled, and simpered, and looked down quite modestly, to be sure she did not blush, but they say that the London ladies put something on their cheeks, which you cannot see blushes through. Nor were her conversation and behaviour less pleasing than her looks, for she enquired most kindly after my health, seemed quite sorry that such *near* relations had not been sooner acquainted, and expressed a great wish of improving the acquaintance. Such civilities from a fine woman, (for indeed, Mr. Loiterer, she is still a fine woman) could not fail of pleasing me, the more particularly as I had been but little used to the attractions of unreserved, yet delicate freedom.

I thought that no tea I had ever tasted was so good as that which I now received from Miss Louisa,
(for

THE LOITERER:

(for so they call her) and I took large, and repeated draughts of admiration, and souchong, till the clock struck eleven. My Cousin then proposed a walk to me, to take a survey of his late improvements, which to confess the truth, were very considerable, for of all the venerable and valuable oaks which I remembered to have seen there thirty years ago, not one was remaining: they had all long since been conveyed to his Majesty's Dock-yards, for the good of the Nation, and the benefit of their owner. Mr. B—, however, still chose to talk of his timber, and his romantic regard for fine old Trees. "Yes," (said he) "My neighbour Spendall would make fine havock among my woods, he would make them *crash*;" if he did, Mr. Spendall must be an ingenious gentleman, for I take my oath that my cousin's groves had been most carefully felled down to the strictest letter of the Statute; not a stick was there of twelve inches girth.

"I have now," said he, changing the conversation, only one wish remaining, which is to see my girls (he called them *girls*, Mr. Loiterer) well married before I die.—I might have got them great matches, to be sure; dozens of Lords have been refused—but titles are not what I want.—If I knew of any worthy gentleman of a tolerable good Estate, perhaps a thousand a year or so, and contented to live in the country and enjoy domestic happiness,

happiness, I would be proud to unite him to Louisa to-morrow. I can give her — but no matter for that, she is an excellent young woman, and a fortune in herself.”

You may be sure that this eloquent harangue was not lost upon me, I immediately began to smoke the old Gentleman. “No, (thought I) that cock won’t fight.”

After a strole of about two hours, we returned to the house, and as the Ladies were busy in *making themselves up*, a game at Billiards was proposed, and before dinner-time, I had contrived to lose about fifteen guineas at half-a-crown a game and betting on the hazard. — A pretty good price for an Ordinary, and at a private house; but I put a good face on the matter, and eat my soup without saying a word.

It was not ’till after the first course that I had time to look at the Ladies, in whose appearance three hours duty at the toilet had made a considerable alteration. Their hair no longer hung in matted heaps, half combed through, and half in brown plaister, but by infinite art, and repeated fingeing, hung down in natural curls; nor had their complexion suffered a less material change; white and red of the most beautiful and glossy substance,

THE LOITERER. 11

substance, was spread over each feature with true *keeping* and excellent mellowness.—But above all, their necks (no ladies have bosoms) were considerably altered. They had early in the morning appeared close covered up, and pinned tight under the chin like quakers, but they now shone in all the blaze of undissembled charms. Their handkerchief opened on each side, and left between it a space of at least eight inches, which was occupied, not covered, by a bit of narrow lace, a part of the Ladies dress which I have since heard called a *Modesty piece*. My Rector asserts that it is so termed, because it is the only immodest part of a woman's dress, like *lucus a non lucendo*; I don't understand Latin myself, but I am sure it is hardly modesty enough to swear by. But to resume my narrative.

From this moment began the long premeditated attack; all the batteries of ogles, sighs, and smiles, were at once opened against me, which engaged so much of my attention, that I presumed not to eat another mouthful, and being at the same time closely wedged in, between the Curate of the Parish, (who dined with us) and the leg of the table, I might with truth be said to suffer at once, the united horrors of a famine and a blockade.

At length Dinner was ended, the Desert cleared, and the Ladies withdrawn.

From

From this moment my Independence returned, and having prudently swallowed about a bottle of wine, I felt so bold on entering the Drawing room at tea time, that I defied the *Devil and all his works*. Unhappy boast! No sooner were the tea-things removed than a walk was proposed by Miss B—. Her Sister complained of corns, her Father was kindly letting the Curate into the secrets of the Ministry, and in an evil hour was I obliged to attend my cousin in a solitary ramble.

Scarce had we quitted the house than Miss Louisa told me that being an excessive bad walker through want of practice, and very fearful of stumbling, she begged for the loan of an Arm. My arm she accordingly took, and in the course of all her frights, and false steps, pinched it so hard and so often, that it is still quite black, and blue, through sheer tenderness.

Our conversation was at first rather constrained. She began upon Literature, and asked me whether or no, I had ever read *The Sorrows of Werter* or the new Rousseau; (as I have in the former part of my Letter hinted at the extent of my Studies) I need not say that my answer was in the negative. She proceeded to ask me the same question of other books, to which I was obliged to return the same answer, and indeed by some foolish questions on
my

my side, I soon convinced her that she was flinging Pearls before Swine : on which, she very kindly altered the subject of discourse, and seemed determined that (if I could not admire her taste, and partake of her pleasure) to admire and partake of mine. She accordingly began talking of Equipage; she admired high Phaetons and loved cropt Greys to distraction. (I always drive cropt Greys, Mr. Loiterer). There was no standing this. I looked at her again and again ; my eyes met her's, nor could I take them off. I thought she never looked so much like an Angel. In short, I know not where my passion might have ended, had not the luckiest accident in the world at once roused me from this rapturous dream of fancied bliss, to all the phlegm of cool reflection and sober reality. A sudden puff of wind carried off two luxuriant tresses from her beautiful Chignon, and left her (unconscious to herself) in a situation truly ridiculous. The delicate thread of sentiment and affection was broken, never to be united. I walked home as cool, and as quiet, as if I had been really petrified, and during the whole course of my visit, neither said or looked another civil thing. At the ordinary indeed, I got so compleatly *cut*, that I made a baddish figure in the country dances, and spilt a glass of Lemonade over my cousin's train. But she would not be provoked, for when once a woman is determined to get a husband, I find trifling

fling obstacles will not damp her hopes or sour her temper. At the end of the week I arrived safe at Clod Hill, and immediately sat down to give you an account of all my Dangers and Escapes. It has cost me above a week in drawing up this Epistle, (for I am no great scribe) and I hope this consideration among many others, will induce you to give it a candid perusal, and to take under your protection and guidance the unhappy author of it. For indeed my terrors are far from having subsided, for since my return home I have received a letter from Mr. B—, signifying his intention of passing a few days at Clod Hill, in his road to a neighbouring Watering Place, where his Daughters mean to spend some weeks. What can I do, Mr. Loiterer,—what can I do? Here will be time and opportunity, for in my own house I must be civil, and with time and opportunity my old Aunt used to say, a Woman might marry any body she liked.

Only consider my situation, unable to fly, and unwilling to contend, I can neither oppose, or give way. Oh! the torture of being loved against one's will, and being married in spite of one's self!!

Pity my incoherence, Mr. Loiterer, and compassionate my misfortunes, for added to all the rest, I have lately learnt that a scrophulous complaint
has

THE LOITERER. 15

has for generations been hereditary in my Cousin's Family. Is not this too bad?

I am, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

RUSTICUS.

My friend RUSTICUS's case is undoubtedly a very hard one, and when I reflect on it, I bless my Stars that I have no maiden Cousins on the verge of 40. But as something must be done, and very soon too, I would submit it to his Judgment whether or no, it would not be better for him to fly the Country at once; and whether or no, if the latter part of his information be true, in so doing he would not "of two Evils choose the least."

E.

** * * Two Communications from an old and valuable Correspondent are received. He is earnestly requested to fulfil his promise of an additional favor as soon as possible.*

THE POLTER R.

has for generations been hereditary in the family.

TESTIMONY

My friend Richard ...
hand on my shoulder ...
that I have no maiden ...
But as I am ...
I would ...
is now ...
at ...
his ...

28 MR 59

* * * The Commission from an old and
valuable Correspondent are ...
earnestly ...
additional ...

No. 33.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 88.

COLLECTOR



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR
BY G. A. HARRISON, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4.
LONDON: THE STATIONERS' COMPANY, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

No. XXXIII.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY, September 12, 1789.

His passion still, to covet general praise ;

His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways. POPE.

AMONGST the many advantages which the present improved State of Society and Manners gives us, over our hardy and unpolished Ancestors, none perhaps are more distinguished in their kind, or more pleasing in their effects, than the minute attention with which we promote the pleasures of those by whom we are surrounded, and the eagerness we discover to conciliate the good opinion of all with whom we converse.

We now no longer wrap ourselves up in that stern independance, which however favourable to the cause of private virtues, is highly detrimental

4 THE LOITERER.

to the stock of public happiness ; which recoils against the blandishments of praise, and shrinks at the soothing of condolence ; annihilates the elegancies, the civilities, the diversions of life, and under the vain pretence of securing our integrity, renders our manners rough, and perhaps our hearts unfeeling.

We now no longer think it unmanly to pay attention to those smaller virtues, whose Exertion gives a higher relish to the endearments of Friendship, and the intercourse of Acquaintance. We can now cultivate those nameless, but important refinements from which, Conversation (that greatest Luxury of well informed Minds) draws its various and powerful resources of Instruction and Entertainment. No longer oppressed by the Egoisms of the Great, or the Pedantry of the Learned, it is equally diffused over a large miscellaneous Circle ; it receives the contributions, and adds to the enjoyment of the numerous Classes of Individuals of which Society is composed. Each Sex, Rank, and Profession ; the Man of Learning, the Man of Business, and the Man of Pleasure ; the Matron, the Wife, and the Maid, all throw in their stock to the general Fund, and receive without respect of Persons, a quantity of Amusement and Applause in fair proportion to the Value of their Contribution.

But

THE LOITERER. 5

But as the mixt intercourse of ranks has promoted the refinement of our manners, and improved the Charms of Society, it must be owned that the consequent desire of pleasing our Friends, and a wish to become eminent in our little circle of acquaintance, has been sometimes productive of an over-strained behaviour, to which we have given the name of *Affectation*.

So various, indeed, are the errors in conversation, and absurdities in manner, into which we are led by the too eager desire of exciting the wonder or gaining the affections of those around us, that it would be no easy task to discriminate the different kinds of Affectation of which each Sex is continually guilty. To enumerate a few of the most obviously striking is the design of this paper, and though my hopes of reforming my Readers by the following slight sketches, are not very sanguine, they may at least acknowledge the justness of the portraits, and will possibly not be displeased to discover a resemblance to some of their acquaintance.

Among the younger part of our own Sex, especially among the Oxford circles, the species of Affectation most usual to be met with, is an unaccountable endeavour to appear more idle, uninformed, and ignorant than we really are. So ardently

6 THE LOITERER.

dently indeed have I known some men hunt after this kind of reputation, so much pains have they taken to convince the Company that they never looked into a book, attended a Lecture, or performed an Exercise properly, that one would suppose it required a more than common share of resolution to pass one's life in idleness, dissipation, and folly. A man of this kind is always exceedingly careful to inform you in what particular manner he has mis-spent his time, that you may not do him the injustice to imagine he has employed any part of it properly. He is, therefore, elaborate and minute in the account of the Bottles he has swallowed, and the *Rows* he has been engaged in. And his whole discourse is little more than a Catalogue of the *Impositions* he has received from Presidents, Deans, and Proctors, enlivened by the recital of the "*hair-breadth 'Scapes*" he has gone through in leaping from the windows of his College, or the pleasure he has enjoyed in that glorious Atchievement, A Scheme to Town.— Scarce less common, and far more disagreeable is the *Knowing Man*. The former honestly disclaims the knowledge of any Science whatever;—the latter *affects* to be well-informed in a very few. While the conversation continues general, or turns on literary or elegant subjects, he remains a silent, but not an unobserving Spectator; happy if a momentary pause or lucky allusion gives him an opportunity

THE LOITERER.

7

opportunity of introducing his favourite Subject; still more happy, if he can make an advantageous *Bet*; and ill fares the man who dares assert an opinion, which his prudence or his poverty prevents him from supporting, by flinging down the proposed Sam with a resolute Air. To these numberless others might be added, which, however different in their kinds, all aim at the same point; for the long Beard and dirty Shirt of the Scholar, the plaistered Hair and large Buckles of the Coxcomb, are alike marks of Affectation, and equally meant to obtain by Singularity, that admiration which is only due to Genius.

But while thus severe in exposing the follies of our own Sex, let us not forget to remark the foibles of the other; and of this failing, I believe, our fair friends may claim something more than an equal share. By nature more yielding and compliant, by education more cautious and reserved, and by both more solicitous to attract admiration, no wonder if in the earnest desire of pleasing, they more frequently endeavour to conceal their real character, and, perhaps, assume one to which they have no right; and it is but justice to them to own, that I have known some very warm admirers of fashionable manners, among our own Sex, who have thought, or fancied they thought, a small share of affectation not unbecoming in a pretty Woman;

Woman ; to argue with them on such a question would be doing them too much honour, and I will only ask them whether they ever found affectation an improvement to age, or a compensation for deformity, and if they answer in the negative, we may conclude they have reversed the matter, and that Affectation can never improve Beauty, though Beauty may make Affectation tolerable. But to return to my subject ; the mental difference of Sex is never more observable than in the different Kinds of Affectation we adopt ; for while Men endeavour to appear something worse than they are, Women, on the other hand, almost always affect to be much better. Of this, the most prevailing in the present age is, the Affectation of Candour ; impelled by this principle, the modern fair one not only defends the actions, but even praises the persons of all her Cotemporaries and Rivals ; She never lets slip an opportunity of praising all her acquaintance, either for their merits or their faults ; if a Lady is said to be regularly pretty, but insipid, She immediately declaims on the symmetry of her features and exactness of her make ; if on the other hand, the person in debate has no claim to admiration but from an expressive Countenance, She is full as ready to cry up the superiority of expression and manner over regularity of features ; nay should the Lady be unfortunate enough to be void of every personal charm which can attract admiration, it is hard but
she

she will find something to praise in her, and if every thing else fails, applaud the sweetness of her disposition, and hint that she will make an excellent Wife. Thus she goes on, excusing, defending or applauding the faults or deficiencies of her long list of friends, and in the vain hope of being admired for her Candour, forgets that praise, like satire, loses it's force when applied without discrimination, judgment, or taste. Next to this in frequency, and absurdity, is the Affectation of *Affection*. A young Woman, the moment she has received this species of infection, becomes on a sudden more than commonly attached to all her Relations without Exception. If married, She is always plaguing you with the good qualities of her Husband: If single; the Wit and Learning of her Brothers, the Beauty and Graces of her Sisters, form an eternal topic of panegyric. She never speaks of them but in highest raptures, or to them but in the most endearing phrases. She distributes her Dears, Loves, &c. without moderation or mercy, and her whole conversation is such a string of surfeiting sweets as is sufficient to make the bye-standers sick of natural affection as long as they live. Not entirely dissimilar to this is the Affectation of *Feeling*, but with this difference, that as the love of the Affectionate Girl is concentrated in one family, the regard and concern of the Feeling Woman are diffused amongst an extended circle of great friends,

little

little friends, intimates, and acquaintances ; the former boasts only a partial and confined affection, the heart of the latter expands in an unbounded philanthropy to all mankind : Such an one, from the moment you enter the room, is all flutter and anxiety till you have satisfied her of the health, prosperity and happiness of your Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Cousins, and in short, all your Relations whom she has ever seen, and almost all she has ever heard of ; nor will she suffer you to rest in peace, till she has enquired after your own health, and is perfectly convinced by your own words, that you actually and *Bona-Fide* are alive at that moment, notwithstanding when you last parted from her you were obliged to encounter the inclemency of the Morning Air after being heated with Country Dances. And woe be to the youth who, in an evil hour, has given up his heart to a *Feeling* young Woman, for as this species of Affectation is usually mixed with a dash of Coquetry, he may be some time in discovering that a Lady whose heart is thus torn in pieces by so many different Claimants, can have but a small share to bestow on any one. But by far the most disagreeable of all is the Affectation of being *Unaffected*. This is oftner the failing of the middle aged than the young, and it's effects are more felt by their own Sex than by ours. A Lady of this description always puts me in mind of a speech in King LEAR, which wants nothing but

THE LOITERER. 11

but the change of Sex to make it compleatly applicable :

“ ——— This is some fellow

“ Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

“ A sawcy roughness, and constrains the garb

“ Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,

“ An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,

“ An they will take it, so, if not, he's plain.”

In pursuance of this idea, she enters the room, (flinging herself into a Chair with an air of *Brusquerie* which she thinks mightily becoming) begins abusing the mistress of the house for some defect in her domestic œconomy, and finds fault with her daughters for their bad taste in dress, or little proficiency in their acquirements; should her intimacy be not sufficient to warrant this *good advice*, she contents herself with talking *at* you instead of *to* you, and in this ingenious manner distresses you by abusing every thing you do or say, and depreciating all you admire or like; in short, her whole aim seems to be, to convince you of her great superiority, and to put you as much as possible out of humour with yourself.

Such

Such are the various ways by which we all of us endeavour to make ourselves conspicuous by appearing to possess qualities in a superior degree to the generality of those around us ; and as they are all of them tried with the sole view of making ourselves admired, esteemed, and loved ; there will surely need no arguments to induce us to quit the practice of them, when we are once satisfied, that the only emotions we can possibly excite in the minds of our acquaintance, are either contempt for our hypocrisy, or pity for our want of sense.

C.

28 MR 59

No. 34.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 84

COLLECTOR



PRINTED FOR THE DIRECTOR
BY J. M. C. BARNARD, NEW YORK
TONGUE AND SONS, LONDON
LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM
BATH, 1840

No. XXXIV.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY, September 19, 1789.

Non quivis videt immodulata poemata Iudex.

HORACE.

NO sooner does a Man become eminent in the World, than his opinion is of consequence not only to his own immediate connections, but often to the Community at large. It is with peculiar satisfaction that I begin to feel Symptoms of this in myself. I have lately had so many advertisements of every species sent to me, that was I to consult either my own interest, or that of Mr. Rann my Bookseller, I might very soon become a formidable Rival to the Daily Papers. The whole body of Wine Merchants have both conjunctly, and individually, given me general invitations to spend the evening with them, and have requested me to bring my friend Mr. Philpot

in my hand, each being anxious, I suppose, to have a favourable sentence passed on the flavour of his grand Panacea. I have letters by me, which declare that my health has been drank in a bumper, with three times three, by every Club of Tradesmen in the City, who since the publication of my twenty-fourth paper, consider me as their professed friend, and advocate: No less indeed than *fifteen* have actually made very handsome offers to accept me as a Member; which I have been hitherto able only to decline by observing, that there are no more than *six* nights in the week, in which a Clergyman can with strict propriety be seen at the Tavern. But an arch fellow, President at the * * * * * Society, has started an odd sort of *ecclesiastical* Idea of it's being possible to *serve* two or more Taverns in one Evening. In short, such is the satisfaction and approbation, which the public express of my conduct, that I expect my interest will be of considerable consequence at the next general Election.

But these are all very trifling circumstances, when compared with the effect, which my thirteenth Paper has produced. The freedom, with which I have there spoken on the subject of Reviews, has brought me in such a multiplicity of Essays, Poems, and critical Defences, that I am well nigh ruined with the Postage; the Poets in particular (and I would not too severely scrutinize
their

THE LOITERER. 5

their motives) forgetting my request, that they would frank their Epistles. Was I to pay attention to every one of these Gentlemen, the Loiterer would soon become little better than an Hospital for Incurables. But it makes me exceedingly unhappy to find my friend Dick Distich in the last Class. Dick has unfortunately published an Epic Poem, which during twelve months has been running the Gauntlet through the different Reviews. The Reviewers, he tells me, those literary Despots as he calls them, have regularly once a month either given him a touch of the Gout in his Stomach, a fit of the Cholic, or a nervous Fever. Had they all made their attack at once, he thinks he could have borne up against them with the true fortitude of an Author, pronouncing them all a set of ignorant Blockheads. Then there would have been an end of the matter at once; and in time it would have blown over, and been forgotten. But now, no sooner has he recovered from one shock, than he is obliged to prepare for and submit to another: Each takes him on turn, and giving him a twirl with his finger and thumb, tortures him for a month together upon the point of his pen. One dashes him off on the first of April with half a line in the Monthly Catalogue. In June he is damned with faint praise, and the only exceptionable part of his work quoted as a Sample. In July he feels something like a momentary respite, being allowed

6 THE LOITERER.

a sort of negative praise, “not entirely destitute of Merit.” What Sensations must this excite in the breast of a Candidate for immortal fame! To me, however, he writes in full confidence of meeting with redress, and already anticipates the charms of a Critical, and *friendly* enquiry into his merits in the Loiterer. So that I may be fairly said to be drawn into a *premunire*; and feel myself exceedingly unhappy, and absolutely at a loss how I shall act, so as at once to preserve the reputation of my paper, and the esteem of my old and valuable friend, whose kind Offices have been in some measure coeval with my existence. Twenty times did I sit down, and attempt something like an Apology; but in vain: I therefore determined last week (having many other weighty affairs on my hands, particularly an Investigation of the Transparent Tête) to hasten my Journey to London, that I might wait on him in person, and in the softest, and gentlest manner inform him, that such Criticisms do not come within the extent of my Plan.

I shall pass over the account of my Journey till some other opportunity, that I may be able the more immediately to introduce my Readers to my *quondam* Companion. Alas! Poor Distich! early smitten with the charms of the Muses, and of one terrestrial Beauty, rich only in the bounties of Nature! Such imprudent and unwarrantable attachments producing their wonted effect on the
mercantile

mercantile mind of a rich, and industrious Father, were the causes of his being cut off with a shilling at that particular period, when he could boast of the *jus trium liberorum*; and he has been endeavouring ever since with difficulty to support himself and his family by various expedients; in the number of which I am sorry to add, that an unhappy and unsuccessful attachment to the Muses still forms a considerable share.

It was not till I had mounted the third pair of stairs, that I was informed the Door of Mr. Distich's Lodgings was on the next landing place; where, after one more effort, I arrived safe, and stopping to take a little breath, had time to meditate with a heavy heart on the very elevated situation of my friend. Before I knocked at the door, I had an opportunity of observing that some Minister of Darkness had marked the lintel with a number of portentous parallel lines, which whether *creta an carbone notanda* I must leave my Classical Readers to determine. No sooner had I knocked, than Mrs. Distich very circumspectly opened the door a few inches, still however maintaining her guard; but recognizing my person, down went the chain, and in a moment the door was widely and confidently extended. Oh! Mr. Loiterer, said she, how rejoiced will my Husband be to see You. He has expected You every Saturday with the utmost impatience. Poor innocent Soul! little did she think
the

the errand on which I was come, or the trifling reason for her husband's anxious expectation of the Loiterer ! He is now, said she, in the back room, where he has given positive orders, that he is to be denied to all the World, and must not be disturbed. *Me*, Mrs. Distich, I think I may venture to say he will except ; therefore, taking the liberty to steal gently upon him, I found him sitting in part of an elbow chair ; with the collar of his shirt, and the knees of his breeches loose, a tarnished velvet Cap was on his head, and the remains of a Tartan Night-Gown, which had once been lined with green silk, carelessly flung upon his shoulders. He appeared to be lost in a fine frenzy of thought, his eye darting from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven ; in his right hand was that dangerous little instrument a pen, worn to the stump ; the nail of his left thumb was that moment grinding betwixt the *dentes incisores* ; whilst the back of my last letter was spread before him ; the superscription of which was now so blotted, so interlineated, so filled with erasements, and retorations, that the greatest part of it was absolutely unintelligible to every person in the world, except himself. But how did my heart smite me, when I read in the first line, which alone was legible, that out of this chaos of interlineation and confusion, was to issue all the correctness, the order, the harmony of a Sonnet in praise of the GEPIDÆ, or *Loiterers*. For my own part,

THE LOITERER. 9

I have always been very well satisfied to deduce my origin from the Bickerstaffes, and Ironsides of Queen Anne's Reign ; but my friend, who loves the appearance at least of learning, has gone far deeper into Antiquity ; and taking a wider range, has discovered, that in that memorable emigration of the Ostro, and the Vifi Goths from Sweden and Scandinavia, there was one vessel, which *lagged behind the others*, but whose Crew afterwards became a great and Respectable Nation ; and from this circumstance obtained the Appellation of the GERIDÆ, or the *Loiterers*. Hence my friend was furnished with a just and applicable Simile, the life and soul of Poetry ; and drawing it to a conclusion, was just declaring, with epigrammatic keenness, that all other Writers were merely Ostro Goths and Vifi Goths, when compared to the Loiterer. It was in the midst of this happy thought, that casting his eyes around he saw me *in propria personâ* standing before him. My Readers will better conceive, than I can either express or describe the figure he made, as he rose to receive me. One hand was instantly stretched out to give me a cordial shake, whilst the other with much embarrassment was hastening to convey a little, dirty, ragged, and rumpled Octavo out of my sight.

I shall pass over the kind enquiries, the many pleasing recollections, which for a full hour took place between us, before I touched on the subject
nearest

nearest his heart. At last, not without much difficulty and hesitation, I ventured to inform him, that the taste of the Public was totally vitiated ; so much Ribaldry and Nonsense, such torrents of scandal and abuse were now the favourite publications, that the chaste and classic effusions of the real Poet would not bear to be mentioned with Applause. Drawing my chair a little nearer, and taking his hand again into mine, I observed that a few select friends had commissioned me to present him with a bank note as a small mark of esteem for the pleasure, which his writings had given them, and for the high opinion, which they entertained of the Virtues of the Author. The big tear glistening in his eye, I felt a sympathetic effusion in my own, and (wondering how any man in such a situation, with so severe a lampoon as three lines of a Milk-Woman's score on the lintel of his door, could think of sitting down to write Sonnets for the Loiterer) without waiting for a reply, I hastened to give a turn to the conversation, and tried to rally my friend upon the care, which he had taken to secrete some new poem, begging, if there was no impropriety, that I might be permitted to peruse it.—This request at any other period would have kindled a pleasant smile on his countenance, which now, notwithstanding the seasonable relief I had brought, still continued clouded with melancholy. “ What ! said he, will not my last poem bear to be

be

THE LOITERER. 11

be mentioned with applause, "*et tu Brute,*" and does the Loiterer say so? then indeed it is time to bid adieu to the Muses, a long adieu to the dreams of immortality. There, said he, flinging down the pamphlet, never more will I hunt thee from beginning to end."

My Curiosity being now greatly excited, I picked up the rejected volume, which I confess, till that moment I had never seen, neither could I have believed it possible for such a work to have entered into the mind of Man to compose. *Poeta nascitur non fit* is an axiom, which, I believe, has never once been disputed. But henceforth, thought I, it will certainly be reversed, *non nascitur sed fit Poeta*. For whether the divine furor shall lead to the Enigma, or the Rebus, to the Cento, the Acrostic, or the Anagram; whether the ambition of the future bard shall incline him to excel in the lyric or the pastoral, the elegiac or satyric, the dramatic or epic; the true Rhymster must find every want supplied in the "poetic endings" of Dr. Trusler. In this valuable work it may be truly said, that the embryo of every future Poem is comprised. In short, it is difficult to determine whether the Poetical, or the Clerical World is most indebted to this voluminous Author.

But to return to the subject before me; taking leave of my friend with a promise to see him again very soon, I beckoned Mrs. Distich to the landing place,

place, and slipping a small present into her hand also, whispered that it might be of use in rubbing the Chalks from the Lintel of her Door. "Oh! Mr. Loiterer, said she, You have such a way with You. Would my dear Husband but cease to write verses, there would still be various methods for us to earn a decent subsistence; but of this I despair." I endeavoured to comfort her by an assurance, that there would soon be a reformation. For here, Madam, said I, holding up Dr. Trusler, here, I believe, I have compleatly eradicated the evil. "Ah! Sir, said she, how little do You know of Mr. Distich! I once put Dr. Trusler up the chimney myself for a whole week; and what do You think, Sir, was the consequence? Before Saturday night, Mr. Distich, now no longer shackled by rhyme, had compleated the first book of an Epic Poem in *blank verse*."

And here, Gentle Reader, every objection to the above-mentioned axiom fell to the ground. I was compelled to acknowledge *nascitur Poeta*.

No. 35.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 33.

OF THE

LOTTERY



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

AND FOR J. S. KENNEDY, OXFORD; MESSRS.
TONG AND SONS, LONDON; MESSRS. GOSNOLD,
LONDON; MESSRS. BIRMINGHAM; MESSRS. W. W. MANNING,
BATH; and MESSRS. COWSLADE and SONS, RICHMOND.

MDCCLXXII.

No. XXXV.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, September 26, 1789.

Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem

Spiravère.

VIRGIL.

The inmoste thoughtes, the labrynge brayne I sawe.

ROWLEY.

I HAVE no doubt but the friendly visit, which I have recorded in my last paper, will be considered as a sufficient Apology for my undertaking a Journey to London, by such of my benevolent Readers, as may not be disposed to grant the same indulgence to that other motive, at which I have more than once hinted in the course of these my lucubrations, viz. an Investigation of the *Transparent Tête*. But whatever objections may be raised by narrow minds, I have not the smallest doubt,

4 THE LOITERER.

but that I shall be able to make it appear to those, who are possessed of more liberal and enlightened notions, that the Transparent Tête is of greater importance to the public at large, than any other invention, which the present Age, so fertile in discovery, has produced. Every Science has its *ne plus ultra* of Investigation, to which the emulation of its Professors aspires. How often has this Globe, even in our own days, been circumnavigated with no other view, than an anxious desire to extend the limits of science. To me it does not appear that a Discovery of the Longitude, the Quadrature of the Circle, the Philosopher's Stone, or even the Universal Panacea itself would be of more service to Adepts and Philosophers in general, than the Transparent Tête to the Moralist. Independent, therefore, of the feelings due to friendship, I have been impelled to this Journey by the same zeal, which induced our Botanists and Astronomers to traverse the remotest regions of the southern hemisphere, or the French Acadamiciens to ascend the summits of the highest mountains.

It has heretofore been recorded as the wish of one of the Ancient Sages of Greece, that a Window had been placed in the Breast of Man, that all the World might see what was passing in his Heart. Had that Philosopher lived in the present day, his wish would have been nearly gratified; for when

once

THE LOITERER,

5

once we are in possession of, and can clearly see through the head, our approaches to the heart will be rendered easy and familiar. Hitherto indeed the thickest heads, such as were hardly worth looking into, have been the only ones, that could be easily seen through ; whilst on the contrary, by a strange kind of contradiction, or *deceptio visus*, those heads, which the world in general has pronounced to be the best and the clearest, have been constantly found impervious to the most penetrating Eye. But now, in consequence of this great and ingenious discovery, every Head will hereafter be in this respect at least on a level. And I cannot help reflecting with true patriotic Joy, that the invention has been ushered into the World in a time of profound Peace ; for as Fashion is a thing so versatile and fugitive, it is to be hoped and indeed presumed, that it will cease to be the *Ton* long before that this Country shall, in defiance of the Commercial Treaty, be again immersed in all the horrors of War : Because under such lamentable circumstances there is too much reason to dread, that the secrets of the Cabinet would be exposed and lie entirely at the mercy of a set of unprincipled French Hair-Dressers. At present we must reconcile ourselves to the inconvenience to which it will expose every private family. And so long as the rage continues, I can only advise my fair Readers to be equally circumspect in their thoughts, as in their

their actions; lest the Operator whilst he appears to be only frizzling, and dabbing, shall be peeping into the inmost recesses of the Soul: — A privilege, which I wish as much as possible myself to monopolize.

My Readers therefore, will not be surprized when I inform them, that I had no sooner parted from my friend Mr. Distich, than I repaired to the place, where I expected to see this truly CAPITAL invention. And here no sooner was I seated, than casting my Eyes around, I began to fancy myself in the Cabinet of some enchanted Castle; in which the Enchantress was herself presiding, and dealing out her favours to the fairest part of the Creation. I was now no longer at a loss to account for the profusion of beauty displayed in our streets, our high roads, and our public places. For hence, as from a grand arsenal, every female charm was perpetually issuing. And when I was beholding the various little elegant structures; the *Chignons* and *Cheveleures de Berenice*, the vials, and vases arranged in the most beautiful order, replete with pomades, and essences, and odoriferous perfumes; a reflection of my great predecessor the Spectator came fresh into my mind. That elegant Moralist has informed us, that whenever he beheld a table spread out and decorated with all the profusion of modern luxury, he could not help at the same time

imagining

THE LOITERER.

imagining that he saw Gouts and Fevers, and Apoplexies, and a variety of other diseases, lying in ambush, and lurking amongst the plates and dishes. Here, on the contrary, was nothing to be seen but the sporting of the Loves and the Graces; for in one little vase was actually condensed the *Bloom* of the celebrated Ninon De Lenclos; in another the *Milk of Roses*; whilst a third was pregnant with the *Bloom of Circassia*. But I shall for the present pass over these, together with the *Grecian Compound*, the *Essence of Pearls*, *Olympian Dew*, and a long list of other celebrated Cosmetics; which shew what astonishing improvements have been made in this art since the Days of Mr. Charles Lilley, the cotemporary and favourite Perfumer of my honoured Progenitors; because I am anxious to come more immediately to the grand business of the Day.

And here it will be unnecessary to detail every particular circumstance, which preceded my informing the fair Enchantress of the principal Object of my Enquiry. "I presume, Sir, said she, for your lady or daughter, or perhaps for both;"—but assuring her that at present I had not the happiness to possess either the one or the other; she appeared much surprised at the oddness of my demand, and with an arch but good-natured smile, at the same time casting an eye towards my dress,

8 THE LOITERER.

looked as much as to say, "Surely, Sir, it can never be intended for the pulpit."—In short, I informed her without Reserve, that it was really for public service; and that I expected with her assistance, by some little additional Machinery, to make it occasionally fit every head in one of the first Universities in the World. She smiled intelligence; and immediately under my directions began her operations; and with the finest, and most delicate threads of floss silk, and certain little elastic springs and pulleys, in a manner hereafter to be described, executed her task so perfectly to my satisfaction, that like the Sportsman, who gently throws his net over a covey of partridges, I can, whenever I meet with proper game, suspend or let it fall, light as the Gossamer or the flakes of feathered snow, till it settles imperceptibly on the devoted head; and immediately renders every part of the skull similar to those particular portions, which the most celebrated Anatomists have pronounced to be *diaphanous*. In short, it is easy to perceive that in any other hands than mine, it might become very dangerous; but as I shall use it only for the most honourable purposes myself, I will take particular care to bequeath it in my will to the Fellows of _____ College with an express injunction, that it may be suffered to hang up *in terrorem*, never to be brought out but upon the most public and solemn occasions.

My

THE LOITERER: 9

My fair Assistant soon gave me a convincing proof of the efficacy of the Invention; for whilst I was taking a second survey of the scene before me, and like the ancient Sage was exclaiming, "What a variety of articles are here, which I do not want," she had dextrously placed it on my head: And I could soon distinctly hear her repeating a number of the hints, which I have long been collecting, and storing in my memory for the use of the Loiterer. But suddenly recollecting myself, I slipped my neck out of the collar; and eager for retaliation, was endeavouring in my turn to place it on her's: But stepping back, she exclaimed, "Oh! Sir, not for the World," and it instantly dropped on the head of a celebrated Naturalist, who had entered, and seated himself, just as this little scene of innocent gallantry and good humour was passing betwixt us. It was, however, entirely disregarded by him; for his eye was immoveably fixed on a singular petrefaction, which he imagined he had just picked up from a load of Gravel in the Street: So that we had sufficient opportunity thoroughly to inspect his brain; in which, notwithstanding it still preserved its usual functions, every part had undergone the most curious metamorphoses. The surrounding Membranes, which Anatomists have denominated the dura and the pia Mater, and the arachnoid coat, entirely consisted of the Wings of Moths, and Papilios, arranged in the most exquisite

40 THE LOITERER.

the order. The arbor vitæ was every where represented by beautiful ramifications of white Coral; and each particular artery was occupied by a still more delicate branch of red: Whilst all the various external circumvolutions, and internal protuberances, were composed of little beautiful shells, and sparry Inerustations. The Pineal Gland, which has long been the established seat of the Soul, and in which of course the ruling passion is always to be found, was converted into what may be pronounced the *summum bonum* of a Naturalist's researches, viz. the Chrysalis or the Nymph of a *non descript* Butterfly.

Whilst I was contemplating these singular changes, I was suddenly struck with a very odd appearance in the little Caverns, which Anatomists call the Ventricles of the brain. These are well known to contain a clear liquid, which appeared to be in the greatest Commotions, and in which I could observe thousands of little animated masses creeping and frisking in every direction. At first I really conceived them to be diminutive Lobsters; but soon discovered, that they were merely the effect of strong imagination in the Philosopher: For upon a nearer inspection they proved to be actually *Eleas*, which he had in some unaccountable manner conceived to be a species of Lobsters; a conception in which he was soon unalterably confirmed. For

at this particular juncture his Operator, who had seen him enter, came up, and wiping his face which appeared heated to an uncommon degree, "Sir, said he, we are all wrong in our conjectures. I have boiled *fifteen thousand* agreeable to your direction; but ten only have turned *red*." "Then, said the Philosopher with a smile of triumph, let them be carefully preserved; there are ten irrefragable proofs of the truth of my general Hypothesis." The Operator, however, shrugging up his shoulders, begged to know what he was to do with the fourteen thousand nine hundred and ninety, which were not in the least altered. But instead of reply, the Philosopher cast a look of contempt upon the Experimentalist, which convinced me, that ten arguments in favour of a preconceived hypothesis, will at any time outweigh as many thousand to the contrary.

The short limits, to which I am confined, will not permit me to communicate every discovery, which I have already made with this Apparatus; I am therefore under the necessity of referring my Physiologists Readers to a separate and distinct publication, in which I mean to silence every dispute respecting the true nature of the nervous fluid, and the animal spirits. But in regard to the passions of the mind, I shall just hint that I have in
some

some Instances in a moment detected the most despicable, mean, and contracted Notions lurking in the heads of persons, who have had the art to purloin a character for generosity and public spirit; whilst on the contrary, I have discovered every sentiment of generosity, all the finer feelings of the man of strict honour and integrity, in characters, which the World has hitherto considered of little or no estimation.

I could perceive Eugenio, who has the privilege of perusing these my lucubrations in manuscript, hesitate when he came to the last paragraph; his cheek was instantly covered with crimson; and at that moment I fixed my apparatus on his head. Eugenio, who lives perhaps in too close and retired a manner, is by the World supposed to be in affluent circumstances, and even lately to have had a considerable addition to his fortune. It is his nearest connections alone, who know that the first is a mistaken notion, and that of the latter, from a train of perplexing circumstances, he hath been totally deprived. It was during the pleasing sensations, which arose from a belief of a sudden addition to his fortune, that Eugenio made a promise of a fixed annuity to an indigent Relation, whom he had before only casually relieved; the first payment of which became due on the day that he
found

found himself totally deprived of the fortune, which had induced him to make the promise. Never shall I forget the answer, which he made, when he was urged to retract. "I feel, said he, too sensibly the disappointment, which I have myself sustained; and I request only that the inconvenience, which it will occasion, may never be mentioned, because I am sure it would embitter the comfort, which my little gratuity conveys."

How different a scene did the Brain of the wealthy Orgillis display! on whose head, while he was poring over the price of stocks, my Invention was easily applied. The Dura Mater, which is always the firmest covering to the brain, was here absolutely thickened into parchment, with which every part of the brain was closely and *securely* bound. The circulating vessels had taken so extraordinary direction as to represent the foreclosure of a Mortgage; but the inner or more delicate membranes were as yet only thickened into simple bonds and notes of hand. The Pineal Gland, or what I have already described as the seat of the Soul, was swelled into the form of a *plumb*. Whilst every other part of the brain was become a confused and hardened mass, in which all the delicate circumvolutions, that express the finer feelings of the mind, were totally obliterated. Upon applying to a
skilful

skilful Anatomist to explain the meaning of this extraordinary Phenomenon, he assured me that it proceeded from a preternatural enlargement of the *Corpus Callosum*; and that the liquid collected in the Ventricles of an Usurer's brain was entirely composed of the tears of the Widow, and the Orphan,

28 MR 59

And for
TO
LAS
BA

No. 36.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

skilful Anatomist to explain the meaning of this extraordinary Phenomenon, he assured me that it proceeded from a preternatural enlargement of the *Corpus Callosum*; and that the liquid collected in the Ventricles of an Usurer's brain was entirely composed of the tears of the Widow; and the Orphan,



28 MR 59

No. 36.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

and sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



No. XXXVI.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, October 3, 1789.

Phæbe fave ; novus ingreditur tua templa Sacerdos.

OVID.

THE Editor this day intreats the Attention of the Public ; and hopes, as they have shewn so much favour to the lucubrations of Mr. Loiterer, that they will now extend the same indulgence to the labours of his pen, while he relates the cause, which obliges him to take it up.

Mr. Loiterer, though on the whole a very good sort of Man, partakes a little too much of the hereditary indolence of his family ; and I have frequently found it extremely difficult to get the papers from him in proper time. I had therefore

Vol. II.

F 2

great

4 THE LOITERER.

great reason to apprehend that a Journey to London, as removing him at so great a distance from the place of publication, might be prejudicial, if not to his existence in a public character, at least to that regularity (I say it *meo periculo*) which he has hitherto maintained. — For two weeks, however, I was agreeably deceived, and really began to conclude that my apprehensions were groundless; when the morning, in which I expected the stock of amusement for this day, arrived without it: Another, and another passed. In short, it was not till so late as on Thursday last, that I received the following letter, which though written in the *familiare*, and I am sure not with the intention of being published, yet as Mr. Loiterer always writes agreeably, I shall take the liberty of inserting.

London, Sept. 30th.

SIR,

I DARE say you are much surpris'd at my silence; but my whole time has been so much engross'd by enjoying the society of a few friends, whom chance has here thrown in my way, and visiting the fights and amusements, of which this place is so fertile, that I have had no opportunities for composition. How the World will admit of these excuses I cannot pretend to determine; but flatter myself, that they

they will be inclined to grant some allowances to the calls of friendship and the impulses of curiosity; in spite of which I have made two or three attempts to be very agreeable.

As Travels are at present the fashionable Study, it was at first my intention to have given some account of my own Travels up to Town: Nor did I see any reason why *The Loiterer's Journey in a Stage-Coach* should not have afforded as much entertainment to the World in general, as *Mr. Such-a-one's Tour in a Post-Chaise*. But upon a closer consideration of the subject, I found it impossible to compose a relation, either enriched with luxuriance of description, or diversified by variety of incident: Both of which indispensable ornaments a peculiarity of circumstances entirely precluded. For the road from Oxford to London is so well known, that a description of it would be both useless, and uninteresting; and indeed if this was not the case, yet the wonderful rapidity, and close construction of our modern Stages, admit neither of much contemplation of object, or latitude of prospect.—And as to Incidents; few, I believe, can be expected in a Country, which abounds with smooth roads, good accommodations, and populous neighbourhoods; and I have found by experience, that it is possible to stop at an Inn without encountering Adventures.

I therefore abandoned this design, purposing to select another subject ; but I deferred it so long, that at length despair roused me from the inactive state, into which I was sunk ; and I returned to my lodgings last night, fully determined to compose a Loiterer. But to no purpose did I turn over and over again the leaves of my memorandum book ; in vain did I have recourse to my faithful friend Horace, to whom I am frequently indebted for a hint : No suitable subject occurred ; the clock struck eleven ; and for the first time in my life I threw down Horace with disgust.

In this dilemma I accidentally cast my eyes on an Elbow Chair, which stood in one corner of the room : A lucky thought instantly darted across my brain ; and I exclaimed, “ Why should I not *dream* ! ” As no time was to be lost ; I lighted my lamp, extinguished my candles, and sat down in my elbow chair, firmly resolved to dream a very entertaining Vision. For some time I amused myself with the pleasing idea of all those Temples, Groves, and Deities, to whose acquaintance I was just on the point of being introduced. But unfortunately the first, grand requisite was wanting ; for the agitation of my mind was so great, that I could not sleep. After tossing about therefore for almost a couple of hours, I resumed my seat at the table, and have written to You, Mr. RANN, desiring you

to

THE LOITERER. 7

to select for this week's amusement the communications of those correspondents, whom your judgment mostly approves of.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

LAZ. LOITERER.

In compliance with the request of Mr. Loiterer, I have carefully perused the several letters, which we have received, and have preferred the following, as being the only one in our possession, which was written by a Lady: And if half our Readers are Men of as much Gallantry as myself, and Mr. L. they will not think that I have abused the confidence, which he reposed in me.

To the AUTHOR *of the* LOITERER.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE always considered a Periodical Work, as a very useful, and necessary publication. For to omit all the amusement it dispenses, and all the morality it contains, I look upon the Author of it as a confidential friend, to whom we Women in particular can entrust our trifling narratives, whose advice we can demand on any occasion, and to whom

8 THE LOITERER.

whom we may unburden all those little griefs and complaints, which though not sufficiently important to awaken the attention of the public, are yet of too much consequence to be entirely concealed. With this view, Mr. Loiterer, I write to You; and after the recital, though you may not call my situation unhappy, at least you will allow it to be distressing.

My father was a respectable Attorney in a Country Town. I was the youngest of four daughters; and though his business enabled us to live genteelly enough for our situation; yet the expences of so large a family, and the too ample fortunes, which he had already given with my three eldest Sisters, who were married, prevented him at his death from making any great provision for his youngest daughter. I was nineteen, when this melancholy event took place; and I must confess it affected me very much: For I had not only lost a kind, indulgent parent, but was reduced to much narrower circumstances than I had any reason to expect. For some time I resided alternately with my Sisters; till at the end of two years, I accepted the offer of a wealthy Tradesman, though a few years older than myself. I will not be so uncandid as not to confess, that Interest had at first some share in inducing me to enter the matrimonial state with Mr. Simple; for the match was not only very advantageous

THE LOITERER. 9

tageous in itself as presenting me a pleasing prospect of ease and plenty, but as affording an asylum from the insulting behaviour of my Sisters, who now began to talk of expences and dependance. In a short time, however, the tender regard, which my husband expressed for me, and a just consideration of his disinterested Affection, excited my gratitude, and esteem for him; and if I never loved him with that passionate ardour, which Young People are apt to entertain, I believe that through the course of fifteen years I have never given him any serious cause to complain of my conduct.

And to do my husband Justice, Mr. Loiterer, I must say that he is very kind and attentive to me. He possesses a great deal of good-nature, and a perfect evenness of temper. His business is extensive, and he is too much interested in the welfare of his children, to diminish it by any neglect on his part: The consequence of which is, we grow richer every day, and of course more respected.— But amongst all these good qualities, there is one peculiarity, which gives me great concern. He has, Sir, no *will* of his own. Now I confess, that this at first sight appears to be absurd; and is what most wives would esteem a happiness rather than a misfortune: But I trust I shall be able to convince You that it is not so.

A

A habit of contradiction is both unpleasant, and ungenteel. My husband is well acquainted with the truth of this; and therefore to avoid all appearance of ill-breeding, quietly acquiesces with everybody's opinion. But surely, Mr. Loiterer, it is proper sometimes to have an opinion of one's own: Because we must not flatly tell a person that he is wrong, may we not civilly say, that we differ from him in such particulars? If contradiction betrays arrogance and ill manners, a perpetual acquiescence is equally the sign of folly and servility. How frequently do I hear Mr. Simple uttering the most palpable contrarieties during his attendance in the Shop: How frequently am I compelled to blush for him in company. If one person says the day is hot; and another that the air is cold; if a third declares that it is fine, and a fourth that it is cloudy; he *thinks exactly the same* with every one of them, though he sees the sun shine at that moment in a clear open sky. To add to my shame, some of our acquaintance have discovered this accommodating disposition of my husband, and frequently amuse themselves by making him agree in the most contradictory points. There, Sir, I see their nods and winks, and yet can take no notice of them; nay I am often obliged to leave the room confused and mortified. If I afterwards tell him that he has been the sport of the company, he is *of the same opinion*; he *thinks exactly as I do*, that to be the object

THE LOITERER. 11

object of laughter is despicable; and *agrees with me* in the necessity of altering his conduct—but this he never has done, and I am afraid never will do.

I must beg your pardon, however, Mr. Loiterer, for having troubled you so long with matrimonial concerns; but as none of your predecessors have refused to become mediators between Man and Wife, I hope You will excuse me.—Besides, as my husband always reads your work, this may possibly have some effect on him; and when he sees how ridiculous his behaviour appears in print, he may at length be prevailed on to have a will of his own.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your constant Reader,

MARY SIMPLE.

THE LOTTERY

of higher is better; and the necessity of showing the course - but this never has done, and I have never seen it.

I must beg your pardon, however, Mr. [?]
[?] having [?] you to [?] [?]
concern; but [?] none of [?] [?]
[?] to [?] [?] [?]
With [?] [?] [?]
[?] [?] [?] [?]
[?] [?] [?] [?]
[?] [?] [?] [?]
[?] [?] [?] [?]
[?] [?] [?] [?]

28 MR 59

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours obedient servant,

MARY SIMMONS

And
T
L
B

No. 37.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



No. XXXVII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *October* 10, 1789.

THOSE of my Readers who have perused my last three papers, are sufficiently acquainted both with my Journey to Town, and the reason which induced me to undertake it: How far they, in their hearts, approved of either the one or the other, I can not presume to determine, but I humbly hope that they will not be sorry to hear that I arrived in good health and spirits at my own Rooms on Tuesday last; an event which gave myself, at least, most unfeigned satisfaction, as I had for some time been not a little alarmed for the situation of the University which I had deprived of my presence, well knowing how necessary my weekly distributions are now become, to direct the Taste, and improve the Manners of my fellow Academicians; which idea, joined to a consciousness of

Vol. II.

G. 2

what

what they must inwardly suffer whilst labouring under so cruel a suspense as my long Absence must inevitably occasion, rendered me compleatly miserable during the latter part of my stay in London. I had, indeed, repeatedly made some serious efforts towards getting out of Town, for four or five days successively, previous to my actual departure; but as regularly as I got to the White Horse Cellar, I was informed that all the Coaches had been gone by nearly an Hour,—a disappointment which I might have laboured under, perhaps, till the present moment, had I not met my friend SENSITIVE by chance, as I was looking at a Print Shop in Bond Street, who was himself returning to Oxford the next day, and who offered me a place in his Chaise; a mode of conveyance which was to me the more agreeable, as he meant not to set out till after Breakfast; for I make a rule of never hurrying myself if I can possibly avoid it, and my friend likewise is fond of taking things coolly. Having therefore met at a Coffee-House, by agreement, and swallowed a sufficient quantity of Chocolate, Tea, Bread and Butter, we bid adieu to the Metropolis, not a little elated, I believe, with the idea of seeing our common friend Dr. Villars, and again inhabiting a place, where we were of much more consequence than when trudging along Fleet Street, or mobbing at the Haymarket. And here I cannot avoid expressing the infinite pleasure I felt

at

at the idea of entering Oxford *incog* : A pleasure which I observe is common to all distinguished characters, since the Emperor of Germany, as well as myself, seems prodigiously fond of putting off his dignity, like a Great Coat which does not fit him.

To be sure I was a little afraid, lest Mr. RANN should have given too public a notice of my being expected, and so have induced either the Vice-Chancellor, or the Mayor, or perhaps both, to have walked in procession to meet me ; an event which really would have given me some uneasiness, as I could not at present conveniently make the one a Prebendary, or the other a Knight ; besides, after such distinguishing marks of Honour, I could never in conscience have met the former without a low Bow, or have bought my Stockings of the latter without paying for them ; two ceremonies which are exceedingly troublesome to one whose Memory and whose Money often fail him. But to return to our Journey. As soon as we had passed Hyde-Park Corner, Mr. Sensitive let down the fore Glasses, and muttered something between his Teeth, which sounded very much like " I thank God," and which I interpreted into " Thank God that we have left the Atmosphere of Ceremony and Smoke behind us, and have immersed into Freedom and fine Weather ;" for I know it to be one of Mr. Sensitive's strongest tenets, that the Sun
never

6 THE LOITERER.

never shines over London; indeed, from the whole air of his Countenance and disposition of his Muscles, I began to promise myself some exquisite Satire on the Follies and the Vices of our Metropolis; but I was for a while disappointed, for on a sudden, the enjoyment of his present freedom, and the anticipation of his approaching pleasure, put him into a most provoking good humour, and made him scorn to waste a thought on the past. Now, unfortunately, I hate good humour in a Post Chaise, as I can never keep my own temper in one; the rapid motion of the Wheels, the frequent Jolts, the incessant crack of the Post-Boy's Whip, and the continual succession of Objects, which glare without amusing the Eye, put my whole frame into such a fidget, that my thoughts seem to be plagued with St. Vitus's Dance, and I wish to dispute with any body and on any subject. "We go very uneasily, methinks." "We go very fast," said Sensitive, "and shall be in Oxford by Tea-time." His Eyes brightened as he spoke, and I saw the name of Villars trembled on his tongue; at this moment an old decrepid Sailor, leaning on a Crutch, put forth something, which had once been a hat, with one hand, whilst with the other he hid his face; he did not speak, but Sensitive read his history in the attitude; "Poor Man! necessity compels thee to do what honest shame and a remembrance of better days, blush
but

THE LOITERER.

7

but to think of," Sensitive's hand was on his Purse, but——he had forgotten to let down the side Glass, and the Post-Boy, at the same instant, giving his Horses some inhuman Strokes with his Whip, we in a moment left the unfortunate Beggar far behind. One who had been blessed with feelings less fine than Sensitive, would, most probably have stopped the Carriage, or at least sworn at the Post-Boy, and rested content with the luxury of having *meant* well. Sensitive did neither the one or the other, he sighed, blushed, bit his lips, and sighed again; a Fly pitched upon his Leg, he struck it off with all his force, but it escaped, and presently settled on his Face; "Pish!" said Sensitive, and sunk back in sullen silence on the corner of the Chaise; I saw that he was now in the most delightful passion with himself and every one round him, and I resolved to avail myself of the opportunity.—"That's a very handsome House on our right hand," said I, "whom does it belong to?" Sensitive turned away his head, and groaned most delightfully. "Oh, I recollect it is the property of Sir * * * * *—aye, his father got an immense fortune." "Yes, exclaimed Sensitive, he cheated Government of a Million!" "Sir * * * * * however, I think, behaved well abroad during the late War." "Tolerably, replied Sensitive, he was not defeated so often as our other Commanders." "And his conduct in Parliament, I believe, was highly

8 THE LOITERER.

highly approved of, for his Constituents applauded him in a very distinguished manner." "Very much so, retorted Sensitive, they burnt him in Effigy three times." Sir * * * * * would have certainly been damned to everlasting fame, had we not, as Sensitive finished his last Philippic, turned into the Inn where we were to change Horses: The Landlord began to be very importunate in entreating us to alight, and Sensitive, merely to avoid being talked to, consented to be shewn into a room. The Waiter was desiring us to walk up Stairs, when Sensitive exclaimed, "Can't you let us have a front room below?" "Please your Honor, Lord Premium's family have taken up both the front parlours." "Lord who?" said Sensitive. "Lord Premium," replied the Waiter. "Umph, Lord Premium, it may be so, but I don't remember his name in the *Red Book*." "No Sir, he has been created only three weeks, he *was* a Jew an please your Honor," "and *is* a Lord, replied Sensitive; very well, shew me up Stairs." Sensitive accompanied this last observation with such an ineffable look of contempt, that had the M——r offered me a Blue Ribbon at the moment, I should have refused it. We had scarce seated ourselves, when a most alarming *hue-and-cry* in the Street summoned us to the Window, from whence we saw the whole Town of Hounslow, some on foot, some on horseback, pursuing a poor terrified wretch who

was

was scarce fifty yards before them, spurring and whipping, with all his might, a half starved Horse which appeared each moment to be sinking under him; "What in the name of goodness are all those people collected together for," said I. "They are in pursuit of a Nobleman, I suppose," suddenly replied Sensitive. "Pursuit of a Nobleman, are you mad, Sensitive?" "Pugh, pugh, you know I mean a Highwayman; no, no, there goes the Nobleman." Lord Premium's Carriage drove from the door. — At this instant, John (Sensitive's Servant) came into the room to ask me whether or not I had any luggage, as he could not find so much as the smallest parcel in any part of the Chaise. "No luggage, John, surely you are mistaken, I have a large Portmanteau and a small *Sac de nuit*." "Indeed Sir, they are not here." "Then I have left them behind me in Town." The case was exactly so. I had forgot to pack up a single thing, and upon second thoughts, began to doubt whether I had even discharged my Lodgings; the fact is, that through life, I have always trusted the management of my person and property to the direction of people who have as regularly brought me into the most cruel dilemmas by their Neglect.

These friends are neither more nor less than the pronoun *They*; If I have a Cloak-bag to pack up, a Parcel to send out, or Papers to arrange, I
always

always expect *They* will do it, but somehow or other, *They* are very treacherous friends, and seldom, if ever, deserve the trust which I repose in them. But to return to my Story. Sensitive no sooner perceived my distress, than he insisted upon sending John back to discharge my debt and bring down my Cloaths the next day by the Coach. As I hate talking when I have nothing to say, and despise refusing a favour which I mean to accept, I consented to this plan, and we all walked down Stairs to set John off; when I was got to the last step, I looked round, and saw that Sensitive had detained his Servant to give him some private directions, and was at that moment putting a Half-Guinea into his hand; as soon as Sensitive saw he was observed, he began blushing, and blowing his Nose with great perseverance to conceal his confusion; "What's in the Wind now? some Affignation I suppose; tell me, Sensitive, who is the Lady? John, what's her name?" John, who cannot bear to have his Master laughed at, even for a Moment, answered hastily, "it's only the poor Sailor." — "Hold your tongue, Sir," said Sensitive, with more asperity than I ever heard him speak with to a Servant before, "and do you hear, make all the haste you can." John, who knew that his Master must be very much offended to call him Sir, disappeared in a Moment; and a few minutes afterwards, the Chaise being quite ready,

we

we pursued our Journey over Hounslow Heath.—
The few words which had escaped from poor John were as good as a Volume to me ; Sensitive perceived it, for we proceeded near five miles before he opened his lips ; however, in due time and by degrees he began to re-assume something like confidence, and before we got to Maidenhead-Bridge ventured to look me in the face, and appeared not so much distressed at having been detected in a virtuous action.—As I think that I cannot possibly impress my Readers with a better opinion of my own Judgment in the choice of my friends, or the claim which they have to their esteem, I shall conclude this paper with only mentioning that nothing else material happened to us till our arrival at Oxford, when we found that Magdalen Tower stood just where we left it, and that I shall continue (as above mentioned) to amuse, instruct, and improve my fellow Students, as long as I have matter to write, or they inclination to peruse.

E.

28 MR 59

No. 38.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by C. S. RANN, OXFORD; Mess. EGER-
TONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON and ROL-
LASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER, Grove,
BATH; and Mess. COWSLADE and SMART, READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 38.

OF THE

COLLECTOR.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

LONDON: J. G. ALLEN, 10, BEDFORD SQUARE, W. 1881.

W. B. E. 1881.

No. XXXVIII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, October 17, 1789.

"God made the Country, but Man made the Town."

COWPER.

"THE merit of the following communication being too considerable to admit a doubt of its publication, yet the length of it such, as far exceeds the usual limits of one Paper. The Author of the Loiterer has, for the first time, permitted the same subject to extend through two Numbers."

Vol. II.

H 2

To

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

SIR,

THOUGH I have been a constant reader of your paper from it's first appearance, it was not, till very lately, I ever entertained the most distant Idea of becoming your Correspondent.—Possessing parts certainly not above mediocrity, never having enjoyed the advantages of an University education, and rarely mixing with literary circles, I considered myself as ill-qualified to attack the vices, the follies, and the inconsistencies of a world, over which their tutelary Deity *Fashion* has thrown a shield so truly adamantine as to blunt the edge of Satire, and render the shafts of Irony pointless. Nor would the desire of sending my name “down the stream of time,” together with yours, have been sufficient to have excited my literary ardor, had not your twentieth number engaged my attention, in a manner too strong to be resisted, by flattering my prejudices, confirming my opinions, and giving my own sentiments in better language than I could have expressed them. Mr. Edmund Escutcheon's letter has, indeed, said all that reason can offer in defence of his and my favourite notions ; give *me* leave, however, Mr. Loiterer, to speak practically on the subject ; and, by inserting the following account

account of my life, make the world reluctantly own, that *Family Pride* has snatched at least one young man from the allurements of folly and dissipation, and added one good Citizen, Father, and Husband to this Country.

My Father was the descendant of a family who traced their origin to the Norman invasion, and actually possessed the Castle and demesne Lands which had been formally granted to His Ancestors by the Conqueror himself. The value of the surrounding estates scarce exceeded 1000l. a year, and was all that the havoc of confiscations and forfeitures had suffered to remain of property which once extended over the greatest part of one of our western Counties. This moderate Revenue, hitherto free from debts or mortgage, had been found sufficient to support the family in a respectable state of Independence. Our immediate Ancestors had all filled the office of Sheriff, were generally Chairmen at the Quarter Sessions, and sometimes Foremen of the Jury; delivered their opinion boldly at all public meetings, and were universally looked on as (if not the first at least) the most respectable people in the County.

Long might we have continued in this state of respectability, and long might we have "*killed our game on safe paternal grounds,*" had my Father remained

6 THE LOITERER.

mained contented with being what his Father *had* been before him. But his genius could not stoop to so narrow a plan. He was determined to bring himself forward to the notice of the world, and contrary to the advice of his friends resolved to offer himself a Candidate for a Borough (which had once belonged to the family) at the next general Election.

I pass over, Mr. Loiterer, the many head and heart-aches which this resolution cost him, I will not enumerate the speeches he made, or the liquor he swallowed on this occasion, and shall only say, that neither his eloquence or his beer were thrown away, and that he had the unspeakable honour of carrying the election by a considerable majority, against an Antagonist of much superior Fortune, but greatly beneath us in point of Family.

You must not imagine, Mr. Loiterer, that his triumph cost him nothing, on the contrary he might have said with *King Pyrrhus*, that such another Victory would have ruined him. But as he had probably never heard of King Pyrrhus, this idea gave him no uneasiness; and he cheerfully mortgaged his Estate to half its value, convinced that the lucrative posts which he was sure of obtaining from the Minister, would abundantly make up the deficiency in his income. He was perhaps,
for

for I do not assert it, as ignorant and as venal as any member who ever entered the House, and in consequence of a close attendance on committee, and a sure vote on the side of Government, obtained at the end of three years, a *place*, not indeed adequate to his wishes, but sufficient to encourage him in hoping for something better. As he now conceived himself a man of consequence, and of course obliged to keep nothing but the best, that is the most expensive company, he soon found his income, even with the addition of his place, by no means adequate to support him in his present style of life; and after a long struggle between the Pride of Family and the Pride of Wealth, married the Daughter of an opulent Citizen, who thought the hard-earned Savings of a life of labour and self-denial, well laid out in purchasing a little better Blood for his Descendants.

This event obliged my Father to fix his residence entirely in the Capital, for my Mother (whose talent in spending money was at least equal to her Father's in saving it) was much too fine a Lady to exist out of London. Besides, his own business both in and out of the House, left him not many months at liberty; and as he was now certain of being brought in at every Election for some ministerial Borough, he gave himself no further trouble in keeping up his country connections. Sometimes,

times, indeed, in the effusion of self-important Pride, he would talk of revisiting his Native County, and occasionally amused his company with the improvements he intended to make in the Seat of his Ancestors ; but the opposition of my Mother (who thought the money much better spent in a trip to some Watering-place) constantly prevented the execution of a plan, in which he was not perhaps very earnest ; and from the time of my birth to the day of his death, he never quitted Town but to pass a few weeks at Brighton, or to spend the Christmas recess at the Villa of some of his political Friends. — As my Father and Mother now led a most fashionable life, they of course gave me a most fashionable education : Instead of being sent to one of the respectable public schools of this Kingdom, I was placed at a paltry seminary near London, where, except a little bad French and less Latin, I learnt nothing but those petty acquirements, which in the opinion of many, are important enough to preclude the necessity of any kind of Learning, Information, or Taste. — From hence I was removed to a Military Academy on the Continent, there I learnt to perform my exercise and make the cotillion steps in the most correct and graceful manner, and was equally great at the morning's Review and the evening's *petit Souper*. — Being thus alike qualified to discharge the duties of a Soldier and a Citizen, I was recalled home to
take

take possession of a pair of Colours in the Guards, which the interest of my Father had procured for me, and two years after, on my coming of age, was by the same political connection made Member of the British Parliament. I was then at the age of twenty-one, and with a very small share of natural or acquired prudence, initiated at once into all the Dissipation of a luxurious Metropolis. My Duty as an Officer took up but a small share of my time, and (as some good Friend was always ready to tell me when the question was to be put) I found the House rather an agreeable lounge, than a serious occupation. I had consequently time enough on my hands to do what I pleased with, and I accordingly passed it in company with a set of young Men as thoughtless and dissipated as myself; and as I never wanted Health, Spirits, or Money, and as I had acquired during my residence in France the great art of refining away the grosser parts of vitious pleasure, and covering voluptuousness with a veil of sentiment, I think I may fairly conclude I received all the enjoyment which that species of life is capable of affording. In this delirium of fancied happiness, I was but little disturbed by the loss of my Father, who one day exerted himself so vehemently in defending an unpopular Tax against the clamours of opposition, that at his return home he was seized with an inflammatory Fever, which soon carried him off. As the weakness

ness of Conjugal or Parental love were never felt by any of our family, and seldom heard of among our acquaintance, this event gave me much less sorrow than it would since have done ; and after the first impression of grief was over, I returned to my usual occupations and my usual pleasures, and for some years afterwards my life passed away in the same circle of business without interest, and dissipation without amusement. From this course of life I was at length roused by a circumstance which I could no longer conceal, even from myself ; the Fortune which my Mother brought, never equal to their state of living, was not likely to be improved by mine, and by the purchase of my Captain's and Lieutenant-Colonel's Commission was now reduced within the compass of a few hundreds. I was therefore under the necessity either of quitting the army and giving up my Town connections, or selling the small remainder of my paternal estate, the net income of which, after deducting the interest of the mortgage and the roguery of the Steward, was reduced to little more than three hundred a year. This latter expedient I resolved on without hesitation, for as I had no idea it was possible to live out of the gay world, and always looked on a Country Gentleman in a contemptible light, the idea of parting with my estate gave me but little uneasiness, and the only part of the business which seriously affected me,

was

THE LOITERER. 11

was the necessity I was under of leaving London in order to inspect the Title deeds, and settle some other matters previous to the Sale.

Nor let this be wondered at by those who are unacquainted with the strong influence, which early opinions and confirmed prejudices, will always have over the human mind. What my conduct was then, will be the conduct of all those who have been prematurely introduced into a world, where the tender charms of domestic Society, and the sacred respect for the *Paterni Lares*, are held up as subjects for Laughter, and their possessors marked as objects of Ridicule.

C.

[To be continued in our next.]

the necessity I was under of leaving London
in order to inspect the Tithes, and the
other matters previous to the Sale.

For far as the wood I saw there was no
acquaintance with the strong influence which
opinion and confirmed prejudices, with the great
over the human mind. What my conduct was
then, will be the conduct of all those who have
been prominently introduced into a world, where
the tender charms of domestic society, and the
kind respect for the human form, are not
subjects for laughter, and their positions are
as objects of ridicule.

28 MR 59

[To be continued in our next]

No. 39.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



No. XXXIX.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY, October 24, 1789.

[Continued from our last.]

MY first day's journey was tedious and unpleasant, the Gloomy Heaths of Surry and the extended Downs of Wiltshire are but ill calculated to amuse the thoughts of the melancholy Traveller, and of the sources of internal entertainment, my stock was then exceedingly limited. The second passed away much better, a night of sweeter sleep than I had lately enjoyed, had given me a fresh recruit of health and spirits, and I traversed and admired the deep vales and airy mountains which mark the western extremity of the kingdom with a pleasure, I had till then thought it impossible to receive from any objects at that distance from the

4 THE LOITERER.

Metropolis. A strong proof that the pleasure we take in contemplating the rich scenery of Nature is a propensity congenial to the human mind, since we see it continually breaking out in those, whose mode of education and habits of life have been far from favourable to the improvement of true elegant taste.—The evening of the third day brought me to the residence of my ancestors, and little as I had been accustomed to indulge in gloomy or abstracted ideas, I could not behold the time-worn turrets rising in venerable grandeur above a small hanging wood of Oaks, which seemed almost coeval with the mansion, and on which the setting Sun just threw his last parting beams, without a mixture of sensations which at that time I could not account for, nor can now describe.

The original Castle had been built during the turbulent reign of Stephen, of which the Towers, Gateway and Keep remained in rude and primæval Simplicity.—The Hall and Chapel were in the middle style of Gothic, with clustered Pillars and fretted Roofs, dark, magnificent and gloomy: And the remainder which composed the habitable part of the house was erected during the reign of Henry the Seventh, and built in the light and airy Gothic which at that period was brought to its highest perfection. The whole though composed in different styles of architecture, and from the neglect of thirty years much gone to decay, formed altogether

a grand and picturesque Pile of buildings, and commanded a confined but pleasing prospect over a narrow green vale, which lost itself in a chain of steep hills, and was skirted by a small village from whence our Castle and Family take their Name. Such was the mansion into which I was admitted by a grey headed Servant whose looks compleatly corresponded with the place, and who, had he not been previously informed of my intended Visit, would scarcely have acknowledged the sickly and thin figure which stood before him, as the legitimate descendant of his former Masters. Owing however to this circumstance, both he and his Wife (to whose care the Castle and Gardens had been committed, at my Father's removal to London,) were fortunate enough to discover a most striking likeness between myself and every one of my Family, whom they had ever seen ; and in the overflowing of their joy, gave me a long detail of the *Rural* and *Convivial* exploits of my Predecessors, and after expatiating on the unbounded Hospitality for which the Family had been always famous, concluded with observing, " that the whole village would be wild with joy, the moment they heard the *Young 'Squire was coming to live among them.*"— He was not mistaken in his conjecture, for he had scarcely finished speaking, when the Bells struck up so loud a peal, that they seemed to endanger the safety of the Village Steeple. " Good God," I exclaimed,

exclaimed, "they are surely not making all this noise about *me*."—Nothing however, was more true, for before I could demand an explanation of what seemed to me so extraordinary a Compliment, I was surprised by the sudden vociferation of a large troop of the inferior Tenants and Peasantry, who were assembled in a considerable body to pay their congratulations to the Representative of a Race, who had long been their Landlords and Benefactors; and were expressing their joy and bidding him welcome, by several loud, hearty, and repeated Cheers.

Amazed as I was at this unlooked for reception, I had recollection enough to go out and thank them in person for the welcome they had given me, and intreat them to spend the evening in drinking my health at the only Ale-house the Village afforded.

Though the manner of paying my Compliments was not quite in the usual Style of the Family, the latter part, at least, was perfectly intelligible: They accordingly took the hint, and after affecting wishes for my prosperity, and reiterated shouts of applause, departed to testify their joy in a more substantial manner.—There was something in the Scene I had just been witness to, which gave me sensations hitherto unfelt, and rendered me unfit for any company; I therefore ordered an early Supper, and soon after retired to my chamber.

Here

THE LOITERER.

7

Here having no inclination to sleep, I employed myself in considering the behaviour of the simple but honest rustics; which at every reflection raised them higher in my opinion, and inspired me with the first idea of literally *coming to live amongst them*, by offering a new source of pleasure to my view.—Nor will this appear altogether extraordinary to those who recollect the Scenes I had been hitherto engaged in, and the people with whom I had till now conversed. Always living either in London or its nearest environs, where the strange mixture of ranks has so blended the whole mass, that the “Toe of the Peasant gibes the Heel of the Courtier,” I had never entertained the least idea of that almost *feudal veneration* with which an old Family in the Country is looked up to by their numerous tenants and dependants, or with what sacred zeal the memory of their patrons and benefactors is transmitted from generation to generation amongst the Sons of Labour and Penury. In *London* I well knew no one whom I employed in any one branch, would have been otherwise moved by my presence or absence, my prosperity or my ruin, my life or my death, than as the event immediately affected themselves and their own interests, and am clearly convinced, that my Valet would have called in a Physician on my illness, or an Undertaker at my Funeral, with the same well-bred composure, with which he would have brushed my coat, aired my lincn,

or

or combed my hair. Great therefore was the reverse, and striking the comparison between those whom I had left, and those whom I found; and it was not till after I had exhausted the powers of reflection, by forming and rejecting a variety of plans, that I sunk into a sleep, which lasted till the old chiming clock in the Hall had proclaimed the hour of nine.

I arose immediately, and after snatching an hasty breakfast, set out to take a regular survey of the Castle, not unaccompanied by my grey headed Friend, for whom I already began to feel a great respect, and from whose notes I expected to receive great information in my Tour.—We first visited the Hall, where the suspended suits of armour, the large collection of javelins, pikes, and spears, &c. curiously arranged along the walls, the wide Chimney Pieces and massy Oaken Tables, attested alike the valour and the hospitality of the ancient possessors of the Castle.—My Guide then conducted me to the long Gallery, where an extended line of Ancestors entirely occupied one side of the apartment, and frowned in sullen majesty from their gorgeous and dusty frames.—My Conductor was here very eloquent, retailed numberless anecdotes of their martial prowess, and related the various achievements for which each of them had been distinguished; and (though the confession may possibly draw a smile from your readers) I could not
contemplate

THE LOITERER. 9

contemplate the manly appearance and consider the hardy deeds of my "Steel-clad Sires," without thinking myself a very insignificant and degenerate being, and looking on my own past achievements in a most contemptible light.—After slightly surveying the other apartments, we entered the Chapel, where the beautiful perspective of the Isle, the antique appearance of the Tombs, (on which the armed warriors and their consorts reposed at length side by side, with uplifted hands, surrounded by a troop of kneeling children,) set off by the soft and mellow light, which streamed from the painted windows, gave me a solemn sensation which I never experienced at the entrance of any modern edifice. Here I soon found that my Conductor had not over-rated the merits of the Family: The blazoned Arms, the long Inscriptions on the monuments, and the tattered Banners which were suspended over them, bore witness to their thirst for military glory and their success in the fields of battle. And let not such as are unacquainted with the various turns of the human mind, wonder if my Enthusiasm was by this time raised to the highest pitch, and if, at this moment, I felt an horror not to be described at the idea of parting with a place, of which I had so lately learned the value; not without a secret resolution of submitting to any mortification, rather than give up the seat of my Ancestors to the mercy of some opulent Citizen, or overgrown Contractor:

Full

10 THE LOITERER.

Full of this idea, I strolled into the Garden, and flinging myself down at the foot of a large Beech, endeavoured to hit on some plan, which might extricate me from my present difficulties, without a sacrifice which I was every moment more determined not to make. None however occurred; for indeed I knew neither the amount of my debts or the extent of my income, and of all serious business I was both by education and habit entirely ignorant. How my deliberations would have ended I know not, had I not been interrupted by the arrival of a person, to whom as I am obliged for every comfort I now enjoy, I must beg leave to introduce more particularly to your notice.

The Father of Mr. B——, who now approached me, was many years Rector of the parish and Tutor to mine; in which situation he so endeared himself to the latter, that at his death, he not only presented his Son to the vacant benefice, but also obtained for him by his political connections, another living from the Chancellor.—He soon after married an amiable young woman of some fortune, to whom he had been long attached; and with whom he had ever since passed a life of Tranquillity, Content and Virtue.—Such was the person, who now came with the eager zeal of gratitude, to pay his respects to the Son of his Benefactor.—As he was a sensible man, and above the common forms, our conversation soon became unreserved on both sides, and I
hesitated

hesitated not to accept his invitation to pass the remainder of the day with his Family. I accordingly accompanied him to the Parsonage, and was introduced to his Wife, and two elegant Daughters, who rose to receive me with a grace and air which convinced me, that true ease and elegance were not so entirely confined to the circles of the great, as the great may be inclined to imagine. Indeed the lively and spirited conversation, in which the day slipped away, and the tender and affectionate behaviour of the Family still heightened my ideas of them.

There saw I a husband and wife actually fond of each other, I saw young women beautiful without vanity, and improved without affectation. I compared their manners with those of the women I had usually conversed with, and went to bed quite in love with—a Country Life.

I was roused next morning from dreams of rural happiness with which perhaps Miss B. was a little connected, by the information that Mr. Plumb who lately purchased a neighbouring estate, was come to treat with me for mine.—As he had come some miles on this errand, I could not refuse to talk to him, but began the conference with a thorough determination, to break it off the first favourable opportunity, and he was presently so good as to furnish me with one; for amongst other arguments for lowering the price, he observed that the
house

house itself was worth nothing, being such a *ranshacked* old place that it must be pulled down, and that he even doubted if the materials would be good enough to be of service; this was too much, therefore

“Glad of a quarrel strait I shut the door.”——

Something however was to be done, and after a very short struggle, I opened my whole situation to my new friend, and requested his advice in clearing my affairs. I will not take up your time by unnecessary and uninteresting details, and will only say that he warmly entered into my concerns, and being a man of business as well as a scholar, he soon detected the false accounts of my Steward, and so strongly convicted him of roguery, that he was happy to refund the money with the addition of interest to save himself from punishment.—By the advice of my friend I sold my Colonel's Commission, my House in Town, Plate and Furniture, which together with the above-mentioned money not only payed off my debts, but left a sum sufficient to put the Castle and its environs in full and compleat repair. Here then I retired in the twenty-ninth year of my age, and after three years moderate economy, with the assistance of a fortunate legacy, was enabled to clear my estate from all incumbrances, and the moment I had done so, solicited the hand of one whose heart I had long had an interest in,

and

and led
ter of

With
happin
those tr
I may
My hea

of the
amend
Eliza;
a beau
none o
a Tow

And
ought
of you
the M

I do
in gen
contra
many
opinio
proper
habita
ther,
enjoy
rious

Mu
lize,

and led to the Altar of my chapel the eldest Daughter of my best Friend.

With her I have now lived six years, in as much happiness, as our state will admit of, and excepting those trifling vexations to which humanity is heir, I may fairly say, I never know an uneasy moment. My health and spirits are preserved by the sports of the field, my mind is improved and my heart amended by the conversation and example of my Eliza; and I have the additional pleasure of seeing a beautiful and healthy family rising round me, none of whom (if I can help it) shall ever receive a Town education.

And now, Mr. Loiterer, I know not whether I ought to apologize to you, for taking up so much of your time; since if the Story is uninteresting, the Moral may be of use.

I do not indeed imagine that the present Age is in general worse than the preceding ones; on the contrary, if it has lost some virtues, it has escaped many crimes; but its most striking and (in my opinion) most blameable Characteristic, is a strange propensity among the higher ranks, to leave their habitations in the country, for many months together, often the greater part of the year, in order to enjoy the expensive and empty pleasures of a luxurious and over-grown CAPITAL.

Much might be urged, were I inclined to moralize, on the folly of this practice.—The cruelty of
taking

taking money, which as it is the produce of the earth, ought to be spent amongst its Cultivators, to lavish on the purveyors of luxury and pride; the danger of breeding their children in too expensive a manner for their income; are but few of the many reasons which might be brought in support of my Argument.—But as I have observed, that no reason weighs so much as that which affects our personal gratification, I will only desire such of our Country Gentlemen, who like Sir *Francis Wronghead*, are desirous of going up to Town and becoming *Parliament-men*, to remember the saying of James the First.

I “*You Country Gentlemen,*” said the Monarch, “*when in the Country are like Ships in a River, and*”
 “*make a great show; but in Town you are like Ships*”
 “*in the Sea, and appear to be nothing at all!*”

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

28 MR 59

AGRESTIS.

C.

And fold
 Mess.
 and R
 Grove
 REA

No. 40.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



No. XL.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, October 31, 1789.

Graves sequitur prudentia canos.

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

SIR,

THE good-nature with which you have accepted the communication of your Correspondents, and the attention you have shewn to their several requests, have encouraged me to lay before you the adventures of a Life, whose misfortunes are rather the effect of Folly, than Vice; and whose Follies, if not more pardonable, are at least more singular, than those of other people.

My father, who was descended from a respectable family, obtained at a very early period of life a

Vol. II.

K 2

living

living of 300 a Year, and immediately after married an amiable young woman, to whom he had been long and tenderly attached : In consequence of which unnatural proceeding all his great relations were so justly incensed against him, that they with one accord pronounced him *ruined* ; and as it would have been useless to assist a ruined man, they left him to shift for himself.

But in spite of their wise predictions, my Father and Mother were obstinate enough to persist in being happy ; and as they had no child but myself, and no particular *penchant* but for the happiness of each other, found their little income sufficient for all their wants, and almost all their wishes. And thus poor but contented, humble but happy, with unextinguished, perhaps with increased affection, they slipped quietly through life, remarked only among the small circle of their acquaintance, for their goodness of heart and simplicity of manners. Amongst the pleasing occupations of a retired life the instruction of a darling child was not forgotten ; to cultivate my taste and improve my heart formed the business of their serious hours, and the amusement of their idle ones ; nor is it to be wondered at, if under such instructors, I imbibed, together with an admiration of their Virtues, a strong desire to imitate their example.—The comforts of a sincere friendship, and the luxury of mutual love, were the first ideas I can remember ; and at the age of nineteen, I quitted home, and entered the world

world with a heart beating kindly towards all mankind, and eager to bestow its warmest affections on some deserving and beloved object. With such a disposition objects are seldom long wanting; and though the circles of Oxford, by the exclusion of female society, deprived me of the power to form the kind of connection I most wished; yet of friends at least I had an ample choice. Various indeed were the intimacies I formed during the first year of my residence at the University, of which some were broken off by the levity of caprice, and others interrupted by the discovery of contrary dispositions; some wore off by absence, and others were dissolved by death; and considering the motives on which most of them were founded, I know not whether the shortness of their duration can be called a disadvantage. Amongst the many connections, however, which accident or whim induced me to form, one alone was deserving of a better appellation.

Charles B—— was indeed every thing, which even my imagination could wish for in a friend, and though our acquaintance at first was the effect of chance, it was soon after the cause of mutual and real regard.—Hardly, perhaps, my equal in parts or information; in judgment and real sense he was infinitely my superior; and this difference of disposition, far from lessening our attachment, greatly increased it,—he was amused by my lively fallies, and I looked up to his judgment with admiration

miration and respect.—Instructed by the conversation, or charmed by the correspondence of this Friend, more than three years passed away, in a state of happiness, which regret for its loss has since taught me the full value of.—In the Summer of the year—a memorable æra of my life, it was my fate to become acquainted with a lady of family and fortune much superior to my own, whom I shall call Belinda.

After what I have said of myself, Mr. Loiterer, you will possibly imagine that a moderate share of beauty and elegance, when accompanied by youth and good temper, would have been sufficient to captivate a heart so little disposed to resistance. The lady, however, possessed more, and at this moment, when age, ill-health, and misfortune have long conspired to blunt the finer feelings, when my blood no longer boils with the impetuosity of youth, when my pulse no more throbs with the ardour of expectation, yet even now I must own, that Belinda, both in person and mind, was almost without an equal.

Such was Belinda ; and when to this account I have added that she passed the Summer at the house of one of our nearest neighbours, where I had frequent opportunities of seeing and admiring her, I scarcely need say, that they were soon productive of one of those really disinterested attachments, of which the sensual and the unfeeling may be perhaps inclined to doubt the existence.

During

During the commencement of this attachment I felt nothing but pleasure, never once reflecting on the superiority of her rank and fortune, or my own dependant situation, I gave myself wholly up to the enchanting pleasure I found in her company and conversation. Every fresh day brought with it some fresh engagement for a ride or a walk, and when we parted in the evening, I knew I was sure of passing the greater part of the next with her, and that was sufficient: And if the reflection on the difference of our situation sometimes gave me an uneasy moment, I always took care to drive it away by some of those *happy* delusions, which Lovers, I believe, are never without. I well knew, indeed, that had I been possessed of the wealth of the Indies, I should have thought them insufficient for my happiness without her, and I therefore expected that she would as cheerfully share a cottage with me as a palace.—But, alas, I deceived myself! —What Belinda might have done had my fortune been equal to her own, I know not; probably, however, she would not have been averse to the connection, since she always treated me at least as a distinguished friend. But her disposition was naturally turned to gaiety and amusement, and she had mixed so much with the circles of the great, and been so long used to a life of fashion, that she felt herself wholly unequal to make a sacrifice of enjoyments which custom had rendered almost necessary to her, in favor of any man whatever.—She therefore

fore left me at the expiration of the Summer with regret, but not with tenderness, and hastened to London, where she soon after gave her hand to a man of rank superior to herself, whom her friend's inclinations rather than her own pointed out to her.—Though I had all the reason in the world to expect this event, yet when it happened, I was nearly as much hurt as if it had been entirely unlooked for and unlikely. And on my return to Oxford in the Autumn, gave myself up to a melancholy which the company of my Friend might have perhaps been able to dissipate, had I not soon after felt a severer stroke in the sudden loss of both my Parents, whom Death, kinder than he usually is in such circumstances, carried off within a few hours of each other.

This was a shock, which in my present state, I was very unable to support; and finding myself thus cut off from almost every thing which was dear to me on earth, I took the extraordinary resolution of sequestering myself for ever from the World, and spending the remainder of my days in some retired spot, where I might indulge in all the luxury of melancholy, undisturbed by the bustle of the busy, or the levity of the gay.—Into this happy solitude, however, after mature deliberation, and as a particular favor, I determined to admit my friend; but great was my mortification, when, instead of accepting the offer with proper gratitude, he positively refused to have any share

in

in the indulgence of so absurd a whim; and exhausted by turns, all the powers of reason and railery, to dissuade me from the execution of my plan.—But my determination was too deeply rooted to be altered by either; and his arguments had no other effect, than to produce a mutual coolness, which we never afterwards made up.

As I had now reached my twenty-third year, I took Orders, and was lucky enough to obtain a Curacy in the most romantic part of the county of Cumberland. To this place I immediately repaired; and as my limited income would not allow me to commence House-keeper, I was contented to board at the house of a creditable gentleman Farmer.—And here, for some time, I really felt the happiness I expected; I passed the morning in rambling over that rich and beautiful country, or tracing on paper those scenes with which I was more particularly pleased.—In the evening I amused myself with reading the few lounging books which I had brought with me from Oxford, and occasionally beguiled the time by those trifling compositions, both in verse and prose, which are rather the effects of leisure than genius.—But after no very long interval these resources began to fail me. The mountains, the lakes, and the woods, were indeed still grand, beautiful, and rich; but I had seen them:—My stock of books were soon exhausted, and where reading gives no supply, composition must soon grow languid.—I now began for
the

10 THE LOITERER.

the first time in my life, to experience the feel of not knowing what to do with myself, or how to pass away my time.—I laid in bed of a morning, because I had no one employment to call me up; I walked out because I was tired of staying within, and returned home because I had no where to go when I was out;—I always wished for dinner, not because I was hungry, but merely for something to do; and have passed many a summer's afternoon in counting the vibrations of the old family clock, or feeding my landlady's poultry.—Tired at length of my own company, I was obliged to seek relief in that of others; but to those of the neighbouring Gentlemen, who at my first arrival had appeared willing to shew me civilities, I had behaved with so much *hauteur* and reserve, that I effectually precluded all farther intercourse. I was therefore under the necessity of taking up with such company as I could get, and soon after got into a very respectable society of young Farmers, of whom I was alternately the admiration, and the Butt.—This, however, bad as it may seem, was but the beginning of my folly.—I am almost ashamed when I tell you, that the sister of one of my new friends, with no other recommendation than youth and a very small share of beauty, (who was weak enough to think that a poor Curate would make her happier than an opulent Farmer) had attractions sufficient to draw me into such an engagement, as made it impossible to refuse marrying her.—I therefore

fore submitted to my fate, and united myself forever to a woman whom I could neither admire, esteem, or like, without even the violence of passion or the ardor of youth to plead in my excuse. In this society, and with no other income than what arises from a Couple of Curacies and the produce of a small Farm, which the few hundred pounds I received with my *Cara Sposa* helped me to stock, I have now passed ten years; how they have passed you may guess, when I inform you, that my Wife is both vulgar and vain, extravagant and selfish, a manager and a slut, and that she has made me the happy father of six awkward and ordinary children, who bid fair to inherit her good qualities.—Such is my present situation; and when I look back on my past life, and consider both what I wished to have been, and what I am, I cannot help thinking, that want of judgment is nearly as fatal to our happiness as want of virtue. Since without the indulgence of any criminal passion, or the commission of any glaring fault, I have by means, neither uncommon or unlikely, drawn myself into a situation exactly the reverse of what I had been ambitious of obtaining, only from giving way to Feelings, which it was my duty to repress, and glorying in a weakness which I ought to have been ashamed of.

That the too great indulgence of romantic ideas is by no means the fault of the present age, I will readily allow; it is therefore only the more dangerous

gerous to the few who possess them. Since the opposition, and even the raillery of the world will encourage them in their Enthusiasm, by gratifying their vanity. I will therefore desire you to inform the younger part of your Readers, that they whom an early disgust with the world may induce (like the Writer of this Letter) to seek happiness in retirement, will find more sorrows than they leave behind them. Since an active life must at *worst* be a continual mixture of pain and pleasure, hope and fear, vexation and enjoyment; whereas a life of solitude can at *best* have no other claim to happiness, than exemption from actual misery, and will probably be a life of langour, disappointment, and disgust.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

28 MR 59

C. M.

C.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 41.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By W. H. & CO. 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
And by J. B. & CO. 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
And by J. B. & CO. 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

No. XLI.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, November 7, 1789.

— *Riconosco in voi l'usate forme,*

Non lasso! in me. —

PETRARCHA.

To the LOITERER.

TO overcome prejudice has long been the boast of reason: but surely, Mr. Loiterer, if the business of reason be to make us happy and respectable, it might be better employed in rendering sacred those attachments of the human heart, which, while they enclose, form a guard around it, and from which our best propensities often originate. Opinions, however weak in themselves, that are by education made the foundation of good principles, can rarely be removed without endan-

4 THE LOITERER.

gering the whole fabric. I am strongly sensible of this truth while stating it, and look back with a feeling of severe regret to the beginning of a life, which has ceased to be either honourable or happy, in proportion as it has receded from those habits of thought that marked its commencement, when, in the ardor of youth, my soul eagerly imbibed the prejudices of birth and country, local to my nation, hereditary to my family. When I considered the long-established dignity of feudal sway as conferring a rank beyond all titles, and the deep devotion with which it was acknowledged as binding me to every being around me by those most powerful links in the chain of human feelings, service received or expected, protection given or owed—life itself, if needful, seemed a sacrifice due to such claims; and when I contemplated in a long line of glorious ancestry all that a high spirit of honour, united with a courage fearless of danger in pursuit of duty, could lead men to achieve, often have I thought my birth secured me from error, and enthusiastically vowed that the blood that flowed pure through their veins should not be contaminated in mine.

Such was my situation in the opening of youth, when the bounded scenes of a Highland lairdship comprized in my ideas every charm of pre-eminence and independence, and promised through
life

THE LOITERER. 5

life to be the consecrated spot to which all its wishes should point. Sacred prejudices ! in tearing you from my bosom, what have I substituted ? Every sacrifice to reason has been the relinquishment of some virtue.—In the pursuit of a philosophic superiority to the impressions of habit, I first learnt to err ; under the influence of it I have resigned the best energies of life, fatally levelled my character, diffused my affections till they are weakened almost to apathy, and poisoned every source of real enjoyment.—But I will pursue my subject more methodically, and laying before you the leading facts of my history, leave you to draw the comparison of the national Highland Chief glowing with distinctions, derived indeed from prejudice, but fostering all the virtues, who beheld a brother's love in every eye that encountered his own.—With the polished Courtier exchanging hereditary consequence for the fictitious splendor of wealth, and regarding all mankind with indifference, as beings from whom he is to extract as much of the blessings of this world as he can, and sacrifice as little in return as possible.

My entrance into life was marked with the features of my character.—It was as a volunteer in a Highland regiment, raised in the course of the war to serve in North America. Thither I carried all the martial spirit that an enthusiastic ardor for the

honor of that name and country which I believed to be a part of my existence, could inspire.—But there it was I first learnt to doubt the propriety of those ideas that had hitherto regulated all my actions. In the Americans I saw a people illustrious without rank, united without subordination; and who in the equal claims of citizens sunk all the pride of distinction, while they exercised the virtues I believed inherent in it. In those of the English with whom I associated, I beheld birth degraded by every depravity of which nature is capable; and if they ever seemed alive to their rank, it was merely to assert it with the most disgusting petulance, and an arrogance offensive to the human feelings over the wretched victims whom fortune had humbled to their caprice. In such contemplations my name soon lost its influence: I no longer believed it the talisman which should guard me from dishonor; and breaking that spell of my infancy, congratulated myself on my emancipation from the shackles of prejudice. Shaking off with them the interest which had hitherto bound me to my gallant Clan, and produced those acts which claimed the distinction now offered, I suffered my name to be enrolled in a list of promotions, which, placing me in a regiment in distant quarters, removed them from my sight as well as my heart, and left me only the common interests of life to pursue.

As

As I had now lost a powerful incentive to glory, I remained in the station to which I had been raised by the devoted valour of my Highlanders, till the conclusion of the war restored me to England—not to my country!—for the prejudices of my family remained, though mine were overcome, and however strongly the ties of kindred might press on my heart, as I could not recall the act by which I had forfeited their confidence in my character, or light again that spark of enthusiasm which example had extinguished, I was obliged to submit to the rejection, and turn my thoughts towards forming my fortune on the principles of conduct I had adopted in that world, which I held every man born to make a property of as he could. I began by a regular attendance on the Minister, and the heart which once haughtily refused to rank but with Chieftains of long renown, now sought distinction from smiles which might yesterday have played upon the lips unmarked, and which tomorrow might rob of all favour. After some time spent in paying a vain homage to this great man, I began to consider my attendance as fruitless, when my father suddenly dying, I became the inheritor of a patrimony; rich, had it descended to me with all the local attachments which would once have confined me to the enjoyments it offered, but poor for the gratification of those enlarged ideas of expence and happiness I had acquired by

a more extended knowledge of life. I sat out for Scotland with a heart faintly vibrating to the emotions I supposed my return might excite in a mother and sister once fondly attached to me, and in whom I hoped resentment might be moderated by feminine softness and recent affliction. As I approached the place of my birth, my increasing emotions were wound to their height by the sight of my vassals assembled to receive me, though a conscious pang wrung my soul on beholding among them two or three of the followers of my fortune in America—all that had escaped!—My heart once more opened to the impressions of early habit—I felt my situation almost to tears; and entering the house with a mixture of depression and exultation, experienced in sensations of the moment a pleasure I had long shut out.

But they were only the sensation of a moment!—On enquiring for my family, I learnt that my sister, led perhaps by my example, or following the caprice of her sex, had also revolted against the pride of blood, and tempted by the lavish offers of a Nabob, whose fancy she had suddenly fired in his tour through the Highlands, had abandoned her parents and country to follow an alien scarce known, and seek in the splendor of the East, her palanquin, and slavish croud of attendants, a compensation for degrading her name by an alliance
with

with hereditary meanness. My mother had been conveyed, immediately on my father's death, to the house of her sister in a distant part of the country, without waiting to see me.—How were my sensations damped! I looked round in vain for something on which to fix my awakened feelings; but every object which had once so powerfully attracted them, seemed now to possess a repellant quality, which as forcibly drove back the affections it could no longer gratify. Accustomed to the luxuries of the great world, and placed beyond the power of those local delusions which had endeared it to me as the palladium of honour, I now saw in the dwelling of my fore-fathers nothing but a dark and irregular monument of bad taste; provided indeed with the conveniences of life, but destitute of all its elegancies. Tired with every thing about me, I hastened to settle the business which had devolved upon me, again exulting in the discernment that had fixed me far from such an abode in the gayer scenes of England.

Yet e'er I bade adieu to Scotland, both duty and inclination called upon me to make a visit to my mother, whose polished and dignified mind had not a shade of error but what arose from that strong predilection for her country, which, nurtured as it had been by a life spent in the full exercise of the hospitable virtues of feudal magnificence

cence, had in truth formed the character it might occasionally seem to obscure. Worn with grief and illness, but centring all her feelings in her own bosom, she received me with the calmness of stifled disdain, which I mistook for indifference, and attributed to a narrowness of mind I then condemned with a vexation that left little room for tenderness. We parted without explanation; and it was only to indulge a vain regret, that I afterwards became acquainted with the conflicts she suffered at that moment. But this is a picture too sombre for thought to rest on!

In the joy of my return to them, my faithful countrymen had been persuaded to forget my former desertion, and once more shewed their confidence in me by electing me their Representative, only requiring my support to a scheme of monopoly which they deemed of great advantage to that part of the Highlands. I promised everything they asked, and returning to London with a heart elated by the new scene of life opening before me, soon lost in brilliant dreams of futurity all thought of the past. The Minister no longer answered my bow with the cold bend of superiority—places and pensions seemed already within my grasp; and in the fear of missing them, (as I found he was no friend to the scheme I had engaged to support) I suffered my arguments to be
over

THE LOITERER. 11

over borne by the philanthropic zeal of his friends in favour of the natural and equal rights of mankind, and being seized with a conscientious vertigo in my head, retired without being able to give my vote; for which, as it was a hard-run thing, I was shortly after complimented with a place at court.—I will not tire you with a detail of the means by which I have since pursued my way to fortune. In this moment of conviction I could scorn myself for the least of the sacrifices I have made to attain my present situation; and find too late, that the absence of active virtue is the most despicable state of vice. But Providence has punished my depravity in the success by which it has been crowned!

There yet remains one confession more.—My mother had an orphan ward, the daughter of a deceased friend, who was bred up with my sister. Almost in infancy my heart had learnt to acknowledge her charms, and as we advanced in life, I felt their power more deeply. She was beautiful and lively, simple of heart and gentle in manners, though high-born and of a spirit, when raised, as proud as I should once have boasted my own—but much more noble. My parents saw with delight the progress of an affection which promised to crown all their wishes, and my fair Ellen already considered herself as bound to me, though circumstances of family retarded our union for a
few

few years. In the general disappointment my conduct gave to my family, I have been led to believe her share was not the least; and though neither her pride, nor her attachment to my mother would permit her to partake the disgrace she thought I had justly incurred, she steadily refused every other offer, and seemed to reserve herself for the rich reward of my return to feelings consonant to her own, and which she hoped were obscured rather than obliterated: But on my offering myself to her acceptance in this last fatal visit to my mother, she gave me a polite but determined refusal, and not long after my return to England married a Scots nobleman of high rank and higher character.—I felt not at the time all the regret that contrasted situations have since given me, and soon consoled myself in the possession of a widow, whose immense fortune seemed in the eyes of the world, as well as in mine, to enshrine all her imperfections. Vain, proud, and imperious, though mean-born and vulgar, she endeavours to conceal her want of education and total ignorance of manners by a gaudy display of wealth, an overbearing impertinence and a haughty disregard of the attentions due to others. She has two daughters by her first marriage, who were born and bred to the inheritance of all their mother's failings.—With such an household I could only find peace in apathy, and my heart, daily growing more cold to particular ties,

sought

sought to fill the void by expanding itself to the world. Profuse from inclination and dissipated by system, I have entered mechanically rather than eagerly into every passing extravagance of the day, and being too indifferent to combat the follies, and too successful to thwart the interests of those about me, I see myself looked up to, caressed and admired by them—but unattached and unattaching, in the midst of flattering crouds feel a real solitude of soul, whenever for a moment I turn my eyes inward.

Such has been my situation for years—such I fear it will be through life; and I had made up my mind to an acquiescence in it I should scarcely have been tempted to disturb by this narrative, had I not been led to compare my actual state with what imagination, in the early part of life, figured its enjoyments might be, by hearing a gentleman describe, in the situation of my Ellen (—*my* Ellen!) and her lord, the reality of that felicity which my fancy had so often anticipated with her, in those days of my youth which are, of all the past, the only ones I can recall with delight.

“In the castle of Lord D.” said Mr. —,
 “are to be found almost the only traces of that
 stately hospitality which so long marked the cha-
 racter of the feudal times,—Every feature but its
 ferocity

ferocity remains—that, indeed, is so softened down by the blended politeness of modern manners, as to be no longer visible. Lord D. since the completion of his education has spent his life in the Highlands, preserving, amidst all the refinements of cultivated taste, that almost sovereign independence of character which ever marked his family; but no longer obliged, like them, to assert it by arms, he has turned his sword into a ploughshare, and passes his time in improving his extensive domain, and watching over the prosperity and morals of his tenantry, by whom he is looked up to with a reverence that gives him an undisputed sway over them—Lady D. is loved by them as an affectionate mother, through whose indulgent medium they seek protection in distress and excuse in error. Cherished, adored and happy, they see themselves renewed in a numerous and lovely offspring; and in thus forming the felicity of every being around them, they find the blessing revert to themselves. Their estates, which once comprized only extensive wastes of land, by care and cultivation, and some peculiar circumstances in which fortune has seconded industry, now yield an almost princely revenue; the increase of which is displayed but by an extension of those principles which have uniformly governed their conduct.—If virtue ever formed a Paradise on earth, it is in this chosen Spot!”

I listened

I listened with an interest that conquered all my apathy, and in the sensations of that moment found, that feelings early imbibed, however counteracted and disavowed through life, like nature will return and claim their empire over the heart. I sighed after all my prejudices, and confess with anguish, that in tearing them from my bosom, I had torn away the root of all my happiness, and lost, with the motive, all the energy of virtue.

I know not, Mr. Loiterer, that a narrative like mine can be of much general use; but should it fall into the hands of any man who owns the claims of his Ancestors on his conduct, he may be warned perhaps, not, like me, to question their propriety—he will find in them a motive to excellence, which, once felt, can never be disregarded but through an abasement of character, and will seek to dignify his pride rather than renounce it.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

A. L——.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

28 MR 59

No. 42.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

1017 E R.



No. XLII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, November 14, 1789.

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem —

Collegisse juvat — —

HOR.

FROM a variety of circumstances which have lately occurred, I find I have, indeed, much more narrowly, than I was aware, escaped making a public Entry into Oxford on my Return from the Metropolis; and of course, have at the same time escaped the necessity of putting an immediate stop to these my weekly labors; my Readers being already informed, that “whenever the Loiterer is known, from that moment he ceases to exist.”—Although my apprehensions respecting the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor were entirely groundless, yet in another quarter I find that a plan

Vol. II.

M 2

was

was actually laid for intercepting me on the road, and which must have infallibly succeeded, had it not been for the very fortunate rencontre with my friend M. Sensitive. I have already informed my Readers of the various efforts which I had in vain made to get out of Town. Every one knows it is the true characteristic mark of the Family of the Loiterers, of which I have the honor at present to be the great Representative, to deliberate long; but it is chiefly known to themselves that the genuine Loiterer, let him deliberate as long as he pleases, always determines in a hurry. Thus it has been with myself upon the present occasion; my departure indeed was so very sudden, that I neglected to bring with me the various Hints which I had collected for many of my succeeding Papers, and which I now fear are irretrievably lost, particularly a second and more agreeable visit which I had meditated to my friend Mr. Distich, which it will now require the utmost stretch of my invention to accomplish.

From this unfortunate disposition, added to an inherent forgetfulness, I have often found my affairs in great want of arrangement; and to this it was owing in an early part of my life, that my Grandfather, by the Mother's Side, the late Sir Mathew Methodical, Knt. a rich and respectable merchant, was often heard to despair of my ever becoming

ing what the mercantile World calls a *good Man*. I was seldom indeed an hour in his presence without hearing some sage remark on the necessity of having a *Method* in every thing. It was my Grandfather's custom to keep a neat piece of polished Ivory hanging upon a brass nail at his chimney corner, both in his Town and his Country House: On one was generally inscribed *Mems* for the Country, on the other the same for London. By these means he kept every thing on his premises in the most exact order. In short my Grandfather had a place for every thing, and every thing was kept in its place. Anxious to communicate some portion of this regularity to his descendants, I remember his making me a present of a very handsome pocket-book, with a leaf of ass's skin for Memorandums. There, said he, Sir, let every thing you have to do in London be regularly set down, that I may hear no more of your *forgets*. In short, even now I blush to relate, that the very next day, secure in the impossibility of forgetting, I made a trip to Town, and returned without once recollecting to look in my pocket-book. Well, Sir, said my grandfather, you now I hope find the benefit of being a little *methodical*, to which, however, I could only reply by a rueful shake of the head; but being interrogated again, I was under the necessity of observing, that we had forgot to set down the most material article. "*We, Sir,*" said my grandfather, pray,

6 THE LOITERER.

Sir, what have *we* forgotten ; when was *I* ever known to forget any thing ? Ah, Sir, said I, endeavouring to force a smile into my countenance, in future I am always determined to write at the bottom of my ass's skin " Memorandum, to remember the *Mems.*" Z——ds, said my grandfather, and you have really forgot to look in your pocket-book ; This is too much ! and immediately taking three strides across the room, he flung himself into his elbow chair. I am particular in my account of this important moment, for on this very moment my Biographers will find the destination of the remainder of my life to depend. — After a silence of nearly an hour, my grandfather taking the polished ivory from the mantle piece, hastily wrote a few lines, and calling for his chamber candlestick, quitted the room without speaking a word. I was too much interested not to examine the lines he had written, and which my Readers will easily believe were as follow :

Mem. Never to suffer my grandson to shew his face in the compting-house.—But, as the Boy is not an absolute fool, to send him to Oxford and bring him up to the Church.

To return, however, more immediately to the subject of my present Paper, it is necessary to inform my Readers, that Mr. Sensitive's man arrived at Oxford in due time with my portmanteau,
and

and the SAC DE NUIT, which he delivered to me with much concern upon his countenance, and a very serious intimation that he was afraid some mischievous plot was hatching against my person. But first, said he, permit me, Sir, to give you a regular detail of my proceedings. As to the poor Sailor, and please your Worship, I found him at the door of an alehouse adjoining to the place where we had passed him; he was compleatly drunk, and had just been kicking up a riot in the street, so I thought it right to withhold my master's bounty.—Your landlady, Sir, said he, received me with a very bad grace indeed, even dropping hints that she suspected the portmanteau to be filled with nothing but brick-bats, till I had silenced her by the offer of payment to the utmost of her demands. I was happy, Sir, at the same time, to rescue a slip of paper from lighting the fire, which your Worship had left behind. It was written upon in your own hand, Hints for the Loiterer, No. 45.—Air Machine by the king's patent—capable of great improvements—words are air—the Church—the Methodist-meeting, the Old-Bailey, House of Commons—Augean stable—Westminster-hall—foul air—pure and inflammable air—constitutional ditto—chemical analogy—the whole world in an error—an appeal to the test—farthing candle extinguished—London enlightened—the whole hemisphere in a blaze—Ultima Thule,

3 THE LOITERER.

Thule, &c. &c.—Your Worship is the best judge, whether I did right in preserving it. Very right, said I, John; it is a valuable Scrap, indeed. But let me hear how you got down in the coach. Extraordinary well, Sir, till we came to Nettlebed Woods, when we were suddenly stopped by three *dashing* young men, two of them well mounted, and the third driving a chair with two horses, one before the other. We were all pulling out our purses, when one of them desired to know if there was any letter or parcel for Mr. Whirligig, at the same time almost throwing half of his body into the window of the coach. The ladies screamed, and honest *Steers* the coachman made answer, that he very often had both letters and parcels directed for Robert Whirligig, Esq; but at present he believed there was nothing either in the boot or the basket but a large portmanteau and a bundle of Mr. Loiterer's, and the other things belonging to the passengers. Immediately the gentlemen all at once burst forth into the loudest *Tallio* I ever remember to have heard.

Mr. Whirligig immediately descended from his chair, and begging to be admitted, was in a moment seated in the inside of the coach; but he soon appeared to be very much dissatisfied upon finding only a fat old lady, three very queer looking young women, and myself. At first he directed his discourse

course entirely to me, and I verily believe, Sir, if he had not observed the corner of my livery peeping out from under my great coat, he would have actually taken *me* for your Worship's self. Well, John, and suppose he had, said I, interrupting him, I hope I shall never be ashamed to be taken for an honest man, whether his Coat is turned up with Orange or Buff.—The compliment which fell unpremeditatedly from my lips was a receipt in full for the trouble of his journey; and honest John proceeded to inform me, that Mr. Whirligig soon stopped the coach, and getting out, made a number of enquiries of the coachman, which could not be distinctly heard, respecting the owner of the portmanteau. Indeed, Sir, said he, I am sure they have all three some very bad design against you.—Although it did not raise any very dreadful apprehension in my mind, yet the serious manner in which this last part of the honest man's detail was delivered, I must confess excited my curiosity; and it was not till this morning, when the following Letter was delivered to me, that I could thoroughly comprehend the whole state of the case.

To the LOITERER.

“ My old Boy, you have fairly given us the
 “ slip—I had a wager of one hundred guineas de-
 “ pending on your return from London.—We
 “ were

“ were informed that you were expected down
“ every day. Some, indeed, were of opinion,
“ because *Sagely*, forsooth, had been heard to say
“ as much, that the whole Scheme to Town was
“ a mere Hum, and that you had never travelled
“ an inch from your own fire side. But I who
“ have an implicit faith in every word which I
“ read in the Loiterer, immediately offered to lay
“ a hundred guineas that I would meet you on the
“ Road, my old Boy, and bring you into the
“ High-street in triumph in my *Tandem*. I was
“ immediately backed by Jack Racket and Kit
“ Cockney, who is wonderfully improved, and
“ the Bet fairly taken up by Careless. We were
“ three days upon the scout, looked into every
“ coach, *rowed* the waggons, examined both the
“ boxes, the roofs, and the baskets, but all in
“ vain. Five times we were taken for highway-
“ men; once the guard actually pointed his blun-
“ derbuss, and here we fully expected to have
“ broke Cover, but presently found ourselves at a
“ *dead fault*. Upon whispering the coachman for
“ some further information, he said, he fancied
“ the poor gentleman was still in Town. It was
“ true that he had been at the Inn, and had *made*
“ *believe* to come down several times; but he al-
“ ways took care to be an hour after the last coach
“ set out, and never offered to pay earnest. I
“ suppose, poor fellow, he could not raise the
“ Wind,

THE LOITERER. 11

“ Wind, and I dare say you’ll meet him trudging
 “ it on foot.—Off we go again, flap dash, till we
 “ got within three miles of Maidenhead, when we
 “ had a *view* at a considerable distance of a very
 “ respectable Clergyman wiping his face with his
 “ handkerchief, and approaching us on foot—
 “ Tallio’d again—Cockney was *in* first, but there
 “ was so much dignity in the gentleman’s appear-
 “ ance, that he had not courage to speak; and
 “ just as he was turning round with a look of con-
 “ tempt at Cockney, Racket, who had got a
 “ side view of his face, discovered that it was
 “ the reverend Mr. Candour, his uncle and my
 “ guardian. Cutting short round, I had nearly
 “ broke my neck, and actually sprained my wrist,
 “ which has prevented me from writing sooner,
 “ to beg Mr. Loiterer that you will satisfy my
 “ curiosity, and let me know to whom I am ad-
 “ dressing this Letter, either by a private hint,
 “ or publickly in your next paper, that we may
 “ not look so much like fools when we come to
 “ pay the money.

I am, &c.

BOB WHIRLIGIG.”

In answer to this curious Epistle I can only ob-
 serve, that every man who loses a large sum of
 money upon so ridiculous a wager, or perhaps
 upon

upon any wager whatever, in my opinion looks a little foolish when the payment is demanded. I shall also further observe, that although the Loiterer is unknown to Mr. Whirligig, yet Bob, and the whole fraternity of the Whirligigs, the Rackets and the Cockneys, are very well known to the Loiterer; and though I have not the smallest desire to ride in Mr. Whirligig's *Tandem*, yet as the gentleman, both in person and property, appears to have been a sufferer on my account, I will just inform him, that as soon as I have disposed of the hints respecting the Air Machine, the next Paper shall give him all the information respecting the person or persons of the Loiterer that he can reasonably require.

28 MR 59

* * *

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 43.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

and sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 43. Vol. XIII.

OF THE

LOTTERY.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By Messrs. W. B. BARNES and CO.,
PRINTERS, 10, ABchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C. 4.
AND BY MESSRS. W. B. BARNES and CO.,
PRINTERS, 10, ABchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C. 4.
AND BY MESSRS. W. B. BARNES and CO.,
PRINTERS, 10, ABchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C. 4.

No. XLIII.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY, November 21, 1789.

*“ A situation which affords no choice, but choice
“ of Misery.”——*

Cumberland's Myſterious Huſband.

AMONGST thoſe who have devoted their time to the attainment of Literary Excellence, there are few who have not thought, or pretended to think, that the toil of ſtudy was ill-repaid by the luſtre of a brilliant reputation, or the complacency of conſcious pre-eminence: ſince they expoſe us to a thouſand dangers, from which Indolence or Mediocrity muſt remain for ever exempt—to the miſrepresentation of the ignorant, the ſneer of the envious, and the abuſe of the ſatyrical; to the calumny of our enemies and the flattery of our friends.—How far, indeed, the above complaint may be well founded, or whether the complainers would really be glad to exchange ſituations with thoſe whom they affect to envy, the

world has been ill-natured enough to doubt. I flatter myself, however, that my Readers will believe me, when I assure them, that I at this moment feel the ill effects of possessing an extensive reputation, or, as an old English Phrase expresses it, having one's *name up*; since I am going to lay before them two Letters, which I received last week, and which prove incontestably, that in some cases it is equally dangerous to please as to displease.

To the AUTHOR *of the* LOITERER.

SIR,

I am informed by some of my acquaintance, who have seen your Papers (for I seldom read myself) that you have taken upon you to reform the World, and have in some of your Numbers been very severe on the Coxcombs and Fribbles, with which this age abounds. I commend you for so doing, for they do not deserve to be spared.—But, Sir, I am also informed, that in some others, particularly your 22d, you have taken most unwarrantable liberties with a set of men, who are not used to let any indignities offered them go unresented, and have dared to mention the noble Science of Boxing and its honourable Professors in a very improper and indecent manner. Of that number I have the honour to be ranked as one. And (though writing is an exercise of the *hand*, which I am not much used to) shall undertake to set you right, and shall offer some arguments which I think

think will induce you to alter your opinion, and henceforth look on the Pugilistic Art in a more respectable light, or at least speak of it with becoming reverence.—And indeed, Mr. Loiterer, I must be surprised, that a man of your penetration should never have considered the many advantages which are likely to arise to the British Nation, from the cultivation of this manly and noble Science, whenever our natural enemies the French shall again be in a condition to attack us. Surely, Sir, you must allow, that the undaunted resolution of mind and improved strength of body, which these *little playful sparrings* with each other, have so much contributed to encrease, must give them a decided superiority over their effeminate and puny adversaries.—Thus far is certain, that the brightest æras of our History have been equally distinguished for Battles and Boxing Matches; for beating our Enemies abroad, and threshing our Friends at home. Henry the Vth, who afterwards gave the French so many *Cross-Buttocks*, first began practising against one of the Judges in England, and laid in a blow so neatly, that his Lordship, it seems, could neither *stop* nor *return it*; a sure presage of his future greatness.—The young Nobility and Gentry, in the golden days of Queen Bess, spent many happy evenings in the elegant amusement of Deer-stealing; in the course of which excursions they had frequent engagements with the Park-keepers: in which, though they did not fight exactly

actly in the present mode, they at least used the Quarter-Staff (a most noble weapon) with a dexterity which must have given them great strength of Hand and Arm, and doubtless contributed not a little to the victories and the glory of the Maiden Reign. Nay, the Virgin Queen herself appears to have set a very good example to her subjects in this particular, since it is notorious that she once endeavoured to have a little *sparring* at least with her favourite General Essex, probably with a view of trying his courage. The consequence every one knows,—Essex was afraid to return the blow, and was accordingly soon after executed.—The famous Duke of Cumberland, and the more famous Broughton, were both cotemporaries, and acquaintance; and these great men actually made a campaign in Flanders together.—Soon after this period, it is well known, that this noble Science was shamefully neglected, and the fatal event of the late disgraceful war was the regular and inevitable consequence of it. And it is equally certain, that since the revival of these domestic contests we have become every day more respectable among foreign nations, have baffled the designs of the French and Dutch, and at present, are the most powerful Nation in Europe.—To this system I know it will be objected by many, that Brutality and Courage have nothing to do with each other, that Hardiness of Body by no means implies mental resolution, and that (as there is little chance of
persuading

persuading the French to lay aside Muskets and Bayonets, and trust entirely to Fists and Quarter-Staffs) our proficiency in the Science I am recommending will be of little use, and the Professors themselves make a contemptible figure against a single company of Infantry. But this is all a mere *Gratis dictum*; for surely a man who has one borne an hour and a quarter's pummeling from an expert Bruiser, need never afterwards fear being popped at by a whole army at any reasonable distance: besides, who can say that the French will not adopt the plan above-mentioned, after the surprising change we have already seen take place in their most favourite opinions and most confirmed habits?—And, if they should, what a fortunate circumstance for this Country!—What an opportunity for men of real merit to put themselves forward!—Forgive me, Mr. Loiterer, if for a moment I feast my mind by indulging in this pleasing reverie, and see (in my mind's eye at least) the probable advantages which will arise from this change in military Tactics. In the first place, the saving to Government would be immense, as there would be no more occasion for Muskets or Swords, Powder or Balls; for the Infantry would want no other Arms than what Nature had given them; and a tolerable quantity of Bludgeons and Backswords for the Light Horse, would at once equip an Army for immediate action. Nor would there ever be wanting a sufficient number

8 THE LOITERER.

ber of able and experienced Commanders to lead the British forces, thus properly appointed. And what might not be expected from our Light Horse when headed by so active a Leader as *Mendoza*? Or who could resist a batallion of grenadiers led on by *Big Ben*?—Another advantage too would attend the plan proposed, in the number of lives which would be saved on both sides. For in the way matters are carried on at present, scarce a skirmish can take place without the loss of an hundred or two of men, killed and wounded, whereas by this means, the most hard contested Battles might be fought, and the most signal victories obtained, with the trifling loss of a few eyes, noses, teeth, and ribs. The above considerations must surely have great weight with every one who is a true lover of his country; but they are not all I have to offer on this subject; for when once this mode of Fighting is thoroughly established abroad, it will of course be practised at home, and be universally adopted as the best means of settling private as well as national quarrels.—Instead of having recourse to those cowardly weapons, called Pistols, which reduce the manly and the effeminate to a level, our young men of spirit would then decide their important disputes in a proper manner, and drub each other with great success behind Montague-house: A circumstance which would be attended with this particular advantage, that it would give a certain superiority to those men whom Nature
(when

(when she formed them) seems to have intended should be superior to their Cotemporaries, the strong, the active, and the daring.—Considering therefore the many advantages, both in public and private, which attend the cultivation of this Science, I flatter myself you will not only abstain from any improper reflections on the Heroes of the Fist, but will henceforth recommend it to your Fellow Students to learn the use of their hands in a proper manner: an acquirement which will be of no small use to them whenever they are inclined to strol into the Purlieus of St. Thomas in a dark night, and may save them many a black eye and broken head from a drunken Bargeman.—If the arguments I have offered are insufficient, I have but one more: it is however a *weighty* one, and between you and me, has often stood in good stead with an obstinate opponent. Let me tell you then, Sir, that if you do not immediately comply with my request, I shall (by means you cannot guard against) find out who you really are—in which case, I shall do (what I believe your Authors never yet did) reduce my own Rules into practice, and give you a good drubbing—'till when,

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

BENJ. BLUSTER.

I am sure I need not inform my Readers how terribly and how justly I was frightened at the receipt of Mr. Bluster's Letter; but before I had
well

10 THE LOITERER.

well finished it, the following was delivered me, whose contents, perhaps, they will think scarce less alarming.

To the AUTHOR *of the* LOITERER.

My dear Sir, Precincts, Canterbury.

You will perhaps be surpris'd, both at the receipt and the contents of this letter; but do not let your amiable modesty incline you to doubt the sincerity of the Writer, for merit, like yours, deserves to meet every encouragement; and under some particular circumstances the Poet tells us,

“ A Maid, unasked, may own a well placed Flame.”

But it is necessary I should tell you who and what I am. Take then the following account of the person who is destined to be your future Helpmate.

I am, Sir, the daughter of a country Clergyman, who having lived, what is called up to his income, that is a good deal above it, left me when he died nothing more than a small annuity, which was secured to me by my Mother's marriage articles. With this I retired to the place whence I date this letter, and where, between prayers and scandal, sermons and cards, I lead a tolerably happy life, and seldom find my time hang heavy on my hands.

One circumstance alone has occasionally interrupted my tranquillity, which is the strange neglect I have experienced from your sex, who seem extremely averse to any acquaintance with me, notwithstanding

THE LOITERER. 11

withstanding I have been very far from carrying myself in a reserved and haughty manner towards them, but have on the contrary always demeaned myself with the most open and conciliating complacency.—I am sure, Mr. Loiterer, you are too much a man of sense to pay any regard to mere external beauty; otherwise I would tell you, that I am in person of the very tallest size, not incumbered with the coarse redundancy of plumpness, or flushed with the vulgar glow of health; and that I have preserved my figure in the unbending Majesty of prim perpendicularity, uncorrupted by the present fashionable lounge of our modern Girls, who always appear to me as if they were going to tumble on their noses.—Such is my person, nor is my mind unworthy of it, for except an unfortunate propensity to tittle tattle, and an hereditary love of the bottle, I have few failings, and am wanting in no virtue except Candour, Generosity, and Truth. Such, Mr. Loiterer, as I am, and in my thirty—but no matter for my age, I am ready to become yours.—Don't, my dear Sir, object my never having seen you; for since I am perfectly acquainted with your better part, your writings, that is of small consequence. And indeed I have as perfect an idea of your figure as if I had seen you.—I imagine, for instance, you are a little square broad shouldered squat man, with a fallow complexion, dark eyes, black eye-brows and beard.—But I shall soon see if I am right, as I intend shortly paying
you

you a visit at Oxford; where your Publisher will direct me to your Rooms, and where I trust we shall quickly settle matters to our mutual satisfaction; for, as I before told you, I am sure that it is destined by fate, that I am to be Mrs. Loiterer: in hopes of which I remain,

Your's, affectionately,

MARGARET MITTEN.

Now I think I may fairly ask my Readers, whether I have not fully proved the Misfortune of having too extensive and too good a reputation, since I have unknowingly excited in the breasts of my Correspondents, the two most violent passions of the human heart, and am in a fair way both of fighting and marrying against my will. From the anger of the first, I am indeed not without hopes, that my early publication of his Letter will in some measure enable me to escape: but from the love of the second who will ensure me? I believe, however, I must rest my defence on this Plea, and tell my fair friend, on the honour of a Gentleman, that I do not answer the description she has given in the smallest particular; and that it is impossible for me to accept her intended kindness, as I have the misfortune to be Fellow of a College.

28 MR 59

C.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 44.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD,
LONDON.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. XLIV.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *November 28, 1789.*

Heaven's last, best, Gift.

AMONG the number of young men, whom the monastic rules, which accompany University preferment, have condemned to pass many years in Celibacy, there are few who have not at times indulged in the idea of one day possessing some elegant, and amiable Partner, and retiring from the bustle of business, or the noise of dissipation, to the sweets of domestic happiness, and the comforts of a family fire-side :—Of these some few perhaps have a fair Favorite to whom, if their promise is not given, their Affections at least are engaged, but by far the greater part have no particular object to fix their thoughts on ; and whenever they amuse themselves with these visionary

Vol. II.

O 2

Schemes

4 THE LOITERER.

Schemes of Happiness, are obliged to form an imaginary Fair One, whom they always take care to decorate with those graces to which they are either by habit or inclination more particularly partial. Various in consequence are the ideas formed by these ingenious Schemers with regard to the peculiar attractions of person, and mind, which are particularly to distinguish their respective Favorites. One is struck with the rattle of flippant volubility, and another captivated by the blushes of bashful Innocence; the *Piquante Brunette*, and the delicate Fair, have each their admirers, nor are there wanting some, who give to the possessors of a particular set of features the exclusive right of making them happy.—In one circumstance alone they all agree—that the said Lady is to be of a most submissive, and complying disposition, and to be ruled in every thing by her husband.

It happens, however, a little unfortunately, that not one of these plans has ever been known to succeed, for of those who have thus pictured to themselves an image of an ideal excellence, some have spent so much time in finding the companion they wished, that old age or death have interrupted their enquiries, or concluded their search.—Others, more fortunate in the discovery, have been unsuccessful in the pursuit; have put an end to a fretful Celibacy, by taking a companion from
the

the lowest rank of life, and united themselves to vulgarity and meanness, rather than bear the tedium of their own Society.

They who have confined their admiration to a peculiar Style of Beauty, have by a strange fatality been notoriously famous for marrying women directly the reverse; and they who have been loudest and firmest in support of a Husband's authority, have been so often reduced to the condition of *Jerry Sneak*, that a declaration of this kind seldom fails to draw a smile from every woman, at least every married one, in company. Considering these circumstances it is not without fear and trembling, that the Loiterer touches on so delicate a subject, since it is not impossible but his correspondent in the last Number, or some other person, may one day make him suffer for having so profanely attempted to *peep behind the Curtain*; and whilst he lays before his Readers the following light Sketches of the matrimonial happiness of some of his acquaintance, deprecates their laughter, and implores their pity, in case the same Fate should one day be his own.

Of all the men I ever knew, Charles Sedley was the most cautious in the grand affair of choosing a Wife; and after mature deliberation, discovered that fashionable women were vain, and accomplished women affected. He therefore mar-

6 THE LOITERER.

ried the Daughter of one of his Tenants, with no charm excepting a little health and freshness, and no acquirements beyond those of a country boarding school; being persuaded that because she was ignorant, she must be humble, and because low born, unexpensive. But of both these inferences he lived to experience the falsity; for his *Cara Sposa* soon became intoxicated by the possession of pleasures of which she had till then entertained no idea, entered with eagerness into every species of fashionable dissipation, and paid small regard to a Husband, for whom she felt little gratitude and less affection.

It was in vain he argued, implored, and threatened; too weak for reason, too obstinate for intreaty, and too passionate for remonstrance, she heard him with the vacant laugh of folly, or answered him in the pert virulence of vulgar invective; the only part of her country education, which she never forgot,

After battling it in vain for some months with an enemy to whom he was a very unequal antagonist, he submitted to an evil which he could not remedy, and is content to be ruined by the expences, and tormented by the follies of a vulgar Termagant, for the sake (as he says) of PEACE and QUIETNESS.—Very different was the opinion
and

THE LOITERER.

7

and the fate of his brother Edward.—Determined not to be made miserable by a low-born Vixen, he early attached himself to Lady Caroline Almeria Horatia Mackenzie, who inherited together with the blood, the spirit, and the pride of a long line of North British Nobility.—After a long and tedious courtship, in which she took care to make him compleatly sensible of the honour done to him, her Ladyship obligingly condescended to give him her hand; and still more obligingly introduced to his acquaintance and his house, something more than a dozen of her great Relations, who have ever since taken taken up their abode with him.

After this, it is needless to say, how *much* he is Master in his own Family: Since every subject of conjugal discussion is immediately laid before this impartial jury; who instantly pronounce judgment on the case, and exhort him to pay proper regard to a Woman of Lady Caroline's understanding, accomplishments, and rank. So that he possesses no other advantage over his Brother, than the privilege of being made miserable in the very best company.

“The two Sedleys,” said my old friend, Frank Blunt, on entering my room the other morning,
 “Were a couple of silly fellows, and are deservedly punished for their folly.—He who sets
 “out

8 THE LOITERER.

“ out in a wrong road, must not wonder if he
 “ does not reach his journey’s end. Had I fol-
 “ lowed their example, I should have been as
 “ miserable as they are—but I have chosen wife-
 “ ly, and am happy—very happy.—I have mar-
 “ ried a woman of the gentlest manners and the
 “ sweetest disposition.—I wish, my dear Friend,
 “ you would come over and take your Mutton
 “ with us to-day, and you shall be convinced,
 “ that when a man chuses well, Marriage is the
 “ happiest state upon Earth.”—As I love to see
 my Friends happy, I readily accepted his invita-
 tion and accompanied him to his house, which
 is an easy ride from Oxford.—The Lady received
 us in the most gracious manner, and testified the
 highest satisfaction at seeing any Friend of her
 Husband’s,—giving him at the same time a gentle
 rebuke, for having so much out-staid his time, and
 exposed her to all those uneasy sensations which she
 always felt in his absence. He excused himself in
 the most tender manner, and they both left the
 room, in order to prepare either the Dinner, or
 themselves.—I, of course, took up a book; but
 whether the Author was particularly stupid, or
 whether I was in a bad humour for reading, I
 know not, but I soon flung it down, and began to
 amuse myself with my own reflections. They were,
 however, soon interrupted by a dialogue, not of
 the most tender kind, between the Master and
 Mistress

Mistress of the house, which the thinness of the partition suffered me to hear with tolerable correctness.—“ Indeed, my dear Mr. Blunt, I wonder you could think of bringing your Friend here to-day, when you know there is nothing in the house but a breast of mutton, and some minced chicken for the children’s dinner; besides, the servants are all ironing—But you men have no sort of contrivance.”—“ Indeed, my dear,” replied the Husband, “ I am very sorry it should be inconvenient to you to receive him, but really Mr. —— is such a particular friend that I could not well avoid inviting him.”——“ Lord, you are always bringing some *particular Friend* or other from Oxford with you, and I suppose this *particular Friend* means to sleep here to-night, but I am sure I don’t know where to put him: the worst bed-chamber has been just washed, and I shall certainly not let him go into the Chintz-room with his dirty boots.—If he does stay, he must sleep in the *green garret*: I dare say he has been used at College to sleep without curtains, and I believe the Glazier mended the windows yesterday.”—Sorry am I to say, that I heard no more of this curious altercation, and the more so, as I may possibly never again have such another opportunity of making myself acquainted with the regulations of *domestic economy*: but the servant just then unluckily entered

tered to make preparations for dinner, and made such a clattering with his knives and forks, that I totally lost Mr. Blunt's answer, and could only discover that (whatever it was) it was spoken in a low and submissive tone of voice.

Soon after this, the Master and Mistress of the house, the Breast of Mutton, and the minced Chicken, all made their appearance, and we sat down apparently in high good humour with each other! — Nothing further, worth notice, passed during the visit, and I returned to Oxford in the evening (in spite of their *earnest* and *sincere* endeavours to detain me) where I surveyed my own fire-side with peculiar complacency, and thanked my Stars, that I had escaped the honours of the *green Garret*.

C.

28 MR 59

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE ; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 45.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



No. XLV.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, December 5, 1789.

*Nimborum in Patriam, Loca fæta furentibus Austris
Æoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes Ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac Vinculis et Carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure Montis
Circum Claustra fremunt.*

VIRGIL.

MY Readers are already, perhaps, more than sufficiently informed of the Reasons which occasioned my late abrupt departure from London, and which have reduced me to a Situation not very different from that of many of our most celebrated Travellers, who, sitting quietly down in their elbow Chairs at Home, very obligingly condescend to amuse or instruct the Public with their

Vol. II.

P 2

Tours

Tours abroad. — It is the duty of a periodical Writer, like the Loiterer, to give his Readers the earliest Intelligence of every new Invention which appears, even in the remotest degree, likely to influence the Customs, the Manners, the Morals, or the Literary Pursuits of the Age. Scarce had I time to cool from the hurry and agitation of Spirits excited during the *Tête-a-Tête*, which I have recorded in my thirty-fifth paper; when I found myself summoned by public Advertisement to the Inspection of another Invention perhaps not less curious, or important, than that with which my Readers have already been so agreeably entertained. In short, the Subject of my present Paper is nothing less than the celebrated *Air Machine*, by the King's Royal Letters Patent. The politeness of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers had induced them to grant the use of their Hall for the Display of this very elegant, though simple Machine, to its worthy and facetious Proprietor the Patentee; with whom I soon found myself on very free, easy, and familiar Terms. And whilst he was demonstrating its wonderful Powers by filling the whole Edifice with the Fumes of Gum Benjamin, drawn from an Apartment at a considerable distance; and the astonishing discharge of the same at the rate of 60,000 gallons in a minute — whilst he was dwelling on its great Utility in supplying the Inhabitants of sultry Climates with

with cool refreshing Air, and those of the colder Regions with that which is warm and comfortable; together with its unexampled Power of extracting *foul* Air from Ships, Mines, Hospitals, and Prisons; and supplying them in return with that which is perfectly pure and wholesome: I was immediately so forcibly struck with the Idea of its general Utility, that I could not refrain from complimenting the Patentee on the Satisfaction it must have given to his own Mind, in having thus been able to offer an Invention to the Public, which bids fair not only to diffuse Comfort, but absolutely to preserve the Health and the Lives of thousands of his Majesty's Liege Subjects. You have done more, Sir, said I, than all the great aerial Philosophers of the present Age, from the Cities of London and Paris, to Edinburgh and Carlisle. For what are all the Discoveries of Cavendish or Priestley, of Lavoisier or Kirwan, or even of Black, of Crawford, or Harrington, when put in competition with your's. Whilst they have been contradicting each other,—whilst many of them have been contradicting themselves, you, Sir, have actually gained a Controul over the Winds; and, like the wisest of the Grecian Heroes, have inclosed them all in a box. I was proceeding to enlarge still further on this important subject, when a very grave philosophical looking person, whom I have since disco-

vered to be a disciple at least, if not an actual descendant of the Rosicrucians, allured by the discourse, immediately joined us, and graciously bowing, and at the same time addressing his discourse to me,—“ The Proprietor, Sir, said he, does not appear at present to be aware of half the important purposes to which his machine is applicable.” I, Sir, who have already projected some of the most important Schemes, though hitherto but little attended to, will engage to give the Proprietor such Instructions as will speedily render him one of the most noted Characters of the Age. In short, Sir, to me it appears evident, that this elegant Apparatus may not only with propriety be called an *Air* but an *Oratorical Machine*. What the Bellows are to the Organ, in future shall this Machine be to the Orator.—WORDS ARE AIR, Sir, said he; I consider this as one of those Truths which almost every Man in the World at one period or another must have experienced. And you, Sir, he continued, who appear to be so deeply versed in the Philosophy of Chemistry, must very well know, that one Gallon of Air is required every Minute for the ordinary breathing of common Men; but an Orator, during the vehement Parts of his Speech, upon a reasonable computation, cannot use less than three times the Quantity which I have mentioned. It admits, therefore, of easy calculation to know the exact Quantity

tity that will be necessary for supplying a Speech of five Hours. And since it is in our power by shifting the Valve, to blow hot or cold, pure or impure, and by various applications to either end of the Tube, to give whatever impregnation we please to the Air, it necessarily follows, that an Oration may thus be seasoned with any Degree of attic Salt that we please.

“Wonderful, Sir!” said the Proprietor, “astonishing.” What you tell me must certainly be true; for several of the most respectable Members of the House of Commons have already examined the Machine, and appear to be charmed with its Powers.—The very large one which you see in that corner, is to be fitted up immediately in the House; if you will do me the honour, gentlemen, he continued, I shall be happy to be favoured with your company.—It is difficult to say whether an invitation like this was more eagerly accepted by the Rosicrucian or the Loiterer. In short, we repaired with the utmost alacrity to the place of appointment; and no sooner was the Machine applied, than the Rosicrucian, pursuing the very singular idea which he had already started, assured us, that had the House been sitting, he would have immediately given us specimens not only of the Powers of the Machine, but of the different kinds of Air which would have been actually generating.

nerating. But as there is no difficulty which a real chemical Adept is not able to surmount, I have only to relate, that turning himself three times round, and as often applying his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, " Few are so ignorant as not to know, that in some parts of the world, words have been actually found frozen; it necessarily follows, therefore, that round the Seat of every celebrated Orator there must be more or less of an Atmosphere, or Condensation of Words in the form of Air."

But, before I proceed to inform my Readers that he immediately applied an elastic Tube to the Machine, which could easily be moved to every part of the house, it is necessary that I should disclaim every idea of personal application in the result of our Experiments, as it would give me sincere concern to have my very worthy publisher obliged to go down upon his knees before the House, or my own papers and bureau to be ransacked. In short, though I would wish the Loiterer, No. 45, to be as much read, and equally celebrated with the North Briton of the same Number; yet I flatter myself that none of the other extraordinary consequences which attended that publication, will be experienced upon the present occasion. To do away, therefore, every thing like personal allusion, I shall pursue

the common letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, &c.

From the letter A nothing remarkable was to be obtained.

But applying the extremity of the Tube to the letter B, there immediately issued 60,000 gallons of Air, so highly perfumed, that it appeared as if it had been wafted over beds of lillies and roses, pinks and carnations; in short, the jonquil and the hyacinth, and every *flower* of the field or the garden seemed to have contributed its share. It was remarkable, however, that some had been considerably faded; and, upon a thorough investigation, we discovered the strictest chemical Analogy subsisting between this and every other species of *fæctitious* Air; for the purity was by no means proportionate to the fragrancy.

No sooner was the Tube applied to the Letter C, than we felt ourselves thrown into an irresistible fit of laughter at the instantaneous explosion of a Squib, and a handful of crackers.

The letter D produced a phenomenon of the most singular nature; for at every revolution of the wheel, instead of Air, there ascended little particles of Gold Leaf. And here I ought to inform
my

my Readers, that there is a very narrow part in the Tube of this Machine, exactly fimilar to that in the Throat of the real Orator, which Anatomifts have denominated the *Rima Glotidis*, or, in plainer terms, the entrance into the wind pipe; which, upon an unufual Exertion of the Machine, became fuddenly choaked up, fo great was the quantity of thefe Leaves, which rufhed all at once into this narrow paffage.

The E's like the A's produced nothing remarkable; but no fooner did the Tube come within the Vortex of the Letter F, than torrents of Air of various Qualities, rufhed through the Machine with the greateft impetuofity; nor did this Air differ more in its real Properties, than in the Opinion which the World entertained of its Purity. It is neceffary, therefore, to dwell more particularly here, becaufe, upon further examination, we found nearly one half of the Houfe replete with Air of a fimilar Nature, though of a lefs powerful Impregnation which had iffued from a number of Seats lefs worthy of attention. But that which was afforded by the Letter N, was two remarkable for the Roficrucian to pafs over in filence. It was difcharged and repeated in the moft vivid and brilliant Flafhes, exactly refembling the Aurora Borealis; and like the Aurora Borealis was portentous of Battle and Murder and Bloodfhed; of

Armies

Armies fighting in the Air, and Empires dis-
membered.

To our great astonishment this Air had intimately combined with that produced by the Letter F, forming a compound which at first appeared likely to fill the whole House, till pursuing the alphabet a little further, we discovered a surprising quantity of Air of a Nature diametrically opposite, issuing from the Letter P, the flavour of which was so peculiarly powerful, as very soon to predominate; but various were the opinions of mankind, respecting the comparative purity and excellence of these two kinds of Air, with which the House was completely filled; and we thought ourselves remarkably happy in having so favourable an opportunity of determining their respective merits.—However widely Philosophers may differ, said the Rosicrucian, in their ideas of the component parts of Air, there is one circumstance in which they uniformly agree, viz. That its purity is best known by the old established Test. That Air, he continued, is universally acknowledged to be the best, which contributes most largely to the support of Flame. He extracted, therefore, immediately 60,000 Gallons of Air from one Side of the House. But to the astonishment of every person present, the whole 60,000 Gallons, at every trial, were insufficient to light up a single farthing
Candle.

Candle. On the contrary, the same quantity being extracted from the opposite Side of the House, Light was in a moment produced from Candles, Lamps, and every Species of Combustible Matter, which continued burning in the most brilliant Manner, from the setting to the rising Sun. This, continued the Rosicrucian, is the same Air as that with which the whole City of London was so lately illuminated, which propagated its Light through every City and Town, every Village, every House and Cottage of Great Britain, even to the *Ultima Thulé*; and which is at this moment perhaps burning with the brightest Lustre in the remotest parts of India.

But to omit particular instances, let us take a more general and a more extended view of the subject, and we shall find a very curious, a very striking Analogy between political and atmospherical Air; but so confused are the ideas of our most celebrated Philosophers on these subjects, that it will be necessary in a few words to give you a plain and concise Analysis of the Latter. Ten years are now elapsed since this Analysis was first offered to the public by a chemical Adept, whose principles I am happy to adopt. The circumambient Atmosphere, continued the Rosicrucian, consists of fire as a *material* principle, and the mephitic acid combined by means of water in the form

form of an aerial Fluid. Either of these principles in a separate state, is believed to be a deadly poison; but in combination, they form that salubrious Fluid from which the animal and the vegetable kingdoms are supplied with the vital Principle.—And thus for more than five hundred years has this House been filled with political Air of a similar Nature. On one Side a gross, mephitic, plebeian Vapour; on the other the highly phlogisticated and inflammable Air; either of which in a separate State has repeatedly endangered the Constitution. But observe,—the Proprietor of the Machine, who in ventilating and purifying this House, I have no doubt expects to meet with a Labour like that of Hercules in cleansing the augean Stable. Let him but cease to apply his Tube to particular places, let him take one general discharge, and he will immediately discover these two contrary principles so uniformly blended, as to produce a Fluid salubrious like the Atmosphere, and exactly calculated for the Constitutions of Englishmen.

Time fails me, continued the Philosopher, or I would have introduced a Tube into that immense Edifice, pointing to Westminster Hall, where such torrents of foul Air have been so long collecting. Already the Lamp of Truth burns uncommonly dim, and will soon be totally extinguished. Even
now

now I foresee the arduous task of extraction; but with so valuable a Machine nothing need be despaired of. After five hours incessant labour, the whole of the foul Air, at the rate of 60,000 gallons in a minute, will be nearly extracted. When shifting the Valve, such copious and refreshing streams of pure and panegyric Air shall be thrown in, that with the aid of some of the most costly perfumes of the East, I have no doubt but its fragrancy will be restored, and the Lamp of Truth will again burn with superior Lustre, and perhaps extend itself into the form of a Coronet.

If I have been happy, he concluded, in my investigation of this important Machine; if I have made it appear, that the Air Machine by the King's Royal Letters Patent, may be subservient to the purposes of Oratory, I flatter myself the task will be easy upon some future occasion to prove, that by Virtue of the same Royal Letters Patent, An *Orgator* may become an *Air Machine*.

28 MR 59

* * *

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 46.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCCLXXXIX.

No. XLVI.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY, December 12, 1789.

Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo.

To the
SIR,



THE following narration will be of small service to the generality of mankind, as the chief circumstances related in it have arisen from a peculiarity of situation, which few I hope will experience. A small part however it may profit, by warning them to avoid the dangers into which I have fallen; and those whom it may fail to interest, it may serve to amuse.

Animated by an insatiable ambition, my father raised himself to one of the first civil offices in this kingdom. This post he long held with great reputation to himself, and advantage to the public; but meeting with a disappointment in the request of a favour to which he thought himself entitled, he threw up his place in disgust, and retired with the savings of his income to a sequestered part of England.

England. I was too young, when this event took place, to consider the consequences of it, and became sensible of the change of situation only by the novelty of scene, and the introduction of fresh amusements.

As years advanced, the only society I had (if it could be called a society) was that of my father, and of course the only education I received was from him. But alas! how ill qualified was he for such an undertaking! The recollections of former times had never ceased from preying on his mind, and the death of my mother, which happened soon after our retirement, had contributed to encourage these. Thus pride and resentment, the effects of disappointed ambition, had, by degrees, contracted the feelings of his mind; solitude had spread a fullen gloom over his thoughts; and, unacquainted with the soothing precepts of Religion, he had substituted, in their room, the narrow principles of a mistaken Philosophy. Under such an Instructor, prejudice soon overcame nature; and the unsuspecting ardour of youth, which bids us look on all mankind as friends, was early extinguished. In recompense for these irretrievable losses, I was taught to consider my own interest as entirely unconnected with those of mankind; an unfeeling contempt for society was represented to me as Independance: under the specious title of Philosophy, I eagerly embraced the destructive principles of Misanthropy; and became callous to

the tender ties of Nature, whilst I fondly thought myself armed only against the frowns of Fortune.

At an early age, my only sister, who was a few years younger than myself, accepted the invitation of a maiden Aunt, and resided entirely with her; and thus was I deprived of the only barrier which might have saved me from the precipice on which I tottered; of the only companion whose society might have counteracted the prejudice of education, and whose friendship might have softened the severity of my system. Wonder not, Mr. Loiterer, at the state at which I arrived; the gradations to vice are quick and imperceptible; and one link broken in that great chain which connects all human kind, can seldom be reunited. Wonder not therefore, if instructed by the precepts, and encouraged by the example of him, whom every thing conspired to point out as the object of my imitation; if unacquainted with the pleasing delights of society, friendship, and love, and unenlightened by the rays of Religion, wonder not that I erred; and that maturing reason, far from dispelling the clouds in which I was enveloped, served only to darken them. I began to distrust those whose interests appeared independant of mine, and suspicion soon introduced more dangerous principles; till at length I arrived at such a pitch of infatuation, as to look on man as my greatest enemy, and believe that every one I met was forming some design to injure or overreach me. Miserable however as such opinions must have

THE LOITERER. §

have rendered me, an inward pride, inspired by self approbation, strengthened me in them. When I saw the rest of mankind enslaved to servility and weakness (for in that light I considered the ties of Nature and Society) how flattering was the consciousness of my own freedom; and when I fancied that all the world were by nature Villains, with what satisfaction did I contemplate the excellency of my own reason, which, by raising me superior to others, had enabled me to guard against their treacherous designs. Thus I became proud of, and influenced by that pride, continued to persevere in principles, which were destructive of every noble action, and inconsistent with one generous sentiment; which embittered great part of my life, and to which I can never look back without agony and remorse.

My father died suddenly when I was about three and twenty; but never having regarded him with filial fondness, I lamented his death alone, as leaving me more exposed to the attacks of my enemies; and accordingly I resolved to double my circumspection. At this interval, my sister, whom I now had not seen for almost twelve years, came to visit me. Fondly painting to her imagination the renewal of that friendship which we professed in our childish days, and eager to claim from me that fondness and protection which she had vainly expected in a father, she met me with all the warmth of sisterly affection. But my bosom throb'd with no pleasing emotions at her sight;

fight; I attributed her fond caresses to artifice, and checked the ardour of her tenderness by my own coolness and reserve. Who can tell what at that moment were the sufferings of her mind; a mind susceptible of the most lively and tender feelings! but far from expressing her disappointment by complaints, she endeavoured by all the persuasive endearments peculiar to her sex, to revive a flame which she considered as smothered by absence, rather than extinguished by prejudice. How could I be insensible to such instances of affection! To the charms of a graceful person and the beauties of an accomplished mind, she united a softness of disposition, which could not fail to please, and a goodness, which could not fail to interest any heart, but one like mine, obdurate through principle, and hardened by system.

Not equally insensible were all mankind to her merits; and she had already attracted many admirers. Among them was one, who, unexceptionable in his character, and of a rank and fortune much superior to ours, had inspired her with a mutual attachment. As soon after the death of my father as decency would permit, he wrote to me on this subject, and hoped that I would not withhold my consent from their union. In answer to this, I informed him, that he must have been in some degree imposed on; that my sister's fortune was very inconsiderable, and that of course such an alliance could be neither advantageous, or desirable to him. A few days, however, brought me

me a second letter, in which he acquainted me, that fortune was not the object of his pursuit; that all his prospects of happiness were centered in my sister, and that he accordingly renewed his request with greater earnestness. Judge what was my surprise at reading this! Enslaved to prejudice, as I had always been, and unacquainted with the finer feelings of the mind, I could not form any idea of a real and disinterested affection. The proposal so very unaccountable in itself, and the impatience with which he requested my compliance, caused me to suspect some hidden design of which I was ignorant; and, warned by these apprehensions, I peremptorily, but without assigning any reason, refused my consent. The consequence of this was natural. My sister, stung with my unjust behaviour, listened to the persuasions of Love, and fled from the presence of an unnatural brother to the protection of a fond husband. They wrote to me immediately on their marriage, explaining the reasons of their conduct, and even entreating me to be reconciled to them. But to their solicitations I paid no attention; and, struck with this fresh instance of human perfidy, strengthened myself in the approbation of my system, by those very means which should have taught me to renounce it for ever.

In the mean time a prospect of a different nature presented itself to me. My father had extended his opinions of mankind to every department of life; and the same philosophy which
caused

8 THE LOITERER.

caused him 'to suspect their intention in the offices of friendship and society, had led him also to distrust their integrity in the transactions of business. He had therefore lived entirely on the principal of his money; and at his death the residue was so inconsiderable, that if I had declined to imitate him in this particular, it would not have been in my power. For some time I continued to pursue my usual course of life, till at length the visible diminution of my fortune opened my eyes; for though I was myself too much of a philosopher to regret the want of money, yet I knew that it was impossible to subsist without it in this age of universal corruption. The only scheme which occurred to me as practicable, was, with the small remainder of my fortune, to retire abroad; for I considered that every country was to the wise man equally indifferent; or that even any country would be preferable to one in which I had met with such repeated instances of ingratitude and depravity. While I was preparing to put this plan into execution, my sister, by the interest of her husband, procured me the offer of a small sinecure in one of the public Offices, the emoluments of which would have enabled me to live in ease and independence. But every principle in my system of philosophy bad me reject such a proposal with disdain; and thus was I permitted to add fresh wounds to the feelings of a tender and affectionate sister.

I therefore soon sat out on my expedition; and left

left my country without sorrow or regret. I was too well convinced of the moral depravity of mankind to expect to find them better in a foreign kingdom; nor did my pride permit me to indulge the hope. Thus prejudiced, the impositions of the inn keepers, and the depredations of the post boys appeared to me as so many instances of national depravity; and a change of scene of men and manners, which inspire others with open and generous sentiments, made mine more hardened and contracted. For some months I roamed from place to place, not allured by hopes of diversion, but in search of fresh objects which might excite my indignation, and confirm my principles; till entering a small village late one evening, I found on alighting from my chaise, that my portmanteau had been stolen. This contained every thing on earth which I could call my own; and the loss of this presented me with the most melancholy prospect. In what manner could I act? I scorned to lay myself under obligations to others, and I was above retaliating on man by fraud. In this situation to die alone seemed pleasing. I had found nothing attaching in life, I saw nothing formidable in death. I hastily seized a pistol, which I carried in my pocket, and directed it at my head. Instantaneous darkness overpowered my senses.

The people of the house alarmed, as I afterwards heard, at the report of the pistol, ran into the chamber, whither I had retired; and, on opening the door, found me on the floor senseless, and

covered with blood. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who having examined my wounds, expressed some hopes of my recovery, and ordered me to be put to bed. On coming to myself, the first thing I discovered, was, the form of a venerable priest, who sat at the side of my bed. He earnestly enquired how I felt; but, through weakness, and a disturbed imagination, I could make him no answer; and he left me. In a short time he returned with the surgeon, who began to dress my wound. During the operation an imperfect recollection of my situation occurred, and I endeavoured in a fit of despair to tear off the bandages from my head; but the struggle and exertion overcame me, and I once more sunk into a state of insensibility. On my recovering, I again discovered the same venerable figure by my side; but though I was now exhausted to the greatest degree, my senses were perfect and collected. He availed himself of this opportunity to enquire the motives of my attempt; "if poverty," continued he, after a pause, "has reduced you to this necessity, you shall not want a friend to relieve it. But my presence fatigues you; to-morrow you shall again see me; till then be calm."

As soon as he had left me, I began to reflect with surprise on the scene that had just passed.—What advantage, thought I, can he expect to obtain from one who is destitute of every thing? What design can he have formed on me, whose life is at present uncertain? His conduct appeared
unaccountable;

unaccountable ; and I waited for his return with an impatience which I had never before experienced. He was punctual to his time, and I felt an inward satisfaction at the sight of him ; there was something in his countenance which could interest even *my* heart. He sat down by me, and affectionately taking my hand, began to shew me how inconsistent my action had been with every manly sentiment ; how repugnant to every precept of Religion ! But, alas ! I was ignorant of every precept of Religion ! He saw the defect of my situation ; but fearful of fatiguing me, he promised to renew his visit on the ensuing day.

Not to trespass too long on your patience, Mr. Loiterer, let me inform you, that not a day passed but I saw my amiable friend ; for such I must call him. He gradually instilled into my mind the principles of Religion, and discovered to me a source of consolation, a rule of action, of which I had before no notion. He pointed out to me the impropriety of my past life, the injustice of my prejudices, and the inhumanity of my conduct towards my sister ; for I concealed nothing from him. This last recollection filled me with the utmost remorse, and threw my mind into such agitation, that they were once more apprehensive of my life. But the continual presence, and friendly consolations of Duval (for that was his name) preserved me ; and I daily recovered my former strength, though with sentiments very different from those which I had before entertained.

As

As soon as my health would permit, Duval acquainted me, that my sister, who had been informed of my situation, was just arrived; and he accordingly introduced her into my apartment. The tenderness of our meeting may be more easily conceived by you, Mr. Loiterer, than described by me. She forgave me all my injuries, and loaded me with instances of affection; and, soon after, having taken an affectionate leave of Duval, I returned with her to England.

Since this time I have lived on a small place which my brother in law procured for me. Blessed with the society of my sister, and the friendship of Duval, who often visits me, I have experienced more happiness than I could have dared to hope from the impiety of my former conduct; the recollection of which sometimes intrudes itself on my memory. But in the constant exercise of Religion and Virtue, I have found pleasure; and by an unremitted attention to the claims of mankind, and the service of Heaven, I have earnestly endeavoured to make atonement for my past offences; and I trust my endeavours have not been unsuccessful. Of this, however, I am convinced, that a state of unsocial and sullen independance, is neither conducive to the interests, or congenial to the Nature of Man; and that the only path to Happiness is a life of *active* Virtue.

28 MR 59

I am, Sir, your's,

LEONTINE.

No. 47.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.



No. XLVII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, December 19, 1789.

Nil admirari prope res est una —

Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

SIR,

IF I rightly understand the nature of your work, the writer of the following pages will not act improperly in submitting to your consideration some few remarks on certain prevalent opinions which have lately made more than common progress, and which demand a serious refutation. I am sorry, Mr. Loiterer, to observe, that a spirit of degenerate and sickly refinement has spread itself with such rapidity through the regions of fashion and elegance. It might indeed be instanced in several cases, but I shall at present con-

Vol. II.

S 2

fine

4 THE LOITERER.

fine myself to one particular effect, which is the more worthy of attention, as it is productive of the most grievous calamities. What I here allude to, Sir, is, that excess of sentiment and susceptibility, which the works of the great Rousseau chiefly introduced, which every subsequent Novel has since foster'd, and which the voluptuous manners of the present age but too eagerly embrace. I shall not here enumerate the many baneful effects which are produced by it in the morals of mankind, when under the mask of feeling and liberality are concealed the grossest allurements of sense, and the most daring attacks of Deism; but shall merely consider this one point, "how far the indulgence of the above mentioned sentiments affects the immediate happiness or misery of human life." To enter into a philosophical disquisition on the nature of passions and affections, is a task far beyond my abilities. But I think it is not assuming too much when I venture to assert, that the violence of them is in a great degree influenced, and of course may be much restrained by early care and proper education. This being once acknowledged, it surely will not be a difficult thing to prove, that such a restraint and government of them does actually contribute to our future happiness. For these very sentimentalists themselves, these worshippers of extravagant refinement must confess that the identical works whence they draw their favorite theories,

THE LOITERER. 5

theories, exhibit the strongest proofs of their own fallacy. For though these Heroes and Heroines of sentimental memory be only imaginary characters, yet we may fairly presume, they were meant to be probable ones; and hence too we may conclude, that all who adopt their opinions will share their fate; that they will be tortured by the poignant delicacy of their own feelings, and fall the Martyrs to their own Susceptibility. Now, that contrary effects are produced by contrary causes is self evident; but as example is ever more powerful than precept, I shall beg leave to bring forward my own life as the best justification of my sentiments, and give a recital of facts rather than a series of arguments.

In the following account of myself, Mr. Loiterer, expect neither variety of incident, or excentricity of conduct, since mediocrity and contentment were ever my sole wishes; and to prove the acquisition of them compatible with the common occurrences of human life, is the purport of my present letter. My Father had by devoting the early part of his life to the strictest attention to business, realized sufficient to have indulged his age in affluent indolence; but what necessity first compels us to undertake, habit often induces us to persevere in, long after the necessity is removed. This was exactly my Father's case; nor do I think it less
praise

praise worthy than it is natural; since in no situation could he have been so respectable, and in no line of life could he have enjoyed opulence so becomingly as in that where he had acquired it. But though he was content himself to live a Citizen of London, yet parental partiality, and perhaps a secret desire of aggrandising his family, determined him to endeavour at making his only child an elegant Scholar, an accomplished Politician, and a future Member of the first Senate in the World. I had accordingly the honour of being whipped into a competent knowledge of two dead languages in the company of Lords and Right Honourables, at one of the most fashionable public schools in the kingdom. Possessing naturally a good constitution, and an almost inexhaustible flow of spirits, I was disposed to laugh whenever I could, and cry only where I could not help it. The plan of education, and the number of my companions, tended still more to banish abstracted and unsocial thoughts. Totally taken up with Horace and Virgil in the Morning, and Cricket or Tennis in the Afternoon, I read neither Romances or Novels. I had little time to build castles in the air; I never fancied myself in love, or suspected that I was a Prince in disguise. My vacations were generally spent in London, where the frequent recurrence of public amusements, and the continual intercourse of company, confirmed

confirmed the natural bias of my temper; and I reached the age of eighteen without ever thinking of rivulets or groves, without making a single copy of love verses, or remembering one pretty face a moment after I had seen another. From school I was removed to college in Oxford, where I resided about three years. And let me not miss this occasion of paying the tribute of unfeigned gratitude to that place, and the friends I made in it. Certain am I that the recollection of those three years has often served to check the sigh which the events of succeeding ones would sometimes but too well have justified. And though I grant that a numerous body of young men connected among themselves, and removed from the frown of parental authority, may sometimes accompany each other in temporary extravagance, or even encourage each other to temporary vice; still must I think that the certain advantages of a University Education are greater than the possible evils of it. For a young man may not only form friends for his future years, and gain intelligence for his future profession; but he will likewise see what he ought to avoid by feeling what he has to repent of. It is in short a rehearsal of life; he is sufficiently in the world to make a trial of himself, and yet has it still in his power to reform or to change his subsequent character.—When I left the University, I flatter myself I brought away
from

3 THE LOITERER.

from it a constitution unhurt, and a mind undebauched; my temper too, I think, was not altered; my feelings were neither blunted by sensuality, or tortured by too sentimental and exquisite a refinement. Thus disposed to like all around me, yet cautious to love but few, I complied with my Father's will, and my own inclination, in setting out on the grand tour; and left my country, if not with pleasure, at least without pain, because I hoped to return better informed concerning others, and more content with my own.

The first place at which I stopped was of course Paris, and here I determined to take a view of the French nation; concluding, that in the Metropolis I should find an epitome of the whole. Being amply provided with recommendatory letters, and seriously wishing to profit by them, I found it not a difficult task to acquire an extensive acquaintance among the gayest and most fashionable circles. And to this it was owing that I very soon found myself deeply engaged in an adventure, the event of which I must beg leave to lay before my readers as they will find it the primary foundation of my present opinions, and the indirect cause of all my subsequent happiness.—At one of the *petits soupers* of M. de T——, I happened to sit next to the elegant Marquise de la V——e. My being a stranger was sufficient to interest her curiosity, and
my

THE LOITERER.

9

my ignorance of the French language a plea for exerting her politeness. Grateful, young, and *bien Etourdi*, what wonder that I should feel myself charmed by her attentions, and profess my desire of returning them. In France such a profession ensures its own success; and I found myself more intimate with my new friend in the space of three days, than I could have been with most English women in as many years.

M. de la Marquise was a coquet, but she was an accomplished one. Possessing at once quick observation and correct judgment, she had the address to secure the heart without alarming the reason. Equally careful to conceal the forwardness of direct invitation, and to suppress the saucy sallies of caprice, the only character she offered to the world was unguarded generosity, and exquisite sensibility. Affecting to deprecate the arts of our sex, and to defy the malice of her own, she pretended to fling herself on the honour of her lovers; and, under the specious terms of unbounded confidence, and romantic refinement, glossed over the excess of voluptuousness. Thus did this consummate Hypocrite give to her very frailties the stamp of Virtue, and affect to sacrifice at the shrine of disinterested Love, in the very moments that she was gratifying vanity without discrimination, and passion without preference. Relying on my own discernment,

10 THE LOITERER.

discernment, and confident of my own strength, I entered into engagements without reluctance, because I thought that I could break them at pleasure. But let no man presume to say, "So far and no farther will I play with my passions." Their violence is too fluctuating for foresight to prevent, and their reign too absolute for philosophy to controul. Seduced by pleasure, rather than deluded by sophistry, I continued to advance whilst I was resolving to withdraw, and verged upon the precipice till my feet had well nigh slipped.—But Fortune preserved me when Prudence was discarded. La Marquise, either attracted by the novelty of the conquest, or desirous of rousing the jealousy of my rivals, or from some other equally commendable reason, devoted so considerable a share of her attentions to me, that her conduct was soon the topic of public discussion; and a young French officer, who thought himself unjustly neglected, threw out some reflections on her character in a manner too public to be unnoticed, and too sarcastic to be forgiven. My fair friend by turns raved, wept, and fainted; at length after innumerable protestations of her honour and her love, concluded with the modest request that I would cut the throat of her calumniator. But however I might have hitherto shut my eyes against common sense, and consented to make my reason subservient to my vanity, such a
thunderbolt

thunderbolt could not but sufficiently awake me. As my sentiments concerning single combat were not totally *a la Françoise*, I did not see any necessity of risking my life against every random shaft of rumour. The more especially as there was reason to think, that her accuser had some grounds for his insinuations; since a few weeks before my arrival, he was known to have been the warmest of her admirers, and the highest in her confidence. Accordingly summoning to my assistance all the courage, and all the French I could collect, I professed the highest admiration of her virtues, and the sincerest confidence in her honour. I execrated the calls of business, and lamented the injunctions of parental authority, which, in a few hours, would tear me from all I loved; but assured her, I should be charmed at my return to fling myself at her feet once more, and renew the vows of my profoundest homage. Having finished my harangue, I left the house with the utmost rapidity.—Eager to secure my retreat, and to avoid the possibility of a relapse, I set out for Italy that very day, not a little pleased with having cut the knot which I could never have untied.—Of La Marquise I have since heard, that she once condescended to mention me under the name of “*Le Garçon Anglois, sans foi, and sans cœur.*” How far I deserve such a title must be determined by my readers;

readers; who, I hope, will not be surprised, that where I professed no esteem, I could bestow little affection; nor prevail on myself to be jealous of the person, where I despised the principle.

E.

[To be continued in our next.]

28 MR 59

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 48.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 48.

OF THE

COLLECTOR



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

As sold by Messrs. PRINCE & CO. OXFORD;
MELTON, WILSON, & SONS, LONDON; and PARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; M. W. MEYER,
Glasgow; BATH; and Messrs. GOWLAND & SMITH,
READING.

INDICATED

No. XLVIII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, December 26, 1789.

Continued from our last.

THE further I advanced on my journey, the clearer was my perception of the dangers I had encountered, and the greater my self-congratulation at so seasonable an escape. Not but that reflections of this sort were now and then crossed by the remembrance of my own infatuation, and credulity ; for whenever I attempted to trace the progress of *my* error, and to recount the sum of *her* attractions, it could not but increase my astonishment at having so long been charmed by so weak a spell. Such inward examinations however,

VOL. II.

T 2

were

were not without their good effect; for from this moment may I date the rise of those sentiments which have both pointed out, and secured to me my present happiness; from this critical moment have I learned to discover the approaches, and detect the impostures of sentimental Hypocrisy; and have ever since believed and experienced, that durable Contentment is equally removed from the Enthusiasm of Romance, and the Sophistry of Platonism.—But to pursue my narrative.—As I slowly descended the Alps, I found my heart dilate with an ardour easier to be imagined than expressed—I was approaching the sacred Spring of Poetry and Science; was each moment entering on Classic Soil, and looked for a Mantua in the spires of every distant city.—Alas! the lazy, and penurious air of the inhabitants but too soon told me, that Genius and Energy had long since fled to other climates; and the very magnificence of the ruins, which presented themselves on every side, whilst it strained my ideas of ancient Rome to sublimity, sunk modern Italy beneath regard. The whole nation exhibited one melancholy proof of that intimate connection which subsists between political and mental vigour; they were fallen, as they rose, together; and that posterity, which dared not to imitate the patriotism of a Cato, and the prowess of a Cæsar, shall never boast a second Tully,

Tully, or another Virgil. If I entered Italy with inconsiderate rapture, I left it with settled contempt; and though in Germany, I expected to see neither breathing canvas, or living marble; I thought myself certain of finding the originals undebauched by luxury, and unshackled by superstition. "I shall find at least," exclaimed I, "a race of hardy Warriors, and profound Politicians." Opinions drawn from comparison are frequently fallacious, and I soon found that the country I was entering had little cause to boast of superiority over the one I had left behind. The earth was wasted by war, the Peasants oppressed by partial taxes, and Society contracted by the Pride of Individuals, or controuled by the suspicion of a Despot. The policy of Government was inimical alike to the affluence, the freedom, and the security of the subject.—A number of petty Principalities checked each others growth, and blasted the general prosperity. For which reason, the object of each separate state seemed to be not so much to encrease its own authority as to lessen that of its neighbour, on this single principle, that the power which is totally unequal to aggrandise itself, may still be sufficient to impede the rise of others. Equally disgusted with vicious elegance, degenerate taste, and sinister policy, I hurried back to my native country, I hope, a wiser man; I am
sure,

6 THE LOITERER.

sure, a better citizen; as one effect of my travels was the being able to draw an advantageous comparison in favour of that land in which I rejoiced to have been born, and where I hoped to die.— But chiefly was I delighted by the striking superiority which our Women possess both in beauty and manners over those of other nations—an assertion to which all will subscribe who prefer the language of nature and simplicity, to the allurements of capricious coquetry, or dauntless invitation. There are some, I know, who affect to discover bashfulness and rusticity in every English woman, and who exist but in the society of those females who will accept of impudence for ease, and infidelity for spirit. To all such people do I wish, as the properest punishment, the attainment of their own desires, since experience best will teach them, that she who does not court the esteem of her Lover, will soon neglect the honour of her Husband. With a heart so prejudiced in favour of my fair country women, it was very natural for me soon to attach myself to one of them. A marriage which built its prospect of happiness more on equality of temper, and conviction of mutual worth, than romantic affection, could not well be an unfortunate one: in the present instance I am sure that circumspection has been abundantly recompensed by its consequence, contentment.

Ease

THE LOITERER.

7

Ease and tranquility have seldom been strangers to my family, and I have glided down the stream of life, equally removed from the disappointment which usually attends enthusiastic Love, or the apathy which too often accompanies the wearisome round of domestic occupations.—It is true, that the parent, whose affection had first procured me the advantages of an elegant education at home, and afterwards added that of an extensive knowledge of countries abroad, was not a little eager to see me become a member of that House, a seat in which he had ever looked upon as the properest field for exertion; and where merit, if there were any, was sure of being rewarded. But the very means which he took to qualify me for that honour, were the cause of my refusing it. Having been so long used by continual travel to consider myself merely a spectator in the Region of Politics, I could not without lessening my imagined independence resign the character of a Citizen of the World, or withdraw my efforts from the service of all mankind to concenter them in the interests of a Faction. For as to parliamentary neutrality, my own heart but too well informed me, that where I loved the man, I could never have condemned his measures. Yet though averse to a public life, I was resolved not to live an idle one; being perfectly convinced, that he who does no-
thing,

thing, does ill.—There is but one profession in which ease ceases to be idle, and retirement inactive. In the service of Religion, it is not impossible to be disengaged from the hurry of the world, and yet busied in promoting its welfare. It is now twenty-five years since I took Orders, not I flatter myself because I was found *fit* for nothing else, but because I thought nothing could so well fix me in the practice of my own duties as the frequent enculcating theirs to others. From the external gifts of Fortune too, if I gain some additon to my happiness, I may also derive some security of my virtue; for my income, though sufficient with common œconomy to supply all the comforts of life, is fortunately still so contracted as to deny the indulgence of any superfluity. Thus neither distressed by the probability of want, or elated by the security of affluence, I have no inducement to augment my possessions by sordid parsimony, or squander them in criminal excess.

In addition to the affection of my Matilda, and the discharge of my profession, I have other ties which endear me to life, and other gifts which demand my gratitude to Heaven.—I am an old man, Mr. Loiterer; perhaps when I speak of my children a weak one; and yet I think, that “all my sons are noble, and all my daughters virtuous.”

May

THE LOITERER. 9

May the latter imitate their mother; and, as the education of the former is my peculiar province, so shall it be my peculiar care.—They shall be consecrated to the service of their country. If I can effect it, they shall be dauntless soldiers, and peaceful citizens. This at least they shall *not* be; the abettors of licentious fashion, or the victims of vicious refinement. How far this long story of myself, Sir, should you think it worth the publishing, may be either entertaining or useful to your readers, is not for me to determine; and were I to be instantly transported to the *Palais de Verité*, and there made to explain the motives which induced me to write this letter, I might perhaps be brought to confess, that the love of hearing myself talk, even if it be but by proxy, has made me thus generous of precept, and prodigal of advice. But a genuine confession of every single motive where many co-operate is not always prudent, or necessary; and however self love may have made me arrogant, or prolix, I both hope and think, Mr. Loiterer, that I had some other and better motive for taking up so much of your time. I wished from my own feelings, and by my own example, to persuade all those whose prospects of life are yet opening, and whose happiness or misery is not absolutely determined, that they would be more likely to conduct their future
life

10 THE LOITERER.

life with prudence and virtue, by accepting the certainty of moderate contentment, than by pursuing the shadowy form of exquisite bliss, at the risque of experiencing exquisite misery.

I am, dear Sir, your's, &c. &c.

E—

AURELIUS.

28 MR 59

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE ; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 49.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

MDCCLXXXIX.

No. 49.

OF THE

LOTTERY.



PRINTED BY
W. BENTLEY, 10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
W.C. 2, LONDON.
1851.

No. XLIX.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *January 2, 1790.*

— — — *Tandem fessus dormire viator.*

Incipit.

HOR.

THERE is a kind of active curiosity in the mind of man, which continually prompts him to extend his views beyond the small circle of his own neighbourhood, and renders him desirous of being acquainted with the manners and customs of those, who from difference of climate or education, have each imbibed some peculiar and characteristic habits of thinking. Nor is this thirst for information confined solely to human or even to animated nature, since many are more amused

Vol. II.

U 2

by

by a delineation of the features of a country, than a disquisition on the manners of its inhabitants; and almost all feel gratified by a description of those places which were either celebrated for natural beauty, or have the adventitious advantage of having been the residence of Valour, Learning, or Genius.—Hence the avidity with which travels of every kind are perused, not merely by the Philosopher, the Politician, or the Naturalist, but by those, who having no particular attachment to any one branch of Science, read rather to lose time, than to gain information; in short, by that respectable body of men the *Loiterers*.—And, considering this prevailing rage after knowledge, it is a most fortunate circumstance, that the number of these volumes has increased in proportion to the demand for them, and that so many able-bodied men are found, who voluntarily and chearfully undergo the difficulties, and brave the dangers of travelling, and commit their persons to crazy *Cabriolets*, *Diligences*, and *Gondolas*, for the sake of amusing their countrymen with an account of their adventures.—Not, indeed, that at present there is any necessity for encountering such imminent dangers, in order to obtain the reputation of an Author, since it is now discovered, that our own country, if properly examined, will furnish an almost inexhaustible stock of materials for compositions of this kind;—and a man may pack up
his

his portmantua and himself into the first stage which passes the White Horse Cellar, travel a couple of hundred miles (no matter which way) and, at his return home, produce three very pretty volumes in duodecimo; which, with the addition of a handsome vignette frontispiece, will cut a respectable figure in the booksellers window. So numerous, indeed, are the publications, which, under the title of Northern, Eastern, Western, and Southern tours, have lately made their appearance, that we have fair reason to hope, that in a little time every part of this island will be minutely examined, and accurately displayed to the great edification of all his Majesty's subjects, who may by this means, obtain a tolerable insight into the manners and customs of their most remote countrymen. Thus a native of Thames Street may perhaps be made to comprehend, that there are human beings who exist at the distance of some hundred miles from the Metropolis, and an inhabitant of South Britain acknowledge that there are other eatables besides *sheeps heads* to be procured in Scotland.—A reflection which must give every philanthropic mind the most pleasing sensations. But as human pleasures are always fated to be imperfect, it has been lamented as a misfortune, that travellers should often differ from each other; and, sometimes, from themselves, in the descriptions they draw both of persons and places;

places; a circumstance which must greatly diminish the pleasure of those who read works of this kind with a laudable desire of gaining information.

I know not whether it is from being myself an author, but I confess, that the generality of readers appear to me in this respect to be a little deficient in candour, and to impute the trifling misrepresentations and mistakes they may meet with in works of this kind to a design of deceiving others, when, in reality, they only arose from the writers having been deceived themselves. They should remember, that the same objects sometimes appear differently to the same people, and consequently may often do so to others.—Something in these cases should be allowed to variety of taste, something to diversity of seasons, and still more to the particular state of the traveller's mind arising from the good or ill fortune he has met with in his tour. For instance,—the traveller may have been burned by hot, or drenched by wet weather; his horse may have broken his knees, or he himself suffered in a more tender part;—the turnpike men may have given him bad halfpence, the boys in the streets pelted him, and the chambermaid slapped his face, when he offered to kiss her.—Now it must be owned, that such accidents as these (and what traveller is not liable to them all?) may very naturally have soured his temper; nor can it reasonably

THE LOITERER. 7

reasonably be expected, that he will give the same flattering account of the country and its inhabitants, as the more fortunate adventurer, whose good stars have preserved him from such complicated misfortunes. I would therefore wish *my* readers, whenever in the course of their studies they may meet with contradictions between travellers, would be charitable enough to impute them to some of the above mentioned causes, rather than to any wilful intention of concealment or misrepresentation. I am the more inclined to make this request by the following letters, which I received this Autumn from two of my most intimate acquaintance, who went together to pay a visit to a nobleman of large fortune in a distant country, from whom I had, previous to their departure, exacted a promise, that they would each send me a minute account of the situation of the house and environs, as well as the character and manners of their entertainer.

November the 1st.

My dear friend,

I set down with pleasure to fulfil my promise, not merely because it is a promise, but because I can do it in a manner satisfactory both to you and myself. We arrived, after a pleasant journey, within sight of this venerable mansion on Wednesday

day evening, and never do I remember being so struck with the *coup d'oeil* of any place in my life. C—— Castle is one of those few remaining gothic edifices, whose grand and spacious rooms seem to mock the frippery stile of our modern noblemens houses; and, unlike them too, is comfortably placed in a bottom, securely sheltered by a range of sheep downs and romantic cliffs, (whose tops are veil'd in fogs) from the North and East winds, and open only to the South, where the eye is carried over a woody lawn to a considerable lake, terminated by a most picturesque village, which, half lost in elm hedge rows, shuts the prospect.— Such is the place from whence I now write; but what shall I say of its owner? Candid, sincere, generous, hospitable; Lord C—— has not a failing except that trifling attachment to family, for which few have so good an apology as himself. Never so happy as when surrounded by his friends and neighbours, he takes care to have his house constantly filled with the best company in the county; in which he is so much and so justly beloved, that it is almost universally believed, that his brother will be returned at the next general election without the least opposition whatever. Nothing can be more pleasant than our way of life here; the morning is spent in the diversions of the field, or in riding or walking with the ladies by those who are not sportsmen; at dinner we all meet,

THE LOITERER. 9

meet, and the evening passes away in the most social, yet not intemperate manner. Charles R. who came with me, (you know his failing) took offence at something, and left us last week. As for myself, I am so comfortably settled here, that you must not expect me to come back to college commons in a hurry. Remember, however, that wherever I am, I shall always be,

Your's sincerely,

E. H.

P. S. I had almost forgot to tell you, that his Lordship has already written to the Minister in my behalf, and assures me, that I may depend on the place as soon as it falls.

London, November 20th.

Dear ——,

I should sooner have complied with your injunctions had I been able to perform it, but really my spirits were so hurried by the various torments which attend the keeping *great* company, that I required some little time to recover myself.—I do not in the least wonder that Ned H—— should have given you a pompous account of Lord C—— and his place;—poor fellow! he is easily satisfied,

fied, and, perhaps, it is as well for him that he is so. You, who know him, will not therefore be surpris'd when I tell you, that C—— Castle is a wretched, irregular, heavy, and rambling pile of building, whose front presents you with nothing but pointed gable ends, and windows where the stone predominates over the glass in a most unfair proportion. Of the back front I cannot speak, as I never trusted myself within fifty yards of it for very good reasons. The situation of this precious mansion is, if possible, worse, and is, indeed, the *sink* of the whole country; it is particularly calculated to catch the water which descends in streams from a long ridge of naked and barren hills, on whose tops it is either rain or fog eight months in the year. The only prospect it can boast is over a lawn, or paddock, or goose common, for each name is equally applicable; at the end of which is a *swampy fen*, which his Lordship's friends are so obliging as to call a lake, and the whole scenery is terminated by a miserable hamlet, whose ragged cottages present the mind with no other image than those of want, cold, and wretchedness. As for Lord C——, he is like most other great men, proud of his family without reason, and without pretending to one. His generosity consists in giving away money which he cannot spend, and provisions which he cannot consume; and he proves his hospitality by getting together

THE LOITERER. 41

together a house full of company, (in which, by the way, he is not over nice) with whom he passes his whole time in the alternate states of exercise and inebriety.—In this plan he is also confirmed by the idea, that he is securing an interest for his brother against the next vacancy for the county, for which (as I am told by those who are in the secret) he has not the most distant chance.—In such a place, and with such people, you cannot wonder if my stay was short; but I know not whether I ought not to have told you, that I soon found that my hopes of preferment were very fallacious;—one of the livings being already given away, notwithstanding his promise to my uncle, and the other intended for the son of a dirty attorney, who can command about a dozen votes for the county. To any other than yourself I should scarce have mentioned this at all; but you know *me* too well to suppose, *that* could have in the least warp'd *my* judgment, or rendered me a severer critic than I should otherwise have been. Wishing that you may never have any thing to do with *Great Men*,

I remain, your's,

C—.

J. M.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 50.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.



No. L.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY, January 9, 1790.

O Cives, Cives, quærenda pecunia primum est.—HOR.

IT has been usually deemed a fortunate circumstance for the cause of Virtue, that there are some good qualities in which even the opinion of the World will not excuse our deficiency. Of these general passports to the favor of mankind, each age has its particular favorites; but however the fashionable morality of the day may vary with times and circumstances, all agree in requiring some leading traits of character which may palliate, if not excuse, our particular defects. In the last century nothing so effectually secured our Reputation against the attacks of Slander, as a strict regard to propriety in our conversation, our behaviour, and even our dress: Provided these external

appearances were preserved, few concerned themselves about our good temper, liberality, or candour. And in consideration of our passing one day of the week in a rigid abstinence from every species of enjoyment, we were good-naturedly permitted to spend the remaining six as we pleased. At present we seem to profess a very different system of Ethics; certainly not too observant of the Form, we flatter ourselves that we are more attentive to the substance of Virtue; and while we modestly give up all claim to a nice propriety of conduct and behaviour, we pride ourselves on our superior proficiency in those qualities which conduce most to the happiness of Society. Amongst these *Generosity* has long and justly occupied the highest rank, not only because it is an indication of an open and enlarged understanding, but because it is a quality often found extremely convenient to our Friends.

To deny the prevalence or depreciate the merit of a Virtue, on which the present Age so universally piques itself, and on whose exertion many individuals found their sole pretensions to a good Character, may appear, perhaps, neither a candid or a prudent undertaking; yet a regard to Truth obliges me to declare, that in my opinion, we a little over-rate our merit in this particular, and that, in spite of our boasting, the present Age is neither more generous or more charitable than the last. It is true indeed, that they whose unfortu-

nate

nate situation renders them in want of immediate and temporary relief, rarely fail to obtain it; on the contrary, a Tale of Woe always finds an attentive and a pitying audience even amongst the mixt circle of the dissipated and the thoughtless—the laugh of pleasure is for a moment stopt, every purse is drawn out, and every hand is extended to contribute to the comfort of a fellow creature. Yet let it be remembered, that of those who thus give, some are generous through ostentation, others profuse from levity, and that as neither take the smallest pains to examine whether the object be deserving, or the story true, they can have little claim to pride themselves on their *Generosity*, since the former merely lay down a certain sum, to receive in return a certain portion of applause; and the latter only fling away that for which they have no value. Even on the most favorable construction, it rather proves *Feeling* than *Generosity*; since after the momentary impression was over, it would, I believe, be equally difficult to obtain from either, any serious and permanent assistance, or to draw off, for the purposes of useful liberality, any material part of those sums which are devoted to the demands of Pride or Pleasure. But that I may not appear to my Readers deficient in Candour, let me relate to them a few circumstances, which have induced me to form so unfavorable an opinion of modern *Generosity*.

It was my fate (not long before the commencement of this Work) to be Curate of a large Village at no great distance from the Metropolis, in which some few of the inhabitants were very anxious for the establishment of a Sunday School; but as they were themselves neither numerous or wealthy, it was found necessary to ask the assistance and contributions of their richer neighbours, in order to forward the execution of a plan which would have been equally beneficial to the whole Parish. This office, from my situation, I was judged the most proper person to undertake. And as the demand on each individual was trifling, and the neighbourhood was at once populous and opulent, I made no doubt of success. — For the first time therefore in my life, (and I sincerely hope it may be the last) I made the tour of my acquaintance, in order to beg money.

My first visit was to the Villa of Sir Charles Courtley. — He received me with his usual politeness, and after having heard my request with the most condescending smile of complacence, — “My dear Sir,” (said he) “Your Zeal for the instruction of these poor children does you the highest honor; the cultivation of the human mind is indeed peculiarly becoming your office. I am sure the whole parish think themselves extremely happy in having so good and so learned a Clergyman. — But my good Friend you do yourself great injustice by con-
fining

fining your abilities to a place like this. Genius, such as your's, is absolutely buried here. What a pity you are not known to the Chancellor!—What little assistance I can be of in recommending so much merit to the notice of the world, I am sure I shall be happy.”—He was proceeding in his harangue with great fluency, when I interrupted him, by saying, that I felt the sincerest gratitude for his good intentions with regard to myself; but that at present, I should be still more obliged by the exertion of his Benevolence in the cause, for which I was so much interested.—“My assistance! most undoubtedly I shall be happy to contribute my mite towards so useful an establishment!—but do not you think application should be made to the Bishop? I dare say his Lordship would stand forward, and (looking at his watch) bless me, I had no idea how late it was! I beg pardon; but my carriage is coming round in a few minutes, will you give me leave to set you down any where?”

As I was already sufficiently *set down* I declined his offer, and hastened away to the house of a family with whom I had for some time lived in the greatest intimacy, and who were exactly in that middle state of life which, equally removed from the extremes of luxury and distress, is usually supposed most favorable to the improvement of the generous and foster affections.—Unluckily, neither the Father or Mother were at home, and I was shewn into the dressing room

room at the instant when their two daughters (who were by the way very pretty girls) were in a most interesting dispute on some ornament of female dress : The moment I entered the room, and before the door was shut, they both exclaimed, oh ! dear Mr. —, you are come just in the moment when we were wishing for you, you shall determine the dispute between my Sister and myself ; the matter was of course laid open, and though it was a dangerous attempt, I contrived to give such a verdict as was agreeable to both parties. The moment this discussion was finished, I endeavoured to introduce the subject of my embassy ; but before I could get through the first sentence, the youngest suddenly cried out, oh Louisa ! what do you think ? They say that Captain M— is really going to be married to Miss L—. Do *you* believe it Mr. — ? This of course gave us a fresh subject for conversation, and it was not till after we had thoroughly examined this important point, that I could even attempt to mention my projected scheme. At last, however, out it came, — they heard me with an attention which was distracted by nothing but feeding the Canary Bird, patting the Lap Dog, and occasionally running to the Window to see some one who was going by. But let me do them justice, they both grew serious towards the conclusion of my harangue, and the youngest had actually put her hand into her pocket, when

when the door flew open, and in rushed a large and young troop of each Sex, who were come to intreat them to join their party in a walk. As I saw my little chance of success was now entirely gone, I took my leave, and repaired to the house of the grave and learned Sophronia, a maiden Lady of fortune, whose good graces I had gained by a most submissive and flattering attention to her long and grave disquisitions on the most difficult points of Philosophy, History, Theology, and Mathematics, to which, notwithstanding her readiness to oblige her friends, she seldom found her friends disposed to listen. As Sophronia was not quite so flippanant as my last neighbours, I found no interruption during the explanation I was giving of the plan we proposed to follow in the formation and government of this seminary. After drawing up her features into a look of the deepest penetration, she replied, "And do you really suppose, Mr. —, that a plan of this kind would be of service to the community?" Most certainly Madam, (I answered) if an increase of knowledge and reformation of manners in the lower orders of society is allowed to be beneficial, this scheme has a fair claim to the assistance of every well-wisher to their Country. To give the *entire* answer of the grave Sophronia, would much exceed the limits of my paper. Suffice it to say, that she entered so deeply into the nature of human society, so clearly displayed the necessity of

of preserving the different ranks from encroaching on each other, and made so many pertinent remarks on the ill consequences of encouraging learning among the common people, that she well-nigh convinced me that by endeavouring to instruct a few harmless and innocent children, I was doing an action which would be highly detrimental to the rising generation.

Tired with listening to arguments which I could not comprehend, and words without meaning, I left her to feast her mind with the contemplation of her superior powers of Eloquence, and resolved to make my next attempt in the family of Mrs. Notable, whose disposition, if it was not very favorable to the success of my enterprise, would, I thought at least save me from the torment of needless altercation. — I was right in my conjecture, she neither examined or wished to examine the merits of the cause, but satisfied herself by saying “She paid a great deal every year for poors rates, and she did not know any *right* they had to expect any thing more from her.”

Various, in short, were the modes as well as the motives of refusal which I experienced in the course of my tour. According to the temper, the manners, or the situation of those whom I addressed. — Sometimes the rising compassion of the Wife was checked by a surly ejaculation of the Husband, and at others the intended generosity of the Husband
damped

damped by a prudent nod from his Wife. In one resolution, however, they all finally agreed — not to part with a single penny.

Wearied, at length, with fruitless expostulation, and disgusted by repeated disappointment, I was quietly walking home, meditating on the *Generosity* of the Age, when I saw my neighbour, Mr. Humphrey Discount, sitting at the door of his country house, smoking his pipe, and enjoying the dust, which then rose in a glorious cloud from the western road, and marked the track of one of the Mail Coaches.

Whether it was from Caprice or Curiosity, I know not, but I could not resist making one effort more ; and, after the common forms of salutation, opened my business to him as clearly and as concisely as I could. — He heard me, apparently, with the most earnest attention, not unmixed with a share of surprize ; and as soon as he found I had concluded, with great deliberation took his pipe out of his mouth, and after shaking out the Ashes, replied, “ And pray, Sir, what am I to gain by this ? ” “ You will gain, Sir,” (answered I) “ the satisfaction of knowing that you have laid out your money well ; you will gain the pleasing reflection of having increased the knowledge, and consequently the happiness of your fellow creatures ; and you will gain the comfort of preserving your garden and premises unmolested by the idle and mischievous youth of the lower ranks,

ranks, of whose depredations I have sometimes heard you complain." — To this Speech, which, like all great Orators, I had endeavoured to wind up, by an artful appeal to his passions, he made the following answer, with which I shall conclude this number.

" Why, Sir, as to laying out money well, I believe I know where to place my money as safe as any man in the Alley ; aye, and make as much of it too :—With regard to what you was saying about knowledge and happiness and all that, it is all very well in its proper place ; but I make it a rule never to think of those sort of things out of Church,—and as for preserving my garden, I have just bought a couple of steel-traps, and I warrant the young rascals will keep clear of my premises by the time I have broke two or three of their legs. —So, Sir, you see there is no necessity for laying out my money in this here Scheme.—And if I might be so bold as to offer you a bit of advice in return, I should recommend it to you to mind your own business, and endeavour to get a little cash of your own, instead of running about the country begging other people's ; or else (take my word for it) you will never be worth sixpence as long as you live.

28 MR 59

S.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE ; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 51.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

No. LI.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *January 16, 1790.*

Vagor aspectu, visumque per omnia duco.



AMONG the acquirements which have attracted the curiosity, and employed the observation of modern Readers and modern Writers, none have been pursued with more interesting eagerness, or less real satisfaction, than the Science of Physiognomy. So fashionable indeed have investigations of this nature become, that if the very best founded Hypotheses carried but half as much truth in their application, as they imply absurdity in their invention, the world would long since have got rid of all its superfluous inhabitants; and both Poets, and Pick-pockets, Prudes, and Prostitutes, in short all those who have too much cunning or too little money, would, I doubt not, have been shipped off with the very first cargo of Convicts to Botany Bay. Since immediately

mediately from our birth might be discovered in our faces the weakness of our Heads, or the baseness of our Hearts, and by a little well timed severity, there might be removed from the face of the Earth (*sub ovo*) the two greatest nuisances to Public Advantage, or Private Society, viz. the Men of Genius without Fortune, and the Women of Character without Virtue.—But to return to my subject. As the reputation, if not the very existence of a Periodical Paper depends upon the expedition with which it announces to the world every turn of Fashion, and every change of Taste, perhaps the Loiterer may incur some blame for having so long delayed any remarks upon this reigning passion for feature-hunting. But let me assure my Readers, that so extraordinary a silence did not proceed from any disapprobation of it, on the contrary, I think it a very commendable and innocent amusement, equally beneficial to the observed and the Observer, since it will teach them both to disguise the expression of their own features, and suspect that of every body else; a caution which cannot be too often inculcated into the breasts of young people, and which the old ones (to do them justice) now a-days seem to be fully sensible of.—But independant of the serious advantages which may be derived from perfecting the Science of Physiognomy, it is productive of much entertainment; and if we consider it merely as the amusement of an idle hour, which cannot be better fill-

ed up than by pulling a face to pieces, as children do their play-things, to see what they are made of. For which reason I have even endeavoured to extend the scope of this Science, so as to comprehend, not only the features, the voice, or the person, but even the personal accomplishments, and perhaps the discriminating niceties of Dress. A thought of this kind first struck me on my being requested to accompany the family (with whom I spent part of the last Vacation) to an Assembly of Cards and Dancing at a neighbouring provincial Town. On my alledging that I was a very lukewarm Dancer, and had *really* sprained my ankle a few days before, I remember Mr. B——'s saying, “As to your dancing, you may do as you please, as Gentlemen will not be wanting; I will engage, however, to get you a good Rubber of Whist; or if you don't like that, you can at worst but make some *Mems* of the queerest figures you see there, and bring them into the Loiterer bye and bye. What was said, I believe in joke, was taken in earnest. I accordingly went, and being pre-informed that it would be a very mixed assembly, I promised myself no small degree of Amusement in my new occupation.

The company were nearly all collected at nine o'clock in a large room, which they called the Town-Hall, but which I should have thought had been built for the County-Goal; I soon found, however, that the ruggedness of the floor, the
dust

dust of the ceiling, and the grease of the wainscot, were easy to be accounted for, as a gentleman (who officiated as Master of the Ceremonies in his public character, and, as I afterwards found, baked the Rolls for Tea in his private one) was kind enough to inform me, that though the Corporation made a point of always lending their Room to the Ladies once in the month, yet I must not be surpris'd at the appearance of it, "for, Sir," exclaimed my Conductor, "in addition to the daily diversions of examining every dirty Poacher and diseased Vagrant we can lay our hands upon, it was but last night that Sir Courtly Canvas gave a grand Dinner to all the free and independent Electors of this Borough: We kept a debate upon Bribery and Corruption till half past four this morning, so that there has not been time to get the Room quite in order."

After about half an hour spent in necessary preparations on all sides, the Ladies being employed in tying up their trains, the Gentlemen in recapitulating the circumstances of the morning's hunt, and the Orchestra in the melodious discord of tuning their violins; the Ball was opened by Miss Mac Herring, the daughter of an eminent Fishmonger, the Mayor of the Town. For some time I could not guess why Miss M. should take precedence over several married Women who were standing up, till Mr. B—— informed me, that Miss Mac Herring was a Sprig of Nobility; "A
decayed

6 THE LOITERER.

decayed one, I confess," said he, " Her father married the illegitimate daughter of an attainted Scotch Laird. But after all, if it gives her any pleasure to expose herself to all her acquaintance, I am sure I would be the last person in the world to put her in mind, that her grandfather was a Traitor, or her grandmother a W——." So saying, he went off to the vacant seat of a card-table, and left me to my meditations.

The first remarkable thing which struck my observation was the figures of two young men who stood next to each other, and who were not more opposite in their mode of Dress, than in their method of Behaviour. The Gentleman who stood highest in the Dance wore strings in his shoes, his hair combed negligently through, his neckcloth as thick as a poltice, and his watch in his waistcoat pocket. He danced as though he had rather have stood still, and looked at his partner as if he wished it had been his hunter. He was generally a note or two behind the tune, yet frequently clapping his hands to make the music play faster, at the same time diversifying his behaviour by affecting to whisper in the ear of any one who passed him, and immediately bursting out into a broad laugh. After this description of the one, I need only beg my readers to reverse it and they will have an accurate idea of the other. His cloaths were not distinguished by any thing very fashionable either in their make or colour, but they were put on with such studied exactness,

THE LOITERER.

7

actness, and worn with so much apprehensive caution, that I was perfectly convinced the article of dress was a luxury he by no means too frequently indulged in. Nor could I help observing, that more than once he wiped his shoes with a white pocket handkerchief, a circumstance often noted in your very nice people, who are, by the bye, of all others the nastiest in the world. — But to return to the Gentleman under consideration, if his dress and air, when standing still, favoured a little of freshness, the moment he began to dance I was perfectly satisfied that he was indeed a very new edition, and recent from the press. Though he could not be elegant, yet he was resolved to be exact in his motions. In vain might his Partner ask him a question; in vain might the surrounding Dancers stand in his way, still this indefatigable Caperer pursued his road, and arrived safe at the bottom of the room without having missed a single Couple, or omitted the hundredth variation of a Step. — After a little reflection on the very different appearance which the same innate principle of *Puppyism* puts on in different tempers, I was convinced, that both he who could not Dance at all, and the other who could do nothing else, must be of the same original, though transplanted into opposite soils. I imagined that the former was spoilt by having known too much of the world, and the latter by having seen too little. The one had met with various models of Fashion, all of which he adopted without sense
to

decayed one, I confess," said he, " Her father married the illegitimate daughter of an attainted Scotch Laird. But after all, if it gives her any pleasure to expose herself to all her acquaintance, I am sure I would be the last person in the world to put her in mind, that her grandfather was a Traitor, or her grandmother a W——." So saying, he went off to the vacant seat of a card-table, and left me to my meditations.

The first remarkable thing which struck my observation was the figures of two young men who stood next to each other, and who were not more opposite in their mode of Dress, than in their method of Behaviour. The Gentleman who stood highest in the Dance wore strings in his shoes, his hair combed negligently through, his neckcloth as thick as a poltice, and his watch in his waistcoat pocket. He danced as though he had rather have stood still, and looked at his partner as if he wished it had been his hunter. He was generally a note or two behind the tune, yet frequently clapping his hands to make the music play faster, at the same time diversifying his behaviour by affecting to whisper in the ear of any one who passed him, and immediately bursting out into a broad laugh. After this description of the one, I need only beg my readers to reverse it and they will have an accurate idea of the other. His cloaths were not distinguished by any thing very fashionable either in their make or colour, but they were put on with such studied exactness,

actness, and worn with so much apprehensive caution, that I was perfectly convinced the article of dress was a luxury he by no means too frequently indulged in. Nor could I help observing, that more than once he wiped his shoes with a white pocket handkerchief, a circumstance often noted in your very nice people, who are, by the bye, of all others the nastiest in the world. — But to return to the Gentleman under consideration, if his dress and air, when standing still, favoured a little of freshness, the moment he began to dance I was perfectly satisfied that he was indeed a very new edition, and recent from the press. Though he could not be elegant, yet he was resolved to be exact in his motions. In vain might his Partner ask him a question; in vain might the surrounding Dancers stand in his way, still this indefatigable Caperer pursued his road, and arrived safe at the bottom of the room without having missed a single Couple, or omitted the hundredth variation of a Step. — After a little reflection on the very different appearance which the same innate principle of *Puppyism* puts on in different tempers, I was convinced, that both he who could not Dance at all, and the other who could do nothing else, must be of the same original, though transplanted into opposite soils. I imagined that the former was spoilt by having known too much of the world, and the latter by having seen too little. The one had met with various models of Fashion, all of which he adopted without sense
to

8 THE LOITERER.

to discriminate any ; the other had seen none, and wanted genius to establish an Original. — I need hardly, after this, tell my readers that I found, upon enquiry, they were the two Sons of a Country Tradesman ; the one neglected at Oxford, the other employed at home. The eldest a Scholar of — College ; the youngest educated in the Shop. The former has, by the length of his Bills, the shortness of his boots, and the strength of his head, carried off the title of a “ Damn’d good Fellow,” whilst the latter has, by the lowness of his bows, the volubility of his tongue, and spruceness of his person, gained the reputation of “ A mighty good sort of a young Man.”

From these two personages, I turned my eyes to a couple who were that moment beginning the Dance, and whose appearance attracted my curiosity in no small degree. The Lady seemed, when I saw only the back-front, a fine young woman dressed in the height of elegant profusion, with beautiful long tresses hanging down in artless ringlets to her waist ; but when she turned round and presented me a view of her face, I found myself somewhat in an error. Her complexion naturally not of the clearest, had evidently been improved by the genial influence of a warmer climate, so that it was hard to say whether the brown or the yellow predominated. Her teeth might have been good once, but they were gone, her brow was wrinkled, and her cheeks were furrowed. Though she could hardly

THE LOITERER.

hardly totter about the room, still she appeared to enjoy a Dance more than the youngest Girl in company. — Her partner's face gave evident proof that he was not so well satisfied with her performance as she herself appeared to be. Disgust and impatience were pretty visible in every feature of that unfortunate youth, who being of that doubtful age when we think ourselves men, and all the rest of the world think us boys, cast wishful eyes on many of the surrounding damsels, and seem'd to say, "What have I done that I should be tied to such a piece of antiquated Puerility!" — I of course immediately took it for granted that he was a distant cousin to his fair companion, who had therefore fastened on him in pure compassion, that he might enjoy a Dance or two; or, perhaps, Mamma might have told him that he ought to stand up with his relation. On communicating my suspicions to B—, who was just come to me after finishing his rubber, I was informed, that in spite of my deep observation I had not guessed half the absurdity before me. "That Lady and her partner are much nearer related than you imagine," said my friend, "they are Mother and Son I assure you; nay, don't be surpris'd, but think yourself well off that she did not ask you to Dance, for, like a recruiting serjeant, she is apt to cast her eyes on every proper made man; and as to introduction — why now a days the less ceremony the more politeness you know!" — I could scarcely believe that my friend was not de-

ceiving me, 'till he seriously assured me that the above-mentioned lovely matron was afflicted with such a furor saltandi, that more than once he had seen her Dance with her own husband, — that indeed made me believe any thing —.

Tea now made its appearance, and the whole room was soon occupied by long tables and green benches, whilst each well-dressed beau was endeavouring to squeeze himself in next to his favorite belle. It was curious indeed to observe how full one end of the table was, whilst the other was occupied only by grave Grandmamma, or a couple of profound politicians, more intent on their argument than their company; — but in the midst of this tumult one party attracted my observation in a more than usual manner. — A Lady and gentleman, both of them young, handsome, and in appearance, more fashionable than the rest, had occupied a smaller table in one corner of the room, and by the disposition of their chairs contrived to cut off the rest of the company and enjoy solitude in the midst of a mob. Their conversation seemed interesting, for they seldom turned their heads to look about them, and on the whole there appeared on both sides such an elegant politeness and solicitude that I could not doubt but a real and tender attachment engrossed their thoughts and discourse. On applying to my friend for satisfaction on the subject, I was informed that the Lady and Gentleman in question were Mr. and Mrs. S—, people

people of fortune and fashion, whose attendance at the ball could only be owing to an interest which he wished to establish in the Corporation previous to the approaching election. What a happy Couple, I exclaimed; how rarely, my friend, do we meet with such evident yet delicate marks of attention from a husband to a wife! Very rarely indeed, retorted B——, with a dry sneer.—His Look did not escape me; he saw I wanted an explanation, and proceeded thus: That Mr. and Mrs. S—— are a happy Couple, as you just observed, I do not doubt, indeed who can, for they have been married these five years, during which period, neglect on his side, and infidelity on hers, has made them the conversation of the public, the disgrace of their friends, and the curse of each other; a Separation is now agreed on, and in a very few days the Divorce will take place—no wonder they appear with so chearful a countenance.

This *denouement* sickened me of my pursuit. I looked back on my discoveries, and found that in spite of all my sagacity, I had been right only once in three times, which has convinced me, and I think may convince my Physiognomical Readers, that those who judge of the heart from the face, and draw conclusions from external appearance, as they believe without reason, and affirm without proof, so must they often repent their opinions, and retract their assertions. For since the internal feelings are only to be known by the play of the features;

features ; and since on these features are depicted the effects alone of sensation without the cause, who shall be bold enough to say, that very opposite causes may not contract the brow, or dilate the cheek in one and the same manner. Who in short shall safely affirm, that a Man may not be as melancholy at the loss of a Pointer, as at the death of a Parent, or that a Woman may not experience as sincere a joy at being left a *Widow* as in being made a *Wife*.

E——.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE ; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

28 MR 59

No. 52.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD;
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

No. 52.

LOTTERY OF THE



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

JOHN B. BARNES, PRINTER, 10, COCKS LANE, OXFORD.
JOHN B. BARNES, PRINTER, 10, COCKS LANE, OXFORD.
JOHN B. BARNES, PRINTER, 10, COCKS LANE, OXFORD.
JOHN B. BARNES, PRINTER, 10, COCKS LANE, OXFORD.
JOHN B. BARNES, PRINTER, 10, COCKS LANE, OXFORD.

No. LII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, January 23, 1790.

*Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
Than wed the Wretch whom you despise, or hate,
For the vain Glare of useless wealth, or state ;
The most abandoned Prostitutes are they
Who not to Love, but Avarice, fall a prey ;
Nor aught avails the specious name of Wife,
A maid, so wedded, is a Whore for Life.*

LYTETLTON.

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

SIR,

WHILE you have been exerting the united powers of reason and ridicule, to correct the foibles of the Young, I cannot but think it extraordinary that you have never attempted to expose the prejudices of the Old ; since they are

Vol. II.

Z 2

not

not perhaps less numerous or less extensive than the former, and are certainly more prejudicial to society; for the giddy or the foolish actions of Youth can seldom affect any but themselves, whereas the obstinate opinions of Age, when confirmed by power, and exerted with authority, will naturally extend their influence to all their immediate connections. — Of the prejudices which are the subject of my present complaint, the most striking and mischievous is the eagerness with which, in the most important actions of their lives, they endeavour to promote the *Interest* of their Children at the expence of their Sensibility, and the pains which they consequently take to extinguish or suppress, what they are pleased to call *Romantic Ideas*.

That they, whom an ardent affection induces to form indissoluble engagements with too little regard to prudence, may often experience some anxious, uneasy, or even unhappy moments, is not improbable, since it has been suspected that no state or condition of life is quite free from the above inconveniences; yet let it be remembered, that both from Principle and Pride we always exert ourselves best against those evils which we bring on ourselves: And, for most human misfortunes, *Exertion* itself is a remedy. Of this, at least, I am certain, that by pursuing an opposite system of conduct I have missed many enjoyments, and incurred many evils; and have passed a life of restless anxiety or insipid langour, without even
the

the poor consolation of having obtained the object of my pursuit.—I am the eldest Daughter of a Clergyman in the West of England, who contrived to support a wife and six children on the income of two small Livings, and who, though not quite so rich as a Dean or Prebendary, was as happy as the Bishop himself. His income was not indeed large, but his wants were few, and his enjoyments within his reach.—He had a wife who sincerely loved him, and who expressed that love by making his home comfortable. His children were affectionate, and his acquaintance hospitable and neighbourly: not to mention a very considerable share of comfort which he enjoyed from possessing one of the best editions of the Classics, the best breed of Pointers, and the best receipt for brewing *Old Beer* in the kingdom. He was in short one of those men, who thought that “sufficient to the day are the evils thereof,” and provided he was sure of a good fire, a comfortable dinner, and a bottle of the aforesaid liquor one day, never gave himself much concern for what was to happen the next. In this respect my Mother would sometimes differ from him, and could not help occasionally expressing her fears for the future welfare of their Children, for whom they could not expect to make much provision. But this my Father as constantly answered by an axiom, which he had somewhere picked up, that the same *Providence* which brought them into the world, would as certainly assist them

in.

in going through it. — Under this roof, and in the innocent and pleasing occupations of assisting my Mother in nursing my younger Sisters, and managing the little concerns of our Family, I passed the first and happiest years of my life : but before the expiration of the fifteenth, an unexpected incident drew me from a peaceful Asylum which I have never since thought of without a tender regret. — A distant Cousin of my Mother's, of much superior rank and fortune, was at this time advised by her Physicians to repair the devastations of a London Winter, by spending the Summer in some healthy and quiet part of the Country. — As she was very distantly related to my Mother, and had not for some years taken the least notice of our Family, we were rather surprized than pleased at the receipt of a letter, in which (with that happy ease peculiar to high life) she declared her intention of passing some part of the summer at — Parsonage. — Though none of us felt ourselves much flattered by this mark of attention, yet all agreed that a civil answer should be sent, and all hands were at once set to work to new fringe the old damask curtains, and get the best bed-chamber in order for the reception of our Visitor. — For my own part, though far from being void of curiosity, yet conscious of the disadvantages of my country education, I could not look forward without fear and trembling to the arrival of my *Great Cousin*; whom, with the levity of youth, I declared I was sure I should

THE LOITERER.

7

should never like. In this, however, I had the misfortune to be mistaken. For the elegance of her address, the complacency of her smile, and the easy politeness of her manners (so different from the great people I had hitherto seen) with the assistance of a *clear* muslin gown, and a set of feathers, which she presented me with, operated so effectually in her favor, that before she had been in the house three days, I gave it as my opinion, that she was the sweetest woman in the world.

As the superintendence of the family left not my Mother much time to herself, and it was not consonant with *our* notions of Politeness, to let our Visitor ever remain alone, it became my province to divert her during those hours, when the family circle was not assembled. This naturally produced a kind of intimacy. I was her constant attendant in the morning walks she was advised to take for her health; assisted her in her needlework, and occasionally retailed to her the little Anecdotes of rural Tittle Tattle Scandal, which were discovered or invented by the Gossips of the neighbourhood. She *appeared* at least diverted by my endeavours to amuse her, and treated me in return with a long account of the Public Places, the Fashions and the Manners of the Metropolis; and generally concluded her detail with an observation (in which I perfectly agreed with her) “that it was a pity so *Fine a Girl* as myself should be buried in the Country.” — At first I little imagined that she had any particular

particular meaning in making the last-mentioned remark, and was agreeably surpris'd when at the expiration of the Summer, she offer'd to take me with her to Town; hinting at the same time, that my Friends need give themselves no concern about the expences of my education or my future establishment in life.

Had my father and mother consult'd only their own private feelings, they would have negatived this motion without a division; but the scheme propos'd by my Cousin open'd prospects much too flattering to be overlooked by people in their situation. For however philosophically many may despise wealth and distinction, where themselves are concern'd, there are few who are not desirous of obtaining them for their children. — They gave therefore a reluctant though a grateful consent; and a day not far distant was fix'd for our departure. — During this short interval, my good Mother took every opportunity of admonishing me in what manner to conduct myself in various emergencies, of which many were very unlikely ever to happen, and some utterly impossible. To these lectures I gave as much attention as they usually receive from those to whom they are address'd; and whenever the idea of parting from my Friends for a long time came across me, I drove it away by recollecting that I should see a variety of new places, and new people, and that I should have much finer cloaths than my Sisters. — At length the morning

THE LOITERER. 9

morning of our departure came ; and I found the abovementioned rational plan of happiness insufficient to support me in the conflict of parting (for the first time) from all those who were dear to me. — I could answer the tender farewell of my Father and Mother with nothing but tears, which continued to flow, without ceasing, during the first stage of our Journey. Though my Cousin possessed not much sensibility, she perfectly understood what the French call *L'usage du monde*, and therefore forebore to interrupt the first effusions of my grief ; but as soon as it's violence was a little abated, endeavoured to engage my attention by various remarks on the Places through which we passed. Her endeavours were successful, for the passions of youth are seldom lasting. I gradually recovered my usual cheerfulness, and by the time we reached Grosvenor's Square, was in almost as good spirits as herself. I know not, Mr. Loiterer, whether I ought not to have given you the following sketch of my Cousin's life and character earlier in my narrative ; it is, however, at least necessary I should do it now.

The Lady in question possessed one of those common minds which are originally marked with no one predominate feature, and must therefore take their leading and most distinguished Characteristic from the precepts of Education, and the example of Society. *Hers* had not been such as were like to inculcate or encourage very liberal or very refined

refined ideas. The earlier part of her life was passed in a Convent, at *St. Omer's*, which she never quitted 'till the age of eighteen, when she was sent for home, in order to be married to a man of large fortune, to whom, by a family arrangement, her hand had been long destined. — As the relations had taken care to settle every previous particular to *their* satisfaction, the match was concluded immediately after her arrival in England. After having lived together in a happy state of mutual indifference, and reciprocal neglect, during the space of three or four years (for she never could recollect exactly in what year her husband died) she had the misfortune to be left a disconsolate widow, encumbered with a jointure of 1500 a year, which she contrived to spend in the various elegant and rational pleasures, which abound in our enlightened metropolis. — And as she always kept the most fashionable company, it may seem almost needless to observe, that she had imbibed the most fashionable notions with regard to the *establishment*, as she called it, of young women in marriage. — She was perfectly convinced that matrimony was the grand point, to which every young woman should look forward; and that a regard to interest was the only rule by which an offer should be either accepted or refused. In this opinion, indeed, she had the happiness of being kept in countenance by many of her acquaintance; but it was her peculiar *forte* to have reduced the matter to a perfect system.

For

THE LOITERER. 11

For of all the artifices and stratagems, which are used to attract notice, or excite desire, she was a compleat mistress; and always declared, that a Girl who was tolerably handsome might marry almost any man she pleased, provided she was properly brought up, and not suffered to fill her head with nonsensical notions of love. — Such was the person by whose example and lessons my mind was to be formed, and the education she gave me was exactly suited to the opinions she professed. — From the moment I entered her house, every precaution which anxiety could suggest, every artifice which ingenuity could invent, were constantly put in practice, in order to render my complexion clear, my shape elegant, and my manners graceful. And while thus solicitous to improve the charms of my person, (to do her justice) she was by no means inattentive to the cultivation of my mind, well knowing that in this all accomplished age, something more than beauty was necessary. — A long list of French, Music, Singing, Drawing, and Dancing Master's (besides a French Governess) were in consequence retained. The whole morning passed away in their agreeable company, and much of the evening was employed in practising the lessons of the next day. — In this manner, and with no other amusement, than an airing once a week with my Governess, in a carriage with all the windows up, I passed three years, not very much to my mind; but to complain was useless, and I comforted

forted myself with the *distant* prospect of one day enjoying a little more liberty — for it was one of my Cousin's maxims, that a young woman seldom did well who was *brought out* before she was eighteen.

As I have, I fear, already exceeded the limits of your paper, I must give you the conclusion of my narrative at some other opportunity.

In the mean time, I remain,

Your's, &c.

CECILIA.

C.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

28 MR 59

No. 53.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING,

M,DCC,XC.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By Messrs. J. JOHNSON & CO. ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.
AND R. BELL, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.
AND J. JOHNSON, BIRMINGHAM.
AND J. JOHNSON, BATH; and Messrs. COWELL and SMART,
BIRMINGHAM.

No. LIII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *January 30,* 1790.

To the AUTHOR *of the* LOITERER.

TIME, Mr. Loiterer, which brings more difficult things to pass, at last effected my deliverance.—My education was declared by all my masters to be completed, and with an heart agitated by the alternate emotions of hope and fear, I was introduced by my Cousin, for the first time, into a large and brilliant assembly of the young, and the gay. As my person was naturally rather pleasing, as I was then in the bloom of youth, and as every adventitious advantage of dress had been exhausted to render my first impression more striking, you will not think me vain when I tell you that my reception was equal to my own, or my Relation's most sanguine wishes, and that I was flattered with the admiration of *almost* all the men, and the envy of *quite* all the women in company. From this moment I led a life of dress,

Vol. II.

A a 2

parties,

parties, and hurry. Every evening brought its engagement, and every morning was spent in recovering from the fatigue of past, and in making preparations for future dissipation. Yet, amidst the allurements of pleasure, and the intoxication of flattery, I could not help observing, that my charms by no means produced that lasting effect on the hearts of the men, which my Cousin's lessons, or my own vanity, had taught me to expect. Of those whom my first appearance had attached, some presently left me for prettier, or for newer faces, in their turn to be flattered with and left. Not a few grew cool in their addresses as soon as they were informed that I had no fortune, and of those who still continued to flutter about me at public places, there was little reason to imagine that any had very serious intentions. On my remarking this to my Cousin, she allowed that the young men of the present age were *shamefully mercenary* in the affair of choosing a wife; but encouraged me to persevere, by saying, that a girl with my attractions need never despair of having plenty of good offers, if she played her cards well. About this time I received a visit from a young clergyman (the son of a near neighbour) who, having been called to town, by the acquisition of some preferment, took, as he said, the opportunity of renewing an acquaintance which had once given him so much pleasure. Though my Cousin had some reasons which induced her rather

rather to decline than encourage an intimacy between us, yet as he brought a letter from my mother, and appeared to be an old acquaintance of our family, she could not with decency avoid shewing him some civilities; and, during his stay in town, which was much longer than he at first intended, he was constantly in all our parties. As we had formerly carried on a kind of infantine flirtation, and had been perhaps as much in love as it was possible to be at so early an age, you will not wonder, at least I did not, that in the course of a few weeks he became seriously attached to me, and even pleaded his cause with a degree of warmth and sincerity, which I had occasion for all my acquired coldness to withstand. Had I been left to myself indeed, few would have been his obstacles; for I was not naturally either a coquette or a prude. But, convinced of the truth of my Cousin's notions, who had by this time obtained a wonderful ascendancy over me, I immediately referred him to her.—She heard him with attention, and after thanking him with her usual politeness for his good opinion of her *Élevé*, desired a little time to deliberate on his proposals. As she took care to confine these deliberations to the main point of fortune, without attending to any inferior considerations of disposition, temper, or manner, which she rightly conceived would only embarrass the argument, her determination was soon fixed; and the next day she signified her pleasure to me,
that

that I should think no more of him.—“Had you, Cecilia,” said she, “been five or six and twenty, I should have recommended it to you to have accepted him; but as you have so much time before you, I think you may do better.” He was, therefore, dismissed with the common forms of civil refusals; and I was condemned to pass another Winter in the delicate, and feminine employment of looking for a husband. But though I had been thus enabled to triumph over my feelings, yet to suppress them entirely was out of my power; and the internal struggle of my mind had such an evident effect on my looks, that my health was believed to be in danger; a sea bathing place was earnestly recommended by the physicians, as the only thing which could be of service to me. For this purpose my Cousin pitched upon Scarborough, not only because it was a part of the kingdom which she wished to see, but because there was a better chance of my succeeding in a country where my face and person were new.

To Scarborough then we went, and, as it was then early in the season, the change of air, and the fresh breezes of the sea, soon wrought so good an effect on me, that by the time it began to fill, I had recovered my health, my complexion, and my spirits, and soon made considerable havock in the hearts of many Northern Squires. Among these the most considerable was *Sir Harry Thoroughbred*, a Northumberland Baronet, who
having

having early in life come into the possession of 3000 l. a year, determined always to live single, and enjoy his fortune in comfort. This determination he for some years adhered to, but having lately found reason to suspect that his estate and constitution were both in the decline, at the age of thirty-seven, he wisely resolved to marry; and, for the double purpose of recruiting his health and choosing a wife, he was now come to Scarborough, having been informed, as he said, that there were generally a good shew of women at that place. This amorous youth it was my good fortune to fix; he blundered down a country dance with me the day after his arrival; walked with me an hour next morning on the Beach; drank a bumper to my health at the Ordinary (swearing at the same time that I had the best foot and ankle of any girl in the county) and the very next day made his proposals to my Cousin in due form.—As the lady perfectly understood her business, and the gentleman was very much *in love*, she found no difficulty in obtaining a very advantageous settlement both with respect to Jointure and *Pin Money*, though it cost her some pains to make him comprehend the meaning or the necessity of this latter article.—He was so kind, however, as to agree to all she proposed, and they presently settled every thing to their satisfaction; or, as Sir Harry not improperly expressed it, “*They soon came to a deal.*” My Cousin immediately informed me of her success, and

and my happiness, in a very affectionate speech, which she concluded with these words :—" I know not, my dear Cecilia, in what light you may consider this match ; but my own heart tells me, that I have acted with the truest regard to your happiness. It is true, there was a time when I myself formed higher views for you, and fondly looked forward to the day when I should see my Cecilia the wife of a rich Banker ; or, at least, a new made Peer. But, alas ! I find the young men now are much too intent on fortune to pay any regard to beauty ; and a young woman who overstands her market, is in great danger of being blown upon, and never marrying at all. As to Sir Harry, he appears so good tempered, and so weak, that you may very easily manage him.— Your Jointure is beyond even my expectations, and I think you have a fair prospect of enjoying it soon, notwithstanding he is under forty ; for his constitution, I suspect, is breaking very fast. I have the pleasure of assuring you, on the most undoubted authority, that all his family have died young." To object to a union which offered such flattering prospects of happiness was impossible ; and as Sir Harry at least possessed the *eagerness* of a Lover, he had very soon the happiness of conveying his bride in triumph to *Thoroughbred Hall*. And thus at the age of nineteen, I found myself settled in a dreary situation, at a remote corner of the kingdom, with a man whose disposition I knew
nothing

THE LOITERER.

9

nothing of, and whose person was three weeks before utterly unknown to me. Though it cannot be supposed that my affection for my husband was very strong, yet as I really intended to make him a good wife in the main, I early endeavoured to discover the leading traits of his character; but, alas! I soon found that my Cousin had been much mistaken in supposing him easily managed because he was weak, and good tempered; for his weakness only served to render him more obstinate, and he was never good tempered, but when he had his own way. During the first week or two of our marriage, he perfectly overpowered me with Love; but this being soon exhausted by its own violence, he became first indifferent, and afterwards ill-tempered. As he had all his life conversed chiefly with men, and consequently neither had, or pretended to have, any relish for female society, I knew not whether I should have lamented his attachment to the amusement of the Field, since he was so good as to leave me all the mornings to myself, had I not as regularly been obliged to make tea in the evening for a party of drunken men; the only use he ever allowed a wife to be of. Nor was I more deceived in the idea I had entertained of my husband's temper, than in the comforts I expected to enjoy from the possession of Rank and Fortune.

My equipage, it is true, was brilliant; my dress expensive; and I had an unlimited command of money;

money; but these, alas! were poor advantages in a neighbourhood where a few formal Dining Visits, and the annual tumult of a Race Assembly, were the only events that diversified a life of noise without cheerfulness, or solitude without peace. After I had existed in this comfortless situation about ten years, Sir Harry, who, notwithstanding my Cousin's predictions, had continued all this time in a most obstinate state of health, drank himself into a fever at an election feast, which in few days carried him off. As we had never felt any real regard for each other, and as we had for many years given up even the appearance of it, I was not guilty of affectation in pretending a sorrow which I was very far from feeling, and began with great composure to lay plans for the future enjoyment of my fortune, which I had thus so dearly gained. — Great, however, was my surprise to find from the examination of my husband's affairs, that he died rather worse than nothing; the landed estate mostly being entailed on a distant collateral branch, and the remainder, even with the house, the plate, and furniture, being scarce sufficient to clear the debts. The fact was, that my Cousin, like many other great politicians, had overshot her mark; in her zeal for procuring an advantageous settlement, she had forgot to enquire into securities; and had actually accepted a Jointure to be paid from an estate *then* mortgaged to nearly its full value. This blow I felt more severely as I had no one friend,

or

or relation, to whom I could, with any propriety, apply for assistance; the above-mentioned lady, who died soon after my marriage, having left her fortune to her other relatives, on the idea, that I was already amply provided for. My father and mother had long since paid the debt of nature; my brother and sisters were variously dispersed, and none in more than moderate circumstances; nor did I well know, on this occasion, how to address any of them, as more than fifteen years had now elapsed since I had seen any one of my family. Willing, however, to do something, I wrote a short account of my situation to my eldest sister, who had lately married a country gentleman who farmed a small estate of his own, and to whom she had been long and tenderly attached. Her answer, which contained an invitation at once warm and delicate, gave me the first pleasing sensation I had experienced for many years. I accepted it with eagerness; and, quitting a mansion where I had never known one moment of real pleasure, arrived in a few days at this peaceful retreat; where the soothing endearments of my sister, and the friendly behaviour of her husband, soon reconciled me to my fate, and restored my peace of mind.

But, in proportion as I recovered my recollection, various doubts began to arise in my mind about the truth of my Cousin's system, and the consequent propriety of my conduct. Hitherto I had been satisfied with knowing that I was unhappy

happy in my then situation, without considering whether I should have been more comfortable in any other; but every observation I made on the mutual affection, the cheerfulness, and the contentment of my sister, convinced me, that I had entirely flung away my own happiness, by mistaking luxury for comfort, and affluence for enjoyment.—— Desire, therefore, your Readers, Mr. Loiterer, and particularly the younger and fairer part of them, to remember, e'er they form lasting connections, that the splendour of Rank, and the display of Opulence, make but poor amends for the loss of domestic Comfort; and, that though an Union of *Love* may have some misery, a Marriage of Interest *can* give no Happiness.

I am, Sir, your's,

28 MR 59

CECILIA.

C.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

No. 54.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.



No. LIV.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *February 6, 1790.*

Quid faciam Romæ?

JUVENAL.

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER,

Mr. LOITERER,

I Succeeded in my twenty-third year to a small paternal estate in a remote corner of the kingdom, where I have since passed forty years without finding any part of them hang heavy on my hands, and which I last Spring reluctantly quitted, to spend a few days in Town, where my presence was rendered necessary by a law suit, the decision of which was of great importance to my Family.—I will not deny but the first fortnight passed off tolerably well; I felt myself agreeably entertained at the places of

Vol. II. B b 2 public

public festivity, and enjoyed a still higher pleasure in the society of two or three old Acquaintance, with whom I talked over our School-boy tricks, and Oxford Schemes, with a degree of pleasure which perhaps we never experienced from the actual execution of either. — Short, however, was the time, during which any thing could render a life of irregularity, noise, and hurry, tolerable to one, who had passed forty years in the enjoyment of tranquility, health, and leisure.

The late hours which even the most orderly families were obliged to keep, the strange mixture of modern society, where they are all Acquaintance and no Friends, and the general dissipation of all ranks, together with some untoward accidents, which protracted my law suit far beyond the expected time, made me so compleatly disgusted with London, that for the last week I never closed my eyes without mentally exclaiming, “ Qh, Rus quando te aspiciam!”

One day as I was returning from Westminster-Hall, inwardly fretting at the chicane of law, and good-naturedly giving all its professors to the *Devil*, I was struck with the title of your Paper, which cut a most conspicuous figure, as it lay in the window of your Publisher, Mr. Egerton, at Whitehall.

As I had been all my life a kind of Loiterer, and was then more particularly one, I immediately purchased all the Numbers, and have regularly taken it in ever since. I will not hurt your modesty by expatiating on the pleasure I received from your Publication in general, and shall only observe, that I was more particularly pleased with the history of your correspondent Agrestis; whose adventures are recorded in your 38th and 39th Numbers, and which indeed has principally induced me to trouble you with this Letter, imagining that our similitude of thinking would entitle the Writer to your approbation, if not the Work to your acceptance. But to return to my subject — In process of time, after various motions and adjournments, my cause finally came on; and my Counsel (to do him justice) having in a learned Speech, of two hours, proved to the satisfaction of the court, that black was not white, a verdict with compleat costs of suit was given in my favor; an event which I assure you scarce gave me so much pleasure, as the Idea of escaping from the *regions of ceremony and smoke*, and revisiting my small but neat cottage, whose attractions I am unfashionable enough to think improved by the society of an amiable woman, and a large circle of affectionate children.

So eager, indeed, was I to quit a place to which half the British nation appear to be running, that
I ordered

6 THE LOITERER.

I ordered *Peter* to be at the door with the horses by seven the next morning.

Peter, equally tired of London with his Master, was punctual to his time; and hastily passing through the empty and silent streets, I got clear of Town before the Chimney Sweeper and the Milkmaid had commenced their early scream, to the annoyance of its peaceable and sleepy inhabitants.

It was not, however, till I had passed through those adjacent Villages, whose rows of Houses scarce broken by a few intervening nursery grounds and gardens, make the road for some miles an almost continued street, that I could be satisfied that I was fairly out of London; but having at length emerged into something like the Country, and gained a purer atmosphere, I could not forbear looking back on that immense receptacle of Dissipation, Folly, and Vice, which I had just quitted, with an emotion not much unlike those of a State Prisoner who has lately escaped from the horrors of the Bastile.

But though I could not but reflect on my own emancipation with a light heart, it was not without a melancholy sensation, that I remarked the rapidity with which the already overgrown Capital is daily extending its limits, and edging into the
Country

THE LOITERER. 7

Country on every side.—Which way soever I turned my eyes, nothing was to be seen but building or preparations for building; new Houses, and even new Streets, rising like exhalations.—Rows of Buildings so huddled as to intercept all Prospect, and Country Seats without one rural attribute. So numerous, indeed, are these excrescences of the Metropolis (which threaten in time to over-run the whole county of Middlesex, if not Surry) that used as I had been to the crouds which choak the streets of London, I was at first at a loss to imagine where a sufficient number of Occupiers could be found, and could not help hoping that the Proprietors would lose the interest of their money.

But of the fallaciousness of this idea, from some observations which I made in my journey, I was soon compleatly convinced. The numerous equipages of Country Gentlemen hurrying with their families up to Town, together with the deserted appearance of the Mansions on each side of the road (whose unweeded court-yards and smokeless chimnies sufficiently attested the absence of their owners) were full proofs that London and its environs were in no danger of wanting Inhabitants.

When I contemplated, indeed, the immense croud of Emigrants of different ranks and ages, who in various conveyances were posting up to
Town;

8 THE LOITERER.

Town; from the glaring and splendid equipage of the new-made Peer, to the low-hung chariot of the 'Squire, I could scarcely help exclaiming (like Sterne in the *Desobligeante*) Alas! my Countrymen, where are you running to?

Nor were the bad effects of this fashionable migration confined only to themselves, their Folly would be scarce worth combating, for they whose perverted Taste induces them to prefer the smokey glare of Flambeaux and Lamps, the Vertigo of Dissipation, or the Frenzy of Play, to the simple beauties of Nature, when enlivened by the vivid tints of Spring, or softened by the mellow gleams of Autumn, deserve to experience its certain Consequences, increased Mortgages, ruined Health, and disunited Families.—But the worst part of the story is the torment and inconvenience they occasion to their more humble or more prudent neighbours, during the period which the emptiness of London obliges them to spend at their Mansions in the Country; where they constantly take care to be as assuming, ill-bred, and vicious as they possible can, in order to convince their acquaintance that they have not spent their time and money to no purpose.—For nothing can exceed the alteration which a Journey to London causes in every part of a Country Gentleman's family. An alteration which is not confined to a few supernumerary inches in the
crown

age
riot
ing
un-

ni-
olly
ose
key
of
ple
wid
ms
on-
th,
he
on
rs,
on
he
as
n,
ey
fe.
a
n-
is
he
vn

crowns of a hat, or the protuberance of a handkerchief; but extends itself to the more important articles of Opinions, Conversation, and Manners. The Heir Apparent, whose ambition had been hitherto satisfied by sporting a smarter Coat, or a lighter pair of Boots, than his neighbours, and whose gallantry had been confined to a game of Romps, or snatching a kiss from his Cousins, now no longer comes into a room with a sheepish bow to every one in it, or sits in a corner twirling his thumbs and playing with his handkerchief, but lounges in with a most fashionable Nonchalance, throws himself upon a sofa, or takes his station before the fire, and without the least regard to the feelings of the audience, entertains *himself* by giving *them* an account of the noble company with whom he has got drunk at the Shakespeare, made riots at Covent-Garden, and slept in the Round-House; declares the Duke of — is one of the honestest dogs in England, but assures them there is not the least truth in the cruel report of an intrigue between him and the beautiful Lady ****. Nor are the daughters in the least behind their brother in displaying their Town acquirements; they too have got rid of their rustic modesty *Mauvaise honte*, — they too have kept great company, have flirted with Earls and Knights, Members of Parliament, and Colonels of the Guards; can repeat the scandal of the most fashionable *Coteries*,
and

and hint that they shall soon be made Members of the *Bas Blue*. Nay, even the Squire and his Lady, who (excepting a small propensity to quarrel about Game and Precedence, and to grow warm at Backgammon and Whist) were quiet good kind of people, now affect to lay down the law to their little circle, and instruct their ignorant country neighbours in Politics, Literature, and Dress. These are, indeed, very valuable attainments, and perhaps not dearly purchased at the price of a little Virtue and Sense, Health and Freshness, especially as the bloom of the young Ladies may be so easily repaired. Yet, I know not how it happens, but I have seldom observed them produce those happy effects, which might rationally be expected from qualifications so hard to be attained, and of such intrinsic value. For such is the perverseness and the ingratitude of human Nature, that the display of all this superabundant knowledge and politeness, oftner excites transient admiration than permanent esteem, and the only good effects which a Journey to London produces on these occasions are confined to the happy family themselves, who generally feel pretty lasting ones; since the Sons pass their youth without knowledge and without credit, and the Daughters grow old without Fortune, without Reputation, and without Husbands. Considering therefore the matter impartially, I passed in my own thoughts this unanimous resolution,

THE LOITERER. II

tion, That the undue influence of London *has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished*. Nor could I avoid wishing a law passed, by which every British subject of each sex should be forbid entering the Metropolis, unless they first shewed just and satisfactory cause for their journey. This thought, the indulgence of which beguiled a tedious day's journey, and a solitary evening at the inn, pursued me in my sleep, and produced one of those Dreams which really denote *a Foregone Conclusion*, and of which I may perhaps send you the particulars at another opportunity, if you encourage me to do so by publishing this Letter. In the mean time

I remain yours, &c. &c.

A.

N. B. *This Work will in future be sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE ; to whom our Correspondents are requested to direct their communications.*

28 MK 59

No. 55.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING,

M,DCC,XC.



No. LV.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *February 13,* 1790.

To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

SIR,

THE early insertion of my former letter having convinced me, that, though averse to dreaming yourself, you have no objection to your correspondents undertaking that office for you, I shall, without further apology, lay before you the following account of my sleeping thoughts.

I had scarce closed my eyes, when the idea, which had so much occupied my mind, returned with redoubled force; and I was perfectly convinced, that the Legislature had adopted the plan recommended in my last, and had actually stationed proper officers at every avenue of the Metropolis, with strict orders to admit none who

Vol. II.

C c 2

could

could not give a proper account of themselves, or, in the legal words, *shew cause* for their journey. Of these the Western extremity was allotted, Mr. Loiterer, to you and myself; and, I imagined, we took our post at Hyde Park Turnpike, with a fixed resolution of stopping that croud of emigrants, who, like a second inundation of Goths and Vandals, were pouring in from all quarters upon the Capital of the World. The earlier hours of the morning afforded us but little employment; the only people who presented themselves were either gardeners, nursery men, or others of the same rank, who were stupid enough to be minding their business; and, excepting a pretty fresh looking country girl, who declared she was going to London to *better herself*, few or none were sent back. At last, however, the road began to fill, and an equipage soon approached, whose appearance promised us a better opportunity of exercising our function. This chaise, which was preceded by a very smart servant, and followed by several others, exhibited a curious specimen of what may be called the art of packing. Trunks, portmantaus, and cloak bags of various sizes, were piled up both behind and before. The top was almost bent in with the weight of an imperial, on which an immense hat box, lashed tight with cords, had the appearance of the watch tower of an old castle, and the inside was so stuffed with band boxes, that there seemed but little room for any other passengers.

gers. On a closer examination we found there were two ladies, neither of whom at first appeared disposed to be very communicative; but, on being informed of the necessity of answering our interrogatories, the eldest informed us, that "the other lady (her daughter) notwithstanding she was a person of the very first rank and fashion, had lately done Mr. H——, a commoner of large fortune, the honour of taking his name; that the said Mr. H——, entirely forgetting the aforesaid obligation, had barbarously, inhumanly, and maliciously endeavoured to keep the said lady at an old mansion house in the country; and that she herself had, at the request of her daughter, been obliged to interfere; in consequence of which, he had at last consented to the journey." "And pray, Madam," replied I, "where is Mr. H—— all this while?" "Here, Sir, here," answered a little diminutive figure of a man, whom we had before overlooked, and who then with difficulty popped out his head from between two band boxes; "and though I am here much against my will, yet if you have any regard to my future peace and quiet, you will not send us home again; I am sure if you are a married man you will not."—The case was, indeed, perplexing; to send him back into the country with two such companions seemed not a little cruel, and to let them pass was impossible. After some hesitation therefore, we came to the following resolution: That the mother-in-law should be
set

6 THE LOITERER.

set down on the other side the gate, and the remaining couple turn their horses heads towards the country. This difficulty was scarce settled before another of at least equal importance arose. A neat chariot, driven by a servant in a handsome livery, now drove up; it contained two ladies, whose looks sufficiently testified what the lozenge on their carriage at first suggested; that they were either from choice, or chance, still in a state of celibacy. The characteristic traits of their faces were however different, for while the placid features and plump rotundity of one seemed to prove that she had entirely given up all matrimonial schemes, and wisely reconciled herself to the prospect of *an old age of Cards*; the care worn countenance of the other (little mended by a profusion of youthful ornaments) equally convinced us, that this unfortunate *maiden* was exactly in that state of *Betweenity*, which is supposed least favourable to the improvement of female temper. In this opinion we were not mistaken; for, in answer to our interrogatories, the eldest informed us, "that they were the daughters of a country gentleman, by whom they were left in the possession of an easy independance; that being extremely nice in their choice, they had never yet been induced to change their situation; and that they were now going to town partly in order to amuse themselves, and partly with the expectation of finding in the elegant circles of the Metropolis, some person more worthy

THE LOITERER.

7

worthy their acceptance than any who had hitherto offered ;” and concluded with hoping, “ that we would not think of turning them back, since it might have a fatal effect on their future fortune.” To this request, however, we could not, without breach of trust, accede ; but, after some little deliberation, qualified our refusal, by telling them, that London was a very improper place for *girls* to be in without the protection of some friends or relations ; and more particularly dangerous to those who had the misfortune to be young and handsome. This compliment was not without its effect ; the frown which had begun to overspread their faces relaxed into a faint smile, and they drove off in tolerable good humour with themselves. The next who applied for admittance was a young man of about two and twenty, who drove a most fashionable phaeton with four *cropped greys*. The usual question being put to him, he replied, that he went to town to kill time, and because he was tired of the country. On being more closely examined, he allowed, that there were many amusements in the country of which he was particularly fond, while there was not *one* diversion in town for which he cared a farthing. On our expressing our astonishment at this account, he at last added, with some degree of passion, “ Why, zounds, Sir, I am married !” In short, we soon discovered, that a very few months after coming into possession of an immense fortune, he had, in
a moment

a moment of passion, or caprice, united himself to a beautiful girl of mean birth, who had either virtue or artifice sufficient to refuse to be his on easier terms; and that he was actually flying the country, in order to get rid of a companion of whose person he was cloyed, and whose manners he was ashamed of. This case admitted of no doubt, and he was sent back, with orders not to appear there again; at least till he could bring himself to let his wife be of the party. After this gentleman's dismissal we were for some time without any employment; at length, however, a chaise and four appeared at a distance, driving with a velocity which seemed to threaten instant destruction to every man, woman, and child who stood in the way. But all this extraordinary rapidity we found, on a nearer approach, to be very unequal to the wishes of the travellers, one of whom by rapping the window and other means, continued to make various signs to the postilions to redouble their efforts, and make the horses go faster than they could. As soon as they came within hearing, or rather sooner, the same gentleman throwing himself half out of the carriage, ordered the gate to be thrown open in a peremptory tone, swearing at the same time, that he could not possibly stay a minute. But finding, after some little altercation, that passion was of no service, he condescended to inform us, that he was then running away with a lady to whom he had been long attached, and
whose

whose friends, on the most mercenary motives, refused their consent; and conjured us, in a somewhat softer accent, not to stop them, as the least delay might be fatal. In this request he was joined by the lady, who assured us, that nothing but the most absolute necessity should have induced her to take so rash a step, as she had, in every other respect, been a most *obedient* daughter. What answer I, as a father, should have made, I know not; but I thought that you, Mr. Loiterer, either convinced by her reasoning, or won by her beauty, ordered the gate to be immediately thrown open, and they proceeded on their journey with an inconceivable rapidity. We were interrupted in the reflections which the abovementioned scene gave rise to, by the arrival of those numerous conveyances, which, under the names of Diligences, Stages, Mercurys, and Flys, carry the inhabitants of Great Britain to the most distant parts of the island in less time than their grandfathers would have gone from one country town to another. Various were the characters and the business of those who travelled in them; none, however, worth noticing, except a genteel young man, who, on being questioned on the cause of his journey, informed us, "that having no fortune, or chance of preferment in the country, he was going to town in hopes of obtaining some creditable employment, for which his education had qualified him; and that he was not without hopes of reaping benefit from the patronage

patronage of Lord —, to whom he was distantly related." "This, Sir," replied I, "is certainly a very good reason; but I must beg leave to put a few questions to you relative to your acquirements, and I shall soon be able to judge by your answers, whether your chance of preferment is really so good as you imagine. In the first place, Sir, do you understand Play? No, Sir. Are you an adept at Horse Racing? No, Sir. Have you thoroughly studied the Science of Boxing? No, Sir. Can you write Election Songs, canvass Votes, and head Mobs? No, Sir. And lastly, Sir, can you eat a live cat? No, Sir, indeed, I cannot.—Then let me recommend it to you, Sir, to return into the country, and get a little more information as to these particulars, or depend on it, you will never be a Companion for the Great." As it now began to grow dark, we imagined our labours for the day to be over, when a party of men on horseback attracted our notice, whom, from the peculiar smartness of their dress, and the miserable appearance of their horses, I should have been at a loss to have known what to think of, had not you, Mr. Loiterer, at one view, informed me, that they were Oxford men going on a *Scheme to Town*. I had scarce time to enquire into the nature and purport of their expedition, when the forwardest of them rode up, and ordered us to make haste and let them through, with an air which promised no very quiet acquiescence in a refusal. Upon being

THE LOITERER. 11

being told he must first inform us what was his business in London, he replied, "Why, what the devil's that to you, my old buck?" Then turning to the rest of his party, who by dint of whipping and spurring were now come up, exclaimed, "Here, *Careless*, is a damn'd Quiz won't let us go through till we tell him what is our business in Town."—"Oh, won't he," answered *Careless*, "we'll see that presently."—"Damn him, let's row him, *Racket*," exclaimed a third; upon which they unanimously turned their horses against me, and, with uplifted sticks (none of the smallest) made so desperate an attack, that I was not sorry to wake, and find it was only a dream.

I am, Sir, your's, &c,

S.

¶ *As this Work will soon be concluded, such of our Correspondents who may be inclined to favour us with any farther Contributions, are requested to do so as early as possible; and we should esteem it an additional obligation, if they would make us acquainted with their names, that we may have it in our power to thank them in our last number.*

28 MR 59

No. 56.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

No. 20.



L

Ma
Ho

W

what
vour
what
have
Vo

No. LVI.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *February 20, 1790.*

— — — — — *quando*

Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando

Hos animos?

JUVENAL.

WHOEVER has done us the honour of reading the light essays with which (for somewhat more than a twelvemonth) we have endeavoured to amuse the World, will surely allow that whatever other failings may be imputed to us, we have been by no means deficient in candour. In

Vol. II.

D d 2

this

4 THE LOITERER.

this article, indeed, we may, without vanity, claim a superiority over all our predecessors in the periodical line, who have sometimes gone most unwarrantable lengths in their zeal for reformation; and, under the poor pretence of correcting the follies and frailties of the age, have been induced to say many things which must be highly shocking to readers of any fashion.

Amongst many other topics of this kind, the love of Gaming so predominate in the present times, however innocent and laudable, has not altogether escaped censure. Were we not well acquainted with the barbarous pleasure which many authors take in calumny and detraction, it would be really surprising that so natural a propensity of the human mind should have been so unmercifully attacked. In charity, however, we must suppose this mistake originated rather from their utter ignorance of the subject, than from any intention of leading their readers astray; a supposition the more probable when we reflect on the extremely low company which, from their poverty, authors in general are obliged to keep. But this, though perhaps a sufficient excuse for the generality of authors, would in vain be urged in favour of a person who has had the honour of a University Education, and who, from having kept the best company,

company, must have imbibed notions on this subject very different from the common herd of scribblers. I must, therefore, beg leave to offer to my readers some few, amongst the many arguments which may be brought in support of a practice which is equally worthy the patronage of the liberal, whether we consider the pleasing resources of amusement at present derived from it, or the happy effect it may have on our future lives and fortunes.

And here it might perhaps be sufficient to point out the real utility of *Gaming*, which would highly recommend it to the serious and considerate part of mankind, without insisting on its great antiquity, and the universal esteem it has been held in by all nations, barbarous as well as civilized. But as many people have a strange partiality for whatever is old, it may not be amiss to observe, that the Science of Gaming has very high pretensions to a respectable antiquity, and can plead the practice of many illustrious nations in its favour.

The classic reader will, with pleasure, recollect what *Tacitus* tells us of the Germans; an example which I quote with the greater pleasure, not only because

because it proves the antiquity of the Science I am recommending, but because it establishes, beyond controversy, that the present inhabitants of Great Britain have in their veins much of the blood of those brave and illustrious warriors, whom they resemble in so material a trait in their character. The respectable historian abovementioned informs us, that the Germans were so exceedingly addicted to Games of Chance, that when every thing else was lost, they would play for their household furniture and clothes, and at last even stake their *wives* and *daughters*; a very honourable testimony in their favour, especially when we reflect, that they had never enjoyed the advantage of a modern fashionable education; and that this eulogium comes from the pen of a *Roman* and an *enemy*. In this, however, I think we have pretty exactly followed them, and have, even in many points, much improved on their notions. It is true, that our wives and daughters generally save us the trouble of staking them, either at *Newmarket* or at B—'s, by disposing of their *persons* in payment of their *own* debts; nor does the resemblance exactly hold good with regard to our furniture, which would be of small use to the winner, when there was an execution in the house. Yet in every other respect we certainly exceed them, since we not only stake *all* that is our own, but a great deal which belongs

to

to other people; and, instead of becoming slaves to our antagonists, as was the *rage* at that time after a *bad run*, we settle the matter in a much shorter way, by clapping a pistol either to his head, or our own.


Having said thus much on the antiquity of Gaming, let us now consider in how many ways it may be serviceable in amending either our heads or hearts. In the first place it may be fairly asserted, that nothing more effectually inures young people to a habit of attention than this Science, which though often called *Play*, might with much greater propriety be denominated *Work*; a name of which all must be struck with the propriety who have ever been by-standers at a Gaming Table, and observed the extreme attention and anxiety marked in the countenances of those people who are so foolishly called *Players*. A very little penetration will surely enable them to discover, that far from being engaged in *amusement* or *play*, they are in reality occupied in calculations; compared to which, the problems of Euclid are easy, and the discovery of the Longitude a trifle. After this it may be scarce necessary to say how much *Gaming* strengthens the memory; a perfection which young people can never purchase too dear.

dear. Yet, I must observe, that a man who can accurately remember all the different calculations of the chances at *Hazard*, and the order in which every card was played in a game of *Whist*, might be equally enabled to retain in his head an equal number of *Acts of Parliament*, *Cases*, and *Precedents*; and with very little reading would make an excellent Lawyer. Nor is this Science less calculated to improve the qualities of the Heart, than the powers of the Head; and, is, in a particular manner, adapted to soften men's tempers, and teach them patience and fortitude under the sudden changes of life. But the point which alone I shall here insist on, is, that command over all our passions, affections, and feelings of every sort and kind, which *Madame de Genlis*, in her letters on education, thinks so very desirable to young people, and which this Science is so eminently proper to produce, that I am surprised, amidst all her various plans, the ingenious authoress never hit upon it; for nothing can be more efficacious in checking that unaccountable propensity in the young of both sexes to form an attachment with the other, than a thorough love of *Gaming*. Without this safeguard, it is, as the old justly observe, exceedingly dangerous to let two young people of different sexes be much together; but from the moment this passion has taken firm root in the mind,

mind, the danger is at once over;—beauty and youth, elegance and wit, good nature and good sense plead in vain against four by Honours and the odd Trick. The ~~modern~~ young man of fashion regards not the *person* of the lady; it is her *pocket* only he has a design on; and would chearfully quit a tête-a-tête with the prettiest girl in England; to join the Whist Table of her Grandmother and Aunt! Considering, therefore, all these advantages, my reader will not surely think it extraordinary, that I should recommend this Science to their particular attention; or that I should express my happiness in observing, that many members of this University seem to be perfectly of my way of thinking; and, doubtless, for the reasons I have given, bestow much time in making themselves Masters of the different Games of Chance which are most fashionable in the Great World. And should their enemies, or my own, question the truth of my doctrine, and the propriety of their practice, I have one more observation to offer, which, I think, must carry conviction with it. The great Dr. Johnson asserts, in one of his prefaces to the Poets, that “where the public think long, they generally think right.” Now it appears to me, that the public *have* 10 long thought upon this subject, that by this time they must have thought right; and we may fairly infer,

infer, from their actions, that they find its advantages greatly superior to its evils; and that there is *really* a charm in *Gaming*, so exceedingly bewitching, as to make full amends for the loss of *Fortune*, *Reputation*, and *Health*!

C.

 *As this Work will soon be concluded, such of our Correspondents who may be inclined to favour us with any farther Contributions, are requested to do so as early as possible; and we should esteem it an additional obligation, if they would make us acquainted with their names, that we may have it in our power to thank them in our last number.* 28 MR 59

No. 57.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

No. LVII.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, February 27, 1790.

*Sic visum Veneri ; cui placet impares
Formas, atque animos sub juga abenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

HORACE.



To the AUTHOR of the LOITERER.

S I R,

HAVING long been a prey to secret Sorrow, and possessing among those who surround me no friend, to whom I could safely communicate the cause of it, I have (however reluctant to submit the detail of Domestic Inquietude to Public Disquisition) at length determined, through the medium of your Paper, to divulge the leading features of a life which may afford no useless lesson to those young Women who have not yet (as alas I have!) resigned every prospect of real Happiness, to contribute

THE LOITERER. 3

tribute to the enjoyment and gratify the vanity of a Man, who neither seeks my esteem, or relishes my society.

My Father was a Yeoman, who, in addition to a small freehold of his own, rented a large tract of Land in the North of Devonshire. He had married early in life with a woman of his own rank, who joining to a sweet temper, and agreeable person, the utmost love and respect for her Husband, and requiring no luxuries beyond his comfort and affection, made him one of the happiest men in the county. Domestic satisfaction is generally accompanied by success abroad. My Father, easy in mind and circumstances, employed all his attention to make those circumstances better; and cheerfully underwent the labours of the Day, secure of a clean repast, and welcome reception in the Evening. His farms were daily improving, and at the end of eight years after his marriage, he found himself by no means impoverished, though each year had added to his family.—'Tis with difficulty, Mr. Loiterer, that I leave the description of a time, whose pleasures are never to return. I must, however, pass over to more important events.—I was the eldest of my Father's Children, and being reckoned exceedingly like my Mother, was with him no small favourite. This circumstance, added to the remoteness of our situation from any large town, and the little concern which an English Farmer, twenty-five years ago, felt

4 THE LOITERER.

for female education, determined my father never to send me to any school, but rather permit me to improve my health and complexion on my native Moors; of course, except in the articles of reading and writing, my accomplishments, at the age of seventeen, did not far exceed those of the Dairy Maid or Kitchen Girl.

About this time Mr. M——, the owner of that part of our farm which was not freehold, came down to repair the ravages which twenty London winters had made in his Constitution; to inspect the condition of estates which he knew nothing of, or had ever seen before; and lastly, to try his new double-barrelled gun upon the harmless Heath-polts.—As soon as his arrival was announced, my Father, who was his principal Tenant, and in some degree his Steward, thought himself in duty bound to pay his immediate respects to him at the Manor-House; and that the compliment might be the greater, insisted on my Mother's and my accompanying him thither. Putting on therefore our best red Cloaks, and clean white Aprons, we proceeded to the great House, which was only a short mile distant from our own.—Mr. M—— had once been very handsome; at the age of thirty-seven he was still a good looking man. His manner too had a certain attentive delicacy, which, I have since found out, can only be acquired by a long and intimate acquaintance with the truly fashionable World; and which perhaps can never be
shewn

shewn to greater advantage than when directed towards our inferiors. My Father and Mother, who, with a prejudice common enough among country people, had annexed to the idea of a great Man from London, supercilious neglect, or mortifying condescension, were quite charmed with the first appearance of their Landlord. My Father offered to conduct him to the best *Nide* of Pheasants on the Manor, whilst my Mother expressed a hope that he would not leave the Country without calling at the farm-house, and tasting her *clouted cream*. What my opinion of the Stranger was I do not at present recollect. Young and heedless, I looked on him with surprize and curiosity, rather than attention, and joined in the common report, that he was the finest Gentleman I had ever set my eyes on. But it seems that my appearance had made a far deeper impression on him. Joining to fashionable manners fashionable morals, he thought the best return he could possibly make to the well meant civilities of his new country friends, would be to seduce their favourite Daughter. To the accomplishment of which task, he thought a few guineas spent in ribbons, gloves, and lace, a very adequate sum. For as to real Virtue, he could not suppose that a raw country girl, without education or experience, possessing high spirits and an unsuspecting heart, could possibly withstand the seducing charms of adulation, finery, and pleasure. For once he was deceived. I do not assert, Mr. Loiterer, that my
obstinate

obstinate refusal was the effect of intrinsic virtue. At that age I could not be supposed to be equal to great temptations. Had Mr. M—— secured my heart, instead of attacking my vanity, he would in all probability have succeeded. Luckily, however, for me, his person was totally indifferent to me; of course, that passion which acts most strongly on a female heart, lay dormant. The offers too which he made, were to a native of Devonshire almost unintelligible. What could I understand of the luxuries of a Metropolis where I had never been? What charms could I suppose to exist in amusements, the very names of which I was ignorant of? The uncertainty therefore of what I might gain from such a connexion, and the certainty of what I must suffer in deserting the best of parents, would have been sufficient to have decided the question, without any virtuous principle of action. I wish not to praise myself; yet some virtue I surely possessed. I not only refused him, but refused him with such marks of cool contempt, that they cut him to the quick, and were productive of a subsequent change in the nature of his proposals. Mr. M—— had in all probability been but little used to such refusals. His figure, address, and fortune, must have made him no unsuccessful Lover among females of the highest rank. Stung therefore by unexpected disappointment, and enflamed by increased desire, though a professed Marriage-hater, he discarded the whole
of

of his former system, and resolved to make me his at any rate. He accordingly made such proposals to my Father and Mother, as joined to their previous good opinion of him, secured them in his favour. With me, perhaps, the lustre of honourable rank, and the pleasure of raising my family to independence, had but too much weight. I easily forgave him his former mean attempts, and suffered the name of *Husband* to cancel the former offences of an insulting passion.

Though Mr. M— had condescended to marry the daughter of his Tenant, yet he did not chuse to wed himself to the whole family; and accordingly soon after the ceremony, he hurried me off towards the gay Metropolis.—The nearer we approached the scene of his former gaieties, the more ashamed did my Husband seem of having married so precipitately a girl, whom even then perhaps he thought, a little patience might have made his own on easier terms. The possession of a few days had already cooled the ardour of his passion, and when we arrived in town, instead of conveying me to an handsome house, which he possessed in — Square, he placed me in private lodgings in Bond-street, and determined if he could not desert his wife, at least to conceal her. All this and much more I have since known from those, whom personal merit, and the neglect of a husband gave many opportunities of exciting my regard: Though, thank Heaven! hitherto without success. At that time ignorant of my husband's

band's real fortune, or connections, one house was to me like another. Every thing was new, every thing was striking; I found myself mistress of my own time, person, and apartment; and though I had never felt any thing like love for Mr. M. I was grateful to him for the rank which he had raised me to, and supported me in. I loved no man better than my husband, and thought it impossible so to do.

In a little time Mr. M.'s visits became shorter, and less frequent, and when he did come, his thoughts seemed wandering, and his person was neglected. The most credulous will at last be undeceived: Such a behaviour, as Mr. M. soon assumed, but too well convinced me, that I had unintentionally lost his affections. I was mortified, but still endeavoured to account for it without casting any blame on him. I imagined that my total want of education, which every day convinced me of, made him disgusted with my person, and ashamed of my company. Scarce had the thought entered into my head, when I determined, as far as lay in my power, to remedy the defect. Mr. M. had ever made me a very ample allowance: This I immediately employed on the selection of the best Masters in every department of female accomplishment. Though the loss of many years, which are never to be recovered, forbade my arriving at excellence, yet the necessity of the case, and a sense of duty enabled me to do much. At the end of two
years

years I was conscious of my own progress. My manners and my taste were evidently improved. I could join in conversation with Mr. M. without hesitation, and support it without confusion. He was soon sensible of the change, and the conviction that my labours were merely to make myself worthy of him, produced for a little time the renewal of former caresses : But habitual infidelity is not easily corrected ; and Mr. M. soon found that, the being virtuous, and consistent, was too great an effort for the shattered principles of a fashionable education.

At this time another circumstance was added to the sum of my misfortunes, and in comparison of which all I had hitherto suffered was nothing.— Mr. M. had introduced to me many fashionable young Men, though very few fashionable Women. Among the former was a Nephew of his own, about my age ; to whom Nature had been equally kind in the gifts of person and mind. His Uncle had procured him a Commission in the Guards, and had made him an allowance equal to that rank. Ennobled by birth and profession, he was still more so by manners and disposition. Brave to a degree of enthusiasm, yet strong in judgment beyond his years, at once fervid, and gentle : He had preserved the character of fashion without dissipation, and genius without pedantry. We were often alone ; Mr. M. seemed to wish we should be so. Our tastes were similar, our literary pursuits the same :

same : Nor were our dispositions unlike, for we had both conceived the image of a love, which neither was destined to enjoy. Our esteem was mutual ; and from esteem to love the path is very short.—Why should I dwell on circumstances, which fifteen years of absence cannot make me indifferent to ! How far our passions might have carried us, or what I might not have stopped at, I now dread to think, had not my Edward been more generous to me, than to himself. Without assigning to Mr. M. any cause except a dislike of indolence, and a thirst for military glory, he insisted on a change into the Regulars, and immediately joined a Regiment, which was embarked for the East Indies, leaving behind him a letter to me ; in which he said, that being convinced he was not indifferent to me, he had joyfully preferred exile to the chance of thinking me less perfect, than he had ever done from the first moment of our acquaintance.

What my feelings were on so sudden a crisis is not to be described. Mr. M. still persevered in the same neglect of his honour and my own. It was evident I contributed not to his comfort, and I was probably a check to his pleasures. This idea induced me to embrace a plan, which I had long wished for. Accordingly one day after begging a serious attention to what I was going to say, I recapitulated every circumstance since our marriage, which could confirm me in the idea of his indifference to me ; I presumed not to resent, I deigned

THE LOITERER. 11

not to complain ; I only begged, that if I could not contribute to his pleasures, I might not clog them, and that he would consent to my leaving the circles of gaiety, where I found no amusement, and retire to the seat which he possessed in my native county. After a few well-bred remonstrances he consented to what I am sure He had long secretly wished ; and in less than a week I had entered on my new retreat.

In this spot I have passed the last twelve years of my life, surrounded by those, whom the ties of blood and the disgusting recollection of a more splendid life have made doubly dear to me. Mr. M. rarely visits me ; when he does I always meet him with a smile, and endeavour to make his stay as agreeable as I can ; he quits me with apparent regret ; but returns not in a hurry. Sincerely do I pity him as a melancholy instance of good intentions struggling ineffectually against vicious habits.

Of the man, whom I once loved too tenderly, I have since heard through the means of my husband. He is well, and advances rapidly in his profession ; but talks not of returning. May he be happy !

Such is my history. I ask not advice, Mr. Loiterer ; I *have* determined on my plan of life, and my heart tells me that I am right. I only wish you to caution those, who *have not* ; that too much care cannot be paid, e'er they form lasting connections. Indifference is a frail foundation for marriage. Every human heart is formed for love :

And

And the Woman, who loves not her husband, must love some one else. If her passion is restrained she will never be happy; if it is indulged, she will be always miserable.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

E.

CLARISSA M.

As this Work will soon be concluded, such of our Correspondents who may be inclined to favour us with any farther Contributions, are requested to do so as early as possible; and we should esteem it an additional obligation, if they would make us acquainted with their names, that we may have it in our power to thank them in our last number.

28 MR 59

No. 58.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD -
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

No. LVIII.
OF THE
LOITERER.

SATURDAY March 6, 1790.



THE Love of Novelty is a passion so inherent in human nature, that a Periodical Writer will seldom be long a favourite with the Public, who does not take care to introduce a variety of subjects into his work, and mix as much as possible the *Utile* with the *Dulce*.—For though it be true that particular persons are by disposition and habit best pleased with a particular style of writing, yet this is far from being universally the case. There are hours in which the giddy and the young may be inclined to seriousness and attention, while the old and the grave will sometimes wish to relax from the toil of deep study, and indulge themselves with the gaiety of Ridicule or the wanderings of Fiction. For this reason we may observe, that the most celebrated Periodical Writers have been particularly careful to diversify their subjects as much as possible, and have ranged all the habitable parts of the globe to furnish such a variety of *mental* food, as
may

may pique the cloyed appetite of the Literary Epicure.

The ingenious Mr. Bickerstaff, (who may be styled the Homer of this kind of writing) was so convinced of this truth, that he has often introduced many different materials into the same Lucubration, and a Paper beginning on literary or moral subjects, sometimes ends with the victories of the Duke of Marlborough.

The Spectator also, by the introduction of Will Honeycomb, Sir Andrew Freeport, and the inimitable Sir Roger de Coverley, has successfully endeavoured to diversify and enliven his work.—Few Readers have not been amused with the alternate labours of Mr. Village and Mr. Town in the Connoisseur, and the various characters and conversations of *Humphrville*, Fleetwood, &c. &c. have greatly contributed to the merit and the reputation of the Mirrour.—Should it be remarked by our Readers, that we have been rather deficient in the article of Variety, and instead of introducing new characters, or displaying them in different lights, (have run over the same dull round of subjects) we will beg them to remember, that our situation precludes us from those *lively* and amusing characters which develop themselves in so many interesting conversations in the above-mentioned works; while from any *grave* and serious disquisitions, we fear most of our Readers would turn with disgust.—As there are however some who

do not expect a Periodical Writer always to "*set the table in a roar*," I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating a sort of colloquial criticism on the times, which passed the other day in a conversation between Dr. Villars, Mr. Sensitive, and myself.

With the different traits of character which mark my two friends, I have already made the Public acquainted in my 30th Number, and shall only add, that a longer and more intimate acquaintance has at once justified and increased the good opinion I then entertained of them. With S—— in particular I have lately been in the habit of passing much of my time; and during those mornings which the uncommon mildness of the season made it almost a crime to waste by the fire side of a dusty room, or amidst the cloysters of a gloomy quadrangle, it has been our custom to strol into the country, and amuse ourselves either with the objects which presented themselves in our rambles, or with remarks on the books which we had last read, or the people with whom we had lately conversed. In these longer excursions indeed the age of the Doctor will not suffer him to accompany us, his walks having been for some time confined to the Parks, Headington-Hill, or some other of the Oxford environs; at some one of which he is generally to be seen once a day, if the weather is fine. Returning the other morning from one of our walks rather earlier than usual, we met our good old Friend, who was just going to take his,
and

and gladly accepted his invitation to turn back and accompany him to *Joe Pullen's Tree*, which, since the fall of his old acquaintance, the *Magdalen Oak*, has become a great favourite with him. As soon as we had reached this elevated station, and cast our eyes over the well known view, a general silence took place for some minutes.—It was indeed a day for meditation: The Sun emerging by fits from the grey fleckered clouds which overspread the whole atmosphere, illuminated the projecting points of Magdalen and Merton Towers, and shot its lengthened gleams across the pastures and meads, which extend themselves in a long level to the north of the City, while the woody hills of *Wytham* rising boldly from behind a flat country, threw over the whole back ground a broad mass of dark shadows, broken only here and there by a white sail, whose almost imperceptible motion just marked the various turns and winding of the river.—After we had continued gazing some time at the scene before us, in a sort of *reverie*, which was rather encouraged than interrupted by the mellow sound of a distant bell, the Doctor at last broke silence — “There is something, *said the old Man*, wonderfully soothing to the human mind in the sight of places where the earlier part of life has been spent, where many joys and many sorrows have been known, where Knowledge has been acquired, and Friendships formed, and the performance of future years planned and projected,—

At

At least I never looked on the grey towers and antiquated buildings before us, without the immediate recollection of a thousand little incidents and occurrences of my past life, which produce that kind of melancholy, which in the words of the Poet, is "*pleasing and mournful to the soul.*"

To you, my friend, replied Sensitive, I have no doubt but the contemplation of the scene before us must give the most pleasing recollection, since it must remind you of the attainment of Knowledge, the acquisition of Friends, and the display of Benevolence; but you must pardon me if I suspect that to the far greater part of those, who have received their education at Oxford, a sight of that place (at a more advanced age) would raise ideas which would be rather *mournful* than *pleasant* to the Soul."—Scarce had he uttered this sarcasm (and before the Doctor's Benevolence could furnish him with an apology for the age,) when a large party of very *dashing* Men rode by, mounted on cropt ponies, and followed by no inconsiderable number of Tarriers, of all sorts, sizes, and colours; and as they did not ride very fast, and talked rather loud, we easily discovered that the object of this grand cavalcade had been a *Badger-baiting* on *Bullington-Green*; in the event of which combat they seemed greatly interested, and were settling the merits of their different Dogs with great clamour, and not without some altercation. There, continued Sensitive, whose spleen was now raised
to

THE LOITERER.

7

to the highest pitch, There is a specimen of the manner in which the present Members of the University spend their time. What delightful sensations now must the prospect of Oxford give them some few years hence!—How soothing must be the recollection, how endearing the remembrance of Rows in the High-Street, Races on Port-Meadow, and Schemes to Town!—What mental Luxury must they feel, when the companions and associates in their former exploits rise up to their view, and their imagination is bewildered amidst an interesting catalogue of Grooms and Blackguards, Hunters, Ponies, and Farriers!

“ I cannot (returned Sensitive after a pause, and in a more serious but not less earnest manner) read the glorious list of eminent men, who, by long and unremitted study, have qualified themselves, at the University, for the honourable employments which they afterwards merited and obtained; without a painful conviction of the inferiority of the present age, and the probable further degeneracy of the next.—For the streams of knowledge and science must soon cease to be copious or pure, when their source is thus suffered to be obscured by mud, and choaked with weeds; and miserable must be the condition of those children, whose fathers can teach them nothing which it is not a misfortune to know.—I shall be told perhaps, that like most satyrists I over-shoot the mark; that it is unfair to attack a large collective body for the behaviour of
a few

8 THE LOITERER.

a few individuals; and that there are many who pursue their studies in peace and quietness, unhurt by the example or the ridicule of the idle and the dissipated. — I hope it is so—I think indeed I know a few, and I am willing to believe there are yet more, who merit that description; this however only proves that the genius and abilities of some men are superior to every obstacle, nor can they be well quoted to support the credit of the present age, since every period has produced some learned men, and the eighth and ninth Century themselves can boast an Alfred and a Bede.—Nor am I quite satisfied with the conduct of those few, whom I am willing to exempt from the general accusation of ignorance in any thing good, and inattention to every thing serious.—They pursue learning indeed with steadiness, and sometimes with ardour; but they pursue it only for their own pleasure or their own profit; they have totally lost that literary enthusiasm, which vents itself in the diffusion of Science, and rejoices to propagate what it knows.—You think I am refining too much.—I will therefore bring one proof, by which my argument shall stand or fall.—Every one knows that in the last Century nothing was more common, than for Students in any Science, when tolerable proficient themselves, to read voluntary lectures to those Members of the University, who chose to attend, and we are told that the Lecturer's Audience on these occasions was such as to be highly creditable
both

both to him, and to themselves.—Now I do not think it would be very easy to persuade any of our modern Professors to impart their knowledge without being paid for it, and if they did, I should fear from the thinness of their audience they might soon be denominated *Wall Lectures*.”

Having pronounced this bitter Philippic, he looked round with the triumphant air of a man, who does not think his arguments very readily answered. The Doctor however was not so easily convinced, but after a moment's pause, answered him as nearly as I can recollect in these words. “ Charles, I have often observed, that of all men I ever knew, you have the happiest talent of seeing every thing in the worst light ; what sort of satisfaction you may derive from it, I know not. I shall only say that if I thought as ill of the present age as you do, short as is the time which I have to spend in it, I should wish that little less.—With regard to the young men who have just past us, and to all others of the same turn, it may be fairly said, that in all probability they would have spent their time equally ill, if not worse, in any other place or situation, and their conduct therefore can little affect the credit of the University, or indeed of any one in it, but themselves. Still less can the Reputation of Oxford suffer from the discontinuance of a custom, which ceased only from the time that the liberality of our benefactors rendered all voluntary undertakings of that kind unnecessary, by the establishment


blishment of regular and perpetual Lectures on every branch of Science. Unless therefore you have some better proofs to offer, I am afraid we must give up the *pleasing* idea of the degeneracy of the present age, and fairly allow ourselves to be much about as good, and much about as wise, as our forefathers. —What say you my friend," turning to me, while the smile of conscious benevolence brightened his countenance, "let us have *your* opinion on this subject." "Most certainly, I replied, and I give it you the more willingly, because it agrees with your own, or if in any thing I differ, it is in thinking that the dissipation, which Sensitive complains of is rather owing to the conduct of the *Old* than the *Young*. If they whose business it is to direct the studies, promote the improvement, and watch over the manners of young men, will impart their instructions with pedantry, assert their dignity with petulance, reproach with illiberality, and punish from caprice; in short, do every thing which can disgust those, whose affection they ought to conciliate; no wonder if the lively and spirited minds of Youth incline them to pay small attention to pursuits, which have had such unpleasing effects on the manners of their Professors.—Scarce any office demands so many different requisites in those who would fill it properly, as that of a *College Tutor*, and in none perhaps is propriety of Choice so little attended to.—The Tutor of a College goes off to a Living, dies of an Apoplexy,

Apoplexy, or is otherwise provided for; a Successor must be found; and as few who have better prospects chuse to undertake so disagreeable an office, the Society is sometimes under the necessity of appointing a person, who is no further qualified for it than by the possession of a little classical, or mathematical information. With this slender stock of knowledge, and without any acquaintance with the World or any insight into Characters, He enters on his office with more Zeal than Discretion, asserts his own opinions with arrogance and maintains them with obstinacy, calls *Contradiction*, *Contumacy*, and *Reply*, *Pertness*, and deals out his *Jobations*, *Impositions*, and *Confinements*, to every ill-fated Junior who is daring enough to oppose his sentiments, or doubt his opinions. The consequence of this is perfectly natural, He treats his Pupils as Boys, and they think him a Brute. From that moment all his power of doing good ceases; for we learn nothing from him, who has forfeited our confidence. Such is the Portrait of what Tutors too often are, might I be indulged in pointing out what they *should* be, very different would be the Character I should sketch. I would draw him modest in his disposition, mild in his temper, gentle and insinuating in his address; scarce less a man of the world than a man of letters. His Classic Knowledge (though far above mediocrity) should be the least of his acquirements; General Knowledge should be his forte, and the application of it to general purposes

purposes his aim. He should not only improve those under his care in his publick lectures, but should *endeavour* at least to *direct* them in their private studies; He should encourage them to read, and should teach them to read with taste; He should"——“Enough, my dear Friend, (exclaimed Sensitive) you need say no more, I am already convinced that no man ever yet was fit to be Tutor of a College.” “Not so, (I answered with warmth) I doubt not but there are, and have been many, such; I am sure I know *one* to whom every part of the Portrait bears a striking resemblance: And who, should he see this description, (and see it he probably will) will I hope, neither blush at the commendation, or question the sincerity of one, who wishes it was in his power to give more extensive and permanent marks of gratitude for many happy hours past in his company, the remembrance of which will last when this paper is forgotten.”

28 MR 59

C.

 *As this Work will soon be concluded, such of our Correspondents who may be inclined to favour us with any farther Contributions, are requested to do so as early as possible; and we should esteem it an additional obligation, if they would make us acquainted with their names, that we may have it in our power to thank them in our last number.*

No. 59.

OF THE

LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

No. 22

OF THE

COLLECTOR



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

by Messrs. T. and C. COOK, OXFORD;
Messrs. E. and F. S. LONDON; Messrs. E. and F. S. LONDON;
and Messrs. E. and F. S. LONDON;
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. E. and F. S. LONDON;
READING.

M.DCC.XC.

No. LIX.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *March* 13, 1790.

Scribendi rectè sapere est principium et fons. HORACE.

AS my literary career is now drawing to an end, in imitation of those Eastern sages who in their last moments deposit with their disciples the higher secrets of their art, I propose in the following pages to deliver to my readers those occult principles of the science of composition, the skilful application of which has so justly procured to some of my contemporaries the reputation of adepts. After a very accurate analysis of the most fashionable productions of the present age, I have discovered the source of that charm which so eminently distinguishes them

G g 2

from

from the works of former times, and shall reveal it to my readers as my last and most valuable bequest.

My readers must not be surprized when I inform them, as a preliminary to these instructions, that all the essentials of fine writing center in one point—Style. Style is the *Sine qua non*, and the *Ne plus ultra*, of a modern writer. Thanks to our elaborate predecessors, thoughts are easily collected on any subject : All that remains for us is, to disguise the expression yet preserve the substance, to introduce them however unconnected without obvious abruptness, and join them however little related without obvious incongruity. To this end it will be necessary to polish the style till the flaws in the interior of the piece are lost in the lustre of the surface; for the radiance of ornamental expression diffuses itself over every void, and blends the motley parts into one uniform and splendid whole.

To this indispensable glare of colouring much attention is requisite. It is not produced by the free use of the pencil, but is effected by an infinity of patient and timid touches, accumulated with intense and unremitting industry; and when the rough draught is so heightened by repeated revisions, that of the original words not more than half a score remains to constitute it's identity, the writer may flatter himself that he is near the proposed perfection.

It

It will immensely contribute to the pomp of style, that the sentence should principally be constructed of such words as boast Greek or Latin genealogy: however trivial this may seem to superficial judges, I venture to pronounce it a rule which admits not a single exception. For instance, *Ardour* should be preferred to *Heat*—*tardy* to *slow*—*sinuous* to *winding*: I should have little hope of an author who should write, “the country lying round,” when he might so classically phrase it, “the country circumjacent.” A great master of language of my acquaintance invariably uses “Fortitude” to the exclusion of “Magnanimity,” as being nearer the latin by one letter. This perhaps may be to construe the rule too *literally*, but for the spirit of it I must strenuously contend. Wherefore, in the name of Common Sense, do we consume so many years over Ainsworth and Hederic, if after all we must sit down contentedly to write plain English all our lives?

The cavalcade of sentences is most striking, when a row of Nouns is drawn up in the front and rear; and the period moves with a pretty ambling pace, when it's several Substantives are mounted on stately Adjectives. Hence my readers will easily conclude that they must never compress an idea into one word which may be diffused through two. To change the metaphor, words are an excellent screen to ideas—luxuriance of branches diverts the attention from

from slenderness of stem ; and to thicken the foliage will be found the best method of concealing scarcity of fruit.

A band of proper names enters with great dignity into a sentence ; and there are enough ready to enlist in any cause. In the selection of them regard should be principally had to Alliteration ; and here Antithesis may be studied with great effect. But care must be invariably taken that each be preceded by an article, by way of Gentleman-Usher. In a late answer to a well-known Pedagogue's strictures upon the University, a characteristic epithet is attached to them with great effect. Among many others, I cannot but point out to my readers, "the Judicious Blackstone," as the most happy resolution of plain Judge Blackstone which human ingenuity could invent.

The beauty of Climax like that of Plants disposed in a Green-house proceeds from visible proportion. It depends of course on accuracy of eye. If therefore after having fixed on the first term of your Climax, you cannot easily find any similar expressions proportionably *longer*, it remains only to write the original term at some distance forwards on the page; and to fill up the intervening space at your leisure by words proportionably *shorter* in an inverse Ratio. And thus your Climax will still be in beautiful Perspective,

spective. It is after all much easier to form the members of a sentence into a perfect Climax, than single words ; for the members of a sentence may be produced to any length by the accumulation of supernumerary words, whereas words must not be extended by supernumerary syllables.

Next to Climax, which is particular, succeeds general Rhythm, or the modulation of a whole sentence, or period. Their nature however is by no means the same. The defects of the former were to be detected only by the eye ; whereas the merits of the latter are determinable by the ear alone. To please the ear, therefore, is the last and grand effort of a highly finished Style. To this end no labour must be considered too great, no attention too minute. The easiest way perhaps of attaining such an excellence will be to note down the most admired sentences of Addison, Junius, and Blair ; to calculate the words in each member ; the proportion of vowels to consonants ; the balance of long and short syllables ;—till your ear be so attuned to one particular measure, that your ideas may be spontaneously absorbed into the same revolving eddy of recursive harmony. Wherever there is any danger of sinking beneath the weight of your subject ; your language should be proportionably swollen, and sublime ; a full band is a wonderful support to a weak voice. Yet as one continual

3 THE LOITERER.

nual blaze of light is oppressive ; and as the Cataracts of the first River in the world deafen those who listen too long ; a prudent Essayist will render his language rather soothing than animating, and more polished than pointed. It will break on the Ear like Thunder so distant that it's Lightnings alarm not ; and when well rounded will roll smoothly over the mind without leaving an impression. I shall sum up my observations on style with these memorable words of Quintilian ; which ought to be engraven in letters of gold in the Studies of all my Readers.

NIHIL POTEST INTRARE IN EFFECTUM, QUOD IN AURE, VELUT QUODAM VESTIBULO, OFFENDIT.

Having said thus much concerning Style, I shall conclude with some miscellaneous observations on the conduct of a Piece.

It will be found the safest way, in the opening of an Essay, to dwell on a few positive truths conveyed in short, and unconnected sentences. As a bird, first leaving his nest, perches by short and irregular hops on some bits of rubbish, to look about him before he spreads his wings.

The more obvious these truths are, the better ; and if they have been already mentioned once or
twice

THE LOITERER. 9

twice by different Authors, it will be an additional advantage. Since every body will see how cautiously you tread at first, and follow wherever you lead them, without suspicion.

In the further advancement of an Essay, your sentences must of course be long and short as the nature of your subject requires; yet even here care should be taken to mix them properly. And before I ventured to introduce a string of long and intricate sentences, I should generally glance at what was to come, by playing off some concise Apothegm; as at Chess the oblique motion of the PAWN prepares us for the direct attack of the PIECE.

Mythological allusions, if very familiar, have an undescribable charm. They excite in us the same sensations of delight, the same soothing remembrance of our earlier hours, with which after a long absence, we recognize a *School* acquaintance. When an author describes a scene which he wishes to be affecting, let him boldly pronounce it so himself. Nothing is so convenient to the reader as thus to be taught how he is to feel; nothing is more consistent, than thus to be at once the Painter and the Spectator of the Piece. The author to whose merits I have already borne testimony excels in this art: When he presents any image with which he wishes to depress his reader, he previously gives him

him his cue, by phrases similar to these: "It is melancholy to reflect;" "It is a painful and humiliating consideration."—When on the contrary he wishes to elevate him; he begins, something in this manner—"We gaze with sensible delight on this bright and amiable picture;" "From this gloomy catalogue we turn with eagerness to a more pleasing retrospect." My readers will readily perceive what an appearance of amiable sensibility this practice diffuses over a Piece.

In those works in which it is expected that the Author should fortify himself with Authorities, my readers will find their advantage in pursuing the following method. As soon as the piece is transcribed, a wide marginal space being left in every page, let them arrange at the side of their Text, the names of the most abstruse Authors from whom information might have been drawn. The more of these the better: And let not my Readers scruple to cite books which they have never opened. This is of all others that mode of Citation which is most secure. For He will generally betray too much who mentions the Books which he has really read. The Critical Essayist therefore I allow freely to quote Aristotle, Longinus, and the Halicarnassian, but positively forbid him to drop a syllable of Blair.

Having


THE LOITERER. 11

Having thus in a very few words laid open to my Reader the *Arcana* of my Art; I shall conclude by recommending them to his serious attention. Let him

“Read them by day, and meditate by night.”

Let him study them intensely, and practise them religiously. And, as the words of a Dying Man are said to be Prophetic, I will venture to predict that in a very short time himself and all who know him will be astonished at his unsuspected Success.

E. F.

 As this Work will soon be concluded, such of our Correspondents who may be inclined to favour us with any farther Contributions, are requested to do so as early as possible; and we should esteem it an additional obligation, if they would make us acquainted with their names, that we may have it in our power to thank them in our last number.

THE FORTNER.

Having thus in a few words laid open to
my Reader the Drama of my Art; I shall conclude by
recommending them to his serious attention. Let him

"Read them by Day, and meditate by Night."

Let him study them seriously, and practice them
religiously. And as the words of a Dying Man
are said to be Prophecy, I will venture to predict
that in a very short time himself and all who know
him will be astonished at his unexpected Success.

E. F.

As this Work will soon be published, let it
our Correspondents who may be inclined to favour us
with any further Contributions be so good as to do so as
early as possible; and we should esteem it an additional
obligation, if they would make us acquainted with their
names, that we may have it in our power to thank them
in our next number.

28 MR 59

No. 60.

OF THE
LOITERER.

Speak of us as we are.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Messrs. PRINCE and COOKE, OXFORD
Mess. EGERTONS, Whitehall, LONDON; Mess. PEARSON
and ROLLASON, BIRMINGHAM; Mr. W. MEYLER,
Grove, BATH; and Messrs. COWSLADE and SMART,
READING.

M,DCC,XC.

No. LX.

OF THE

LOITERER.

SATURDAY, *March* 20, 1790.

Valete, et Plaudite.



THERE are few perhaps of my Readers who in their necessary removal from place to place have not met with some entertaining fellow-traveller, whose conversation has beguiled the "creeping hours of time," and from whom they have parted with a sensation of regret at the idea of never again seeing a person, to whom they have been indebted for some hours of innocent amusement.

Not entirely dissimilar to this species of acquaintance is the connection between a Periodical
Writer

THE LOITERER. 3

Writer and his Readers: And though I dare not indulge the hope that our feelings are mutual, yet I can assure them, it is not without some degree of pain I reflect, that this is the last time I shall have an opportunity of addressing them in my public capacity.

For thus putting an end to my weekly labours, many sufficient causes might be assigned, did I imagine the Public interested enough in me and my work to demand one.

I might even observe, that as the little foibles and failings which this Work was intended to correct, have now entirely disappeared, the necessity or even the propriety of continuing it must be exceedingly doubtful.

But to be serious, whatever the Vanity of an Author might (in more favourable circumstances) have suggested, the short list of my Subscribers, and the long bill of my Publisher, must teach me an humbler lesson, and oblige me, however unwillingly, to confess that the present exemplary manners of the Members of this University, are rather to be attributed to their own good sense and reflection, than to the little friendly Hints which I have from time to time given them.

4 THE LOITERER;

But, however, a regard to the truth may induce me to disclaim any very particular marks of public favour; a sense of gratitude will oblige me to confess, that from many Individuals I have received (during the progress of this work) very flattering Patronage, and from some the most liberal and unsolicited assistance. To all these I now offer my sincerest thanks; and can assure them, that in owning the particular Numbers, for which I am indebted to each, I shall feel a pleasure, which will more than overbalance any uneasy sensation which might arise in deducting so much, both from the size and the merit of the Work.

The Papers, which (instead of being distinguished by a letter) have the signature * * * affixed to them, are the production of an unknown Correspondent, from whom we received the first communication in a very early stage of our work, and who has favoured us with a regular and continued assistance during almost the whole progress of it.

^{ye} 41. ~~42d~~ The History of an Highland Chieftain, in the Number, was communicated to me by a Friend of my own College.

For the Numbers which bear the signature F. I am indebted to the Rev. W. B. Portal, of the same Society.

To

THE LOITERER. 5

To the Writers of Numbers 18 and 24, and of Number 12, and the Essays, which bear the signature R. I wish it were in my power to give my *public* thanks; but they are the productions of two Members of this University, whose names I am not at liberty to mention.

For the nine Numbers, which are signed with the letter E. I am obliged to Mr. H. T. Austen, of St. John's College.

Number 59 is the joint communication of the last named Gentleman and Mr. Portal; and for the merits or defects of all the remaining Papers (which are distinguished by the signature S. or C.) the Writer of this Number must stand responsible.

Having thus settled accounts between my Correspondents, myself, and fellow-labourers, it may not be improper to say something of the Work itself; which, whatever other deficiencies it may have, possesses perhaps some claim to the merit of Originality. It is indeed a little remarkable, that though several works of this kind have been written and published at Oxford, none since the time of Terræ Filius have drawn their sources principally from academical life.

The Author of the Connoisseur, in a few scattered Papers, has rather pointed the way, than traced

6 THE LOITERER.

traced the path. Under this idea the present work was begun, and the original Undertakers of it discovered, or fancied that they discovered, a field open before them, as yet unbeaten by the footsteps of any of their Predecessors; and it was imagined that the circles of Oxford would furnish some portraits and some scenes, the peculiar features of which, if happily caught, and accurately discriminated, might be not uninteresting to the Public Eye. In pursuance of this plan our first volume is almost entirely confined to such subjects, as must naturally present themselves to an Inhabitant of this Place. In the second it was thought necessary, for various reasons, to enlarge the circle of our subjects, still however without losing sight of the original plan; and the whole is offered to the World, as a rough, but not entirely inaccurate Sketch of the Character, the Manners, and the Amusements of Oxford, at the close of the eighteenth Century.

In the conduct of this Paper I am aware, that two objections of a very opposite nature may be at the same time laid to our charge: for though “to please every one” is by an old adage pronounced impracticable, yet I believe it is often very possible, to please none; nor should I be surprized, if, while the young and the lively reproach us with indulging too much in the levity of satyrical

tyrical remark, and the licence of unlimited censure; the older and graver part of our Readers may be as ready to accuse us of being too reserved in the execution of our office, and of having contented ourselves with merely raising a laugh at the errors of Youth and Inexperience.

In answer to the first of these it may be observed, that as our Subjects have been various, and our Satire general, the feelings of no private Individual can be wounded, since the possibility of any personal application is entirely precluded. And to the second it will be a sufficient apology to confess fairly, that we have ever thought the inculcating the weighty and more important duties of Life, an undertaking infinitely above the abilities of the Writer, and perhaps beyond the extent of the Work.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.

The direct enforcement of Virtue and Learning, is perhaps beyond the sphere of a Periodical Work which is more promisingly employed, when eventually promoting them through the exposure of folly and error, and the recommendation of those inferior Virtues, which, though not of the greatest value, are of more frequent currency in Society.

On

8 THE LOITERER.

On the whole, therefore, should the Merit of these Pages be sufficient to recommend them to the occasional and cursory perusal of his Fellow Students, the Author of the LOITERER will reflect with pleasure on having added his Mite to the common stock of Public Amusement. Should it even fail, he will not think the time bestowed on this work wholly thrown away, since it has introduced him to the knowledge of men, on whose acquaintance he reflects at once with pride and pleasure, and since it has filled up many hours which might have been lost in vacant indolence, or engrossed by less innocent occupations.

JAMES AUSTEN, M.A.

St. JOHN'S COLLEGE,

March 20th, 1790.

28 MR 59

C.

F I N I S.

* * * Those Subscribers who wish to collect these Essays into volumes, may be furnished in the course of a few weeks with a *Table of Contents, Errata, &c.* by applying to Mess. PRINCE and COOKE; of whom may be had, compleat Sets, or single Numbers.

28 MR 59